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THE CHANGING CHINESE

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THE CONFLICT OF ORIENTAL AND WESTERN CULTURES IN CHINA

BY

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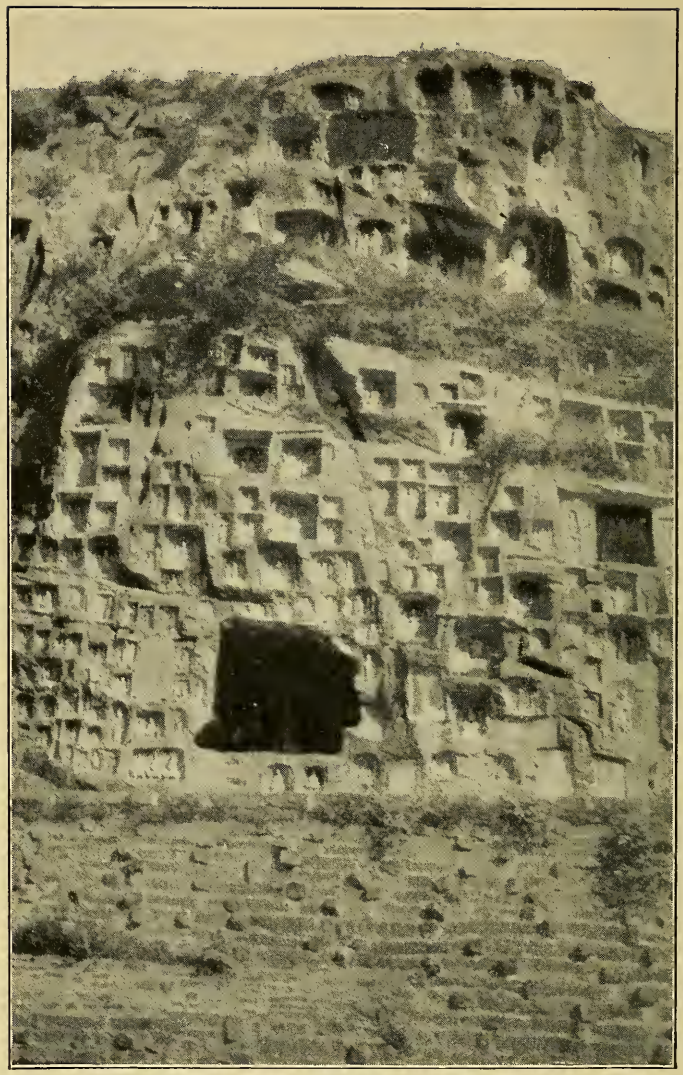

The Cliff of the Thousand Gods, on the Kialing River in North Szechuan

TO

DR. AMOS P. WILDER

AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL AT SHANGHAI
FRIEND OF THE CHANGING CHINESE
AND ELOQUENT INTERPRETER TO THEM
OF THE BEST AMERICANISM
THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

China to the Ranging Eye 3

Medieval aspect of the cities—Streets, water supply, lighting and fuel—Contrast between Chinese and Japanese in point of neatness—Costume, *pailows* and pawn-shops—River traffic and the riverine population—Rural ties of city-dwellers—Characterizing influence of the loess—Ruthless destruction of the forests—Calamitous results of deforestation—No hope of improvement in our time—Why game is so plentiful—The Great Wall—Racial contrasts between Northern and Southern Chinese.

CHAPTER II

The Race Fiber of the Chinese 33

Selection and survival in China—Relentless elimination of the less fit—Testimony as to the effect upon race physique—Quick and sure recovery of the Chinese from grave wounds and surgical operations—Their comparative freedom from blood poisoning, dysentery, typhoid and smallpox—Their bluntness of nerve—Diseases they fail to resist—The Chinese physique distinguished, not by a primitive vitality, but by specific immunities from the poisons of congested life—Their toleration of noxious microbes unique and not likely to be developed in other races—Military and industrial significance of the toughness of the Chinese.

CHAPTER III

The Race Mind of the Chinese 51

The Chinese reflective rather than impulsive—Their response to stimuli slow but strong and persistent—Their self-control, steadiness and reliability—Conservatism not a race trait, but a by-product of their social history—Cause of the early arrest of their cultural development—Prospect of the early release of the Chinese intellect from the spell of the past—Comparative ability of the

PAGE

yellow race and the white—Naturalness and likableness of the Chinese—Their sense of humor, politeness and respect for age—Why their old men are so often attractive—Mere borrowing cannot put them abreast of the West; they must establish a new relation between population and opportunities and this will take time.

CHAPTER IV

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE IN CHINA 70

Extraordinary utilization of the soil—Aerial tillage—Made fields—Why the cities are scavenged for nothing—Queer foods—Strange gleanings and pilferings—Men killing themselves by toil—Incredible poverty of the masses—Absence of comfort—Cheapening of human life—Why the Chinese are so cohesive and clannish—Why so utilitarian—No cause for such a struggle for existence save over-population—How ancestor worship whets the desire for large families—Marriage early and universal—Procreative recklessness and the appalling infant mortality resulting therefrom—Famines and migrations—The Chinese death-rate will be brought down sooner than the birth-rate—Prospect of extreme overcrowding and outthrust—Chinese emigration likely to become a world question.

CHAPTER V

THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF CHINA 112

The military "yellow peril" a bogey—Difficulty of reviving the fighting spirit in the Chinese—The industrial "yellow peril"—Amazing cheapness of labor in China—Factories rapidly springing up—But China herself offers an enormous market for their products—Low wages not the same as low labor-cost—Not enough capital to build railways and also expand manufactures—How a rapacious government paralyzes the spirit of enterprise—Untrustworthiness of the Chinese in joint-stock undertakings—Nepotism and favoritism, place-holders and sinecurists—The problem of the foreign expert—Inefficiency of native management—Oriental competition will be our grandchildren's problem.

CHAPTER VI

THE GRAPPLE WITH THE OPIUM EVIL 139

Growth and extent of the luxury-use of opium—Why the opium pipe is so seductive to the Chinese—Why society has been so slow to react against the vice—Motive be-

PAGE

hind the Anti-Opium Edict—Provisions of the Edict—Economic difficulties in the way of suppressing opium-growing—Tragic incidents of the fight on the poppy—Practical results of the campaign—Testing the mandarins for smoking—Increasing restrictions on the sale and use of opium—The Foochow policy—The impression on public opinion and current moral standards—The agreement with England—The end of opium in sight—Lessons from China's experience.

CHAPTER VII

UNBINDING THE WOMEN OF CHINA 174

Extent, motives and consequences of foot-binding—The missionaries initiate the fight against the custom—Work of the Natural-Foot Society—Support from the Empress Dowager—Progress of the reform in the upper classes—Foot-binding still wide-spread and will die out but slowly. Inferior position of the female in the family—Chinese opinion of woman's character—Relative value of the two sexes—The female exists for the sake of the male—Social intercourse organized for men—No mixed society—The status of the daughter in the family—Rearing marriages, child-betrothals and parental match-making—Heart-binding even more damaging to woman's health than foot-binding—The bride's subjection to her mother-in-law—Point of view of a Confucian—The revolt of the silk-reelers against marriage—Mission-school girls—Government education of girls—Freer customs—"Liberty girls"—The effect of female emancipation upon the future of the Chinese.

CHAPTER VIII

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA 216

Lama worship compared with practical Christianity—The low plane of Chinese religions—The people saturated with superstition—The mission force in China—How the Chinese explain the presence of the missionary—Cause of anti-missionary outbreaks—Changing attitude of the mandarins—Contrast of aims between British missions and American—New conceptions of mission work—"Rice Christians"—Transforming power of Christianity—What conversion entails—Deceptive "mass-movements"—What the higher classes think—Types drawn to the Christian ideal—The higher standing of daughter and wife among converts—The indirect and unseen fruits of missionary labor—Animus of critics—Missionary mistakes and problems—Reaction of missionary work upon native faiths—Future of Christianity in China.

CHAPTER IX

PAGE

THE FAR WEST OF THE FAR EAST 260

Chinese highways—Signal towers—Monuments—Cost of carriage—The currency problem—Strange aspect of the country—Idyllic harvesting—Havoc wrought by deforestation—What is lost when the woods go—Missionary life and work—Sianfu—The Pei-lin—Religious rivalry—The Tartar bannermen—The new army—Itinerant harvesters—Fêngsiangfu—Mountaineers of West Shensi—"Road of the Golden Ox"—Highway neglect—Characterizing influence of rice culture—The great road of North Szechuan—Packmen—Beauty of West-China types—Ravages of disease—Squalor and dreariness of life in overpeopled Szechuan—The Chêngtu plain—Incredible productiveness—Manure traps—Irrigation wheels—Progressiveness of Chêngtu—What holds the Chinese back—Why the martial virtues vanished—The hampering ideals of the scholar type—How to unleash the native energy of the race.

CHAPTER X

THE NEW EDUCATION 310

Medievalism of Chinese thinking—Ignorance of the principle of efficiency—Secret of the impotence of old China in coping with Western nations—Characteristics of the old education—Motives to the introduction of the Western branches—The scope of present education in China—Inefficient management of the higher schools—Sinecurism—Poor use of the foreign teacher—The overloaded course of study—Errors of the Board of Education—Traits of the Chinese student—Indications as to his capacity—His lack of discipline, reliance upon mass action, and contempt for manual labor—His poor physique and neglect of physical training—His attitude towards sports—The burden of the ideographic language; efforts at simplification—The reaction of the educational revolution upon moral standards—The golden opportunity of the mission colleges.

INDEX 347

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

The Cliff of the Thousand Gods, on the Kialing River in North Szechuan . . . . . *Frontispiece*
A pottery—the walls built with defective pots 5
A blocked path 5
Typical ornamental gateways 10
House-boats lining a river avenue 15
Indian bullock in a Quangsi bullock-cart 20
A Peking cart 20
A half-buried gate-tower 26
A silted-up bridge in Shansi. One of the ultimate results of deforestation 26
The great wall 31
A Canton water-front crowd 37
Station platform faces 37
The river stairs up which all the water for Chungking is borne 44
Scene in the Imperial City, Peking 49
Hovel on beach at Kiukiang. Over the door the character for "happiness" 49
A police squad in Sianfu 56
Meeting of the first provincial assembly of the Province of Fokien, Foochow, October, 1909 56
Altar, Temple of Heaven, Peking 59
View in the Temple grounds of the Ming Tombs. Mountains near Peking 59
A rustic Endymion of West China 67
An old farmer 67
Cave dwelling of a coal miner 76
Perfected tillage of the valley of an affluent of the Wei River 76
Junk on the Yangtse 81
Fishing with cormorants 81
What passes for a public highway 88
A common carrier 88
One of the three life boats that escorted us through the gorges 93

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

An ancient mariner 93
Braving the Yangtse flood. Cliff swallows' nests at Chungking 100
A wayside beggar 107
Professional beggar dinning to make a shopkeeper contribute 107
The railway police at a station 115
Chinese officers 115
Tracking a junk through the gorges of the Yangtse . . . 124
Working a Yangtse junk with oar and sweep 124
Cash equivalent to $3.15, weight 50 lbs. 129
A slow freight on the Great Northern Road 129
Weighing silver ingots in a Sianfu bank 135
A protected monument at Sianfu 135
Family and home vanishing into the opium pipe 144
South half of the west wall of Sianfu, from the west gate . 147
City wall and five-story pagoda, Canton 147
Opium pipes confiscated by the Anti-Opium Society . . . 154
Captives of the lamp and pipe 162
Death in the lamp of the opium smoker 165
Burning of opium pipes and other paraphernalia confiscated by the Foochow Anti-Opium Society (eighth time) . . 167
An old Chinese garden at Taiku 186
Flower pagoda, Canton 186
One of the south gates into the Tartar City, Peking . . . 191
Temple of Five Hundred Genii, Canton 191
Gate between two provinces in West China 200
Scenic archway at the crest of a mountain pass 200
No chance for them 208
Joss house, Foochow and Baby Tower where girl infants are thrown when not wanted 208
One of two hundred day schools organized by a Foochow missionary 213
A bride's canopy, Peking 213
High altar of a Buddhist temple of the Kushan monastery . 221
Temple in a gorge, Kushan monastery 221
A wealthy Shansi family of foreignizing tendencies . . . 226
Monks of Kushan Monastery 226
A noble type of Christian 232
A distinguished pastor whose face reveals the high possibilities of his race 232
How a road wears down into the loess 237

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Buddhist monks on pilgrimage to Wutaishan on the Five Sacred Mountains 237

Temple in Canton 243

An Alpine road in western Shensi 248

Monastery on the "Little Orphan" isle on the Yangtse . . 248

A Cliff shrine near the northern frontier of Szechuan . . 254

Looking south from the Bell Tower, Sianfu 263

The east gate of Taiyuanfu, showing macadamized street . 263

An ancient ornamental gate over the Southwestern Highroad 269

One of the ancient brick signal-towers occurring every three miles on the Southwestern highroad uniting Peking with the remote provinces 269

The type of public monument universal in Shansi 278

Grave-stones, Chihli 278

Cedars on the main road across Northern Szechuan. Each tree is protected by a tablet warning against depredation 283

Patriarch on the highway. Willows line the road most of the way from Tungkwan to Sianfu 283

Ferrying across the Yellow River 292

Houses with brick stoops and benches, showing resort to mud and brick in a timberless country 292

Noontide in a street of Paisiang 300

In the valley of the Wei 300

A horseshoe tomb in a South China hillside 305

Coffins in rest-house waiting for the lucky day 305

Outlook tower of the Temple of the Flowing Waters in Southern Shensi. Founded about 200 B. C. 313

Wayfarers resting in the shade of a tree protected by the monuments and the temple 320

Traffic through the loess *en route* to the distant railroad . . 320

The seething whirlpools in the gorges of the Yangtse . . . 329

In the gorges of the Upper Yangtse 329

PREFACE

The old China hand is quite sure one can get nowhere by a diligent half year of travel and inquiry in the Far East. "I have been here thirty years," says the Chief Engineer, "and the longer I stay the less I understand these people." "I thought I had made them out after I had lived here a couple of years," says the Trader, "but the longer I am here the queerer they seem." No traveler, if he consults the old treaty-port residents, will ever find courage to write anything about the Chinese.

The fact is, to the traveler who appreciates how different is the mental horizon that goes with another stage of culture or another type of social organization than his own, the Chinese do not seem very puzzling. Allowing for difference in outfit of knowledge and fundamental ideas, they act much as we should act under their circumstances. The theory, dear to literary interpreters of the Orient, that owing to diversity in

mental constitution the yellow man and the white man can never comprehend or sympathize with one another, will appeal little to those who from their comparative study of societies have gleaned some notion of what naturally follows from isolation, the acute struggle for existence, ancestor worship, patriarchal authority, the subjection of women, the decline of militancy, and the ascendancy of scholars.

Edward Alsworth Ross.

THE CHANGING CHINESE

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CHAPTER I

CHINA TO THE RANGING EYE

CHINA is the European Middle Ages made visible. All the cities are walled and the walls and gates have been kept in repair with an eye to their effectiveness. The mandarin has his headquarters only in a walled fortress-city and to its shelter he retires when a sudden tempest of rebellion vexes the peace of his district.

The streets of the cities are narrow, crooked, poorly-paved, filthy and malodorous. In North China they admit the circulation of the heavy springless carts by which alone passengers are carried; but, wherever rice is cultivated, the mule is eliminated and the streets are adapted only to the circulation of wheel-barrows and pedestrians. There is little or no assertion of the public interest in the highway and hence private interests close in upon the street and well-nigh block it. The shopkeeper builds his counter in front of his lot line; the stalls line the street with their crates and baskets; the artisans overflow into it with their workbenches, and the final result is that the traffic filters painfully through

a six-foot passage which would be yet more encroached on but for the fact that the officials insist on there being room left for their sedan chairs to pass each other.

The straitened streets are always crowded and give the traveler the impression of a high density and an enormous population. But the buildings are chiefly one story in height and, with the exception of Peking, Chinese cities cover no very great area. For literary effect their population has been recklessly exaggerated and, in the absence of reliable statistics, every traveler has felt at liberty to adopt the highest guess.

Until recently there was no force in the cities to maintain public order. Now, khaki-clad policemen, club in hand, patrol the streets, but their efficiency in time of tumult is by no means vindicated. A slouching, bare-foot, mild-faced *gendarme* such as you see in Canton is by no means an awe-inspiring embodiment of the majesty of the law.

There is no common supply of water. When a city lies by a river the raw river water is borne about to the houses by regular water-carriers and the livelong day the river-stairs are wet from the drip of buckets. When the water is too thick it is partially clarified by stirring it with a perforated joint of bamboo containing some pieces of alum.

There is no public lighting and after nightfall the streets are dark, forbidding, and little frequented. Until kerosene began to penetrate the

A pottery — the walls built with defective pots

A blocked path

Empire the common source of light was a candle in a paper lantern or a cotton wick lighted in an open cup of peanut oil. Owing to the lack of a good illuminant the bulk of the people retire with the fowls and rise with the sun. By making the evening of some account for reading or for family intercourse, kerosene has been a great boon to domestic life.

Fuel is scarce and is sold in neat bundles of kindling size. Down the West River ply innumerable boats corded high with firewood floating down to Canton and Hong Kong. Higher and higher the tree destruction extends and farther and farther does the axman work his way from the waterways. Chaff and straw, twigs and leaves and litter are burned in the big brick bedsteads that warm the sleepers on winter nights and under the big shallow copper vessels set in the low brick or mud stoves. Fuel is economized and household economy simplified among the poor by the custom of relying largely on the food cooked and vended in the street. The portable restaurant is in high favor, for our prejudice against food cooked outside the home is a luxury the common people cannot afford to indulge in.

Proper chimneys are wanting and wherever cooking goes on the walls are black with the smoke that is left to escape as it will. Chinese interiors are apt to be dark for, in the absence of window glass, the only means of letting in light without weather is by pasting paper on

lattice. The floors are dirt, brick or tile, the roof tile or thatch. To the passer-by private ease and luxury are little in evidence. If a man has house and grounds of beauty, a high wall hides them from the gaze of the public. Open lawns and gardens are never seen and there is no greenery accessible to the public unless it be the grove of an occasional temple.

In the houses of the wealthy, although there is much beauty to be seen, the standard of neatness is not ours. Cobwebs, dust, or incipient dilapidation do not excite the servant or mortify the proprietor. While a mansion may contain priceless porcelains and display embroideries and furniture that would be pronounced beautiful the world over, in general, the interiors wrought by the Chinese artisan do not compare in finish with those of his Western *confrère.*

Most striking is the contrast between China and Japan in respect to neatness. The Chinese seem neglectful, and ignorant of the art of caretaking and repair. They have never acted on the maxim "a stitch in time saves nine." They prefer to build new rather than to keep up the old. With "China" rise recollections of tattered mat sails catching the wind like a sieve, leaning and crumbling walls, sagging temple roofs, moss-grown loosened tiles, cracked pavements, ragged thatch, rotting ceiling-cloths, rickety screens and paved roads with their stones tilting and broken. In Japan everything looks spick and span—thatch well trimmed, walls well

Typical ornamental gateways

A standard art form that so obsesses the people they can think of no other form of beautification. Approaching a rich town on the Chengtu Plain, the road would pass under seven or eight of these in the course of a mile. The establishment of a philanthropy instead of a monumental gateway never occurs to a Chinese Dives

washed, mats bright, roads in good repair, piles of rubbish nowhere to be seen. Nothing have I seen to compare with it save in Holland, Normandy and parts of England. After the memorable inundations of August, 1910, the celerity with which these wonderful Japanese cleaned up and set things in order was marvelous.

About Japanese cottages you see none of the piles of rubbish, muck heaps, dirty pools, mud holes, sagging roofs, toppling walls, rotting thatch or loose stones one notices about most Chinese villages. When a roof, wall, fence, hedge, dam, bridge, or path is damaged, it is repaired at once. Among us, only New England and places settled from Yankeedom can compare with Japan in tidiness.

No memory of China is more haunting than that of the everlasting blue cotton garments. The common people wear coarse deep-blue "nankeen." The gala dress is a cotton gown of a delicate bird's-egg blue or a silk jacket of rich hue. In cold weather the poor wear quilted cotton, while the well-to-do keep themselves warm with fur-lined garments of silk. A general adoption of Western dress would bring on an economic crisis, for the Chinese are not ready to rear sheep on a great scale and it will be long before they can supply themselves with wool. The Chinese jacket is fortunate in opening at the side instead of at the front. When the winter winds of Peking gnaw at you with Siberian teeth, you realize how stupid is our Western way

of cutting a notch in front right down through overcoat, coat and vest, apparently in order that the cold may do its worst to the tender throat and chest. On seeing the sensible Chinaman bring his coat squarely across his front and fasten it on his shoulder, you feel like an exposed totem-worshiper.

Wherever stone is to be had, along or spanning the main roads are to be seen the memorial arches known as *pailows* erected by imperial permission to commemorate some deed or life of extraordinary merit. It is significant that when they proclaim achievement, it is that of the scholar, not that of the warrior. They enclose a central gateway flanked by two and sometimes by four smaller gateways, and comform closely to a few standard types, all of real beauty. As a well-built *pailow* lasts for centuries and as the erection of such a memorial is one of the first forms of outlay that occur to a philanthropic Chinaman, they accumulate, and sometimes the road near cities is lined with these structures until one wearies of so much repetition of the same thing however beautiful.

In South-China cities a tall moat-girt building, six or seven stories high, flat-topped and with small windows high up, towers over the mean houses like a medieval donjon keep. It is the pawnshop, which also serves the public as bank and safety deposit vault for the reason that it can for some hours bid defiance to any robber attack. In the larger centers sumptuous guild-

halls are to be seen and the highly embellished club-houses of the men from other provinces, who feel themselves as truly strangers in a strange land as did the Flemish or the Hansa traders in the London of the thirteenth century. Sometimes men from different provinces join in establishing such headquarters and I recall in Sianfu the stately "Tri-province Club" accommodating strangers from Szechuan, Shansi and Honan.

In the absence of good roads and draft animals the utmost use has been made of the countless waterways and there are probably as many boats in China as in all the rest of the world. Nowhere else are there such clever river-people, nowhere else is there so lavish an application of man-muscle to water movement. The rivers are alive with junks propelled by rowers who occupy the forward deck and stand as they ply the oar. Sixteen or eighteen rowers man the bigger boats and as, bare to the waist, they forge by in rhythmic swing chanting their song of labor the effect is fine. Save when there is a stiff breeze to sail with, the up-river junks are towed along the bank, and, as no tow-path has ever been built, the waste of toil in scrambling along slippery banks, clambering over rocks or creeping along narrow ledges with the tow-rope is distressing to behold.

In the South population is forced from the land onto the water and myriads pass their lives in sampans and house-boats. In good weather these

poor families, living as it were in a single small room with a porch at either end, seem as happy as people anywhere. There is no landlord to threaten eviction, no employer to grind them down, no foreman to speed them up. There is infinite variety in the stirring life of river and foreshore that passes under their eyes; the babble and chatter never cease and no one need ever feel lonely. The tiny home can be kept with a Dutch cleanliness for water is always to be had with a sweep of the arm. They pay no rent and can change neighbors, residence, scenery or occupation when they please. No people is more natural, animated and self-expressive, for they have simplified life without impoverishing it and have remained free even under the very harrow-tooth of poverty.

Their children, little river Arabs, have their wits sharpened early and not for long is the baby tied to a sealed empty jar that by floating will mark his location in case he tumbles into the water. The year-old child knows how to take care of himself. The tot of three or four can handle the oar or the pole and is as sharp as our boys of six or seven. Nothing escapes their prying black eyes and they can coax coppers out of you as prettily as any Italian *bambino*.

Although the gates of the Chinese city close at night, the city is by no means so cut off from the open country as with us. The man in the street never quite lets go of his kinsfolk in the rural village. When, a little while ago, ship

House-boats lining a river avenue

building and repairing became dull in Hong Kong, there was no hanging of the unemployed about the wharves, not because they had found other jobs, but because most of them had dispersed to their ancestral seats in the country, there to work on the old place till times improved. The man's family always give him a chance and there is rice in the pot for him and his. Nor is this tie with the mother-stem allowed to decay with the lapse of time. The successful merchant registers his male children in the ancestral temple of his clan, contributes to its upkeep and is entitled to his portion of roast-pork on the occasion of the yearly clan festival, visits the old home during the holidays, sends money back so that his people may buy more land, takes his children out so they will get acquainted and perhaps lets them pass their boyhood in the ancestral village so that, after he is gone, they will love and cherish the old tie to the soil. By such means, provided war or flood or famine has not uprooted the stock, a city family, even after the lapse of generations, retains a connection with its rural kindred. A Chinese city is not, therefore, a genuine civic community but rather an agglomeration of persons who are members of numerous little groups. No doubt the establishment of municipal councils and the grant to the citizens of control over their common affairs will tend to create a community-spirit and weaken the feeling for the rural clan.

The mementos of the departed are so promi-

nent that one might hesitate to say whether China belongs to the living or to the dead. The dead have been interred in burial places of families or clans, not collected into cemeteries. In the vicinity of the cities the landscape is pustuled with graves and the dedication of the land to this pious use makes very difficult an extra-mural growth of the city. The campus of the Canton Christian College represents three hundred and sixty separate conveyances and is still dotted with grave sites, the owners of which refuse to sell. "Rest houses" are provided where encoffined bodies are kept for months, sometimes for years, until a lucky day and place for interment are discovered by the geomancer. The Chinese coffin is put together not of boards but of split hollowed logs and this pious but extravagant custom has something to answer for in the denuded appearance of the country.

Some of the most characteristic impressions of China are connected with the great loess deposit that mantles the larger part of North China to the depth sometimes of hundreds of feet. Geologists interpret it as an accumulation of the dust that the prevailing winds blowing from the arid interior of Asia have sifted over the country. It is unstratified, splits vertically, contains land shells but no marine shells, and shows vertical tubes as big as a needle which are supposed to have been left by the decay of the roots of the grass that clothed the surface as the deposit slowly built up. Where this mantle of dust fell on the

Indian bullock in a Quangsi bullock-cart

A Peking cart

mountains it was soon worn thin so that the bones of the land protrude. But what has been washed from the steeper slopes has settled about their base, filled up the lesser depressions and softened the original outlines of the country.

The streams have cut down through the loess and are all deeply stained with its characteristic brown-yellow. Sweeping along so much of it they cannot maintain a free channel for heavy navigation and after they debouch upon the plain they are prone to choke their bed and shift their course. It is the loess that gives us *Yellow* River, *Yellow* Sea, *Yellow* Emperor (Hwangti) and makes *yellow* the imperial color. The northern half of the Peking-Hankow Railway traverses a vast yellow universe with scarcely a stone, hill or tree. The soil and the streams are yellow, the flat-roofed houses are yellow, the walls of cities and villages are yellow. The air is yellow with dust, the vegetation is coated with it, the yellow people and their clothing are powdered with it, and everything melts into the most monochrome countryside peopled by civilized men.

The loess slices like cheese and after three or four years the marks of pick and spade are still plain on the sides of the railway cuttings. Hence most of the people in the mountains house themselves simply by digging a cave in a bank which when plastered gives them a clean dry habitation, warm in winter, cool in summer, and excellent in everything save ventilation. Some of

these have two or three stories, boast framed windows and doorways, and are well furnished. It is rather startling, however, to look over a broad flat country checkered with fields in a state of high cultivation and see no roads, houses, people or domestic animals. The roads have cut their way into the loess and run at the bottom of canyons sometimes seventy or eighty feet deep. In the cliffs that line the roads and watercourses the viewless population have carved their dwellings and stables.

In China the notion of an undistributed public good distinct from private goods has never established itself in the general mind. The State has been tribute-taker rather than guardian of the general welfare, so the community is sacrificed to the individual, the public to the local group, and posterity to the living. Along the Wei River great quantities of quick-growing trees are scattered amid the crops while the mountains two or three miles away are denuded. Instead of growing their wood and fuel on the rough land which is good for nothing else, they grow it in their fields to the detriment of their crops because, in the absence of public administration, the mountains are a no-man's land which all may ravage and abuse.

The destruction of the remaining forests goes on apace for the officials are utterly indifferent. In North Chihli near Jehol there has recently been a great butchery of what was but a few years ago a noble forest. One finds enough fine

straight poles of larch and pine piled up to string a telegraph wire a thousand miles. There they lie rotting while crooked willow carries the wires. No doubt some official got his "squeeze" out of the cutting of the trees for these poles, and now nobody cares what becomes of them.

On the Kowloon hills opposite Hong Kong there are frightful evidences of erosion due to deforestation several hundred years ago. The loose soil has been washed away till the country is knobbed or blistered with great granite boulders. North of the Gulf of Tonkin I am told that not a tree is to be seen and the surviving balks between the fields show that much land once cultivated has become waste. Erosion stripped the soil down to the clay and the farmers had to abandon the land. The denuded hill-slopes facing the West River have been torn and gullied till the red earth glows through the vegetation like blood. The coast hills of Fokien have lost most of their soil and show little but rocks. Fuel-gatherers constantly climb about them grubbing up shrubs and pulling up the grass. No one tries to grow trees unless he can live in their midst and so prevent their being stolen. The higher ranges further back have been stripped of their trees but not of their soil for, owing to the greater rainfall they receive, a verdant growth quickly springs up and protects their flanks.

Deep-gullied plateaus of the loess, guttered hillsides, choked water-courses, silted-up bridges, sterilized bottom lands, bankless wandering

rivers, dyked torrents that have built up their beds till they meander at the level of the tree-tops, mountain brooks as thick as pea soup, testify to the changes wrought once the reckless ax has let loose the force of running water to re-sculpture the landscape. No river could drain the friable loess of Northwest China without bringing down great quantities of soil that would raise its bed and make it a menace in its lower, sluggish course. But if the Yellow River is more and more "China's Sorrow" as the centuries tick-off, it is because the rain runs off the deforested slopes of its drainage basin like water off the roof of a house and in the wet season rolls down terrible floods which burst the immense and costly embankments, spread like a lake over the plain and drown whole populations.

The British in Kowloon and the Germans in Kiaochow have made beginnings in re-afforestation; but, save for some plantations for growing sleepers which the Peking-Hankow Railway Company has made on the flanks of the mountains in Northern Hupeh, one sees no restoration by the Chinese themselves. If the Chinese had not so early rid themselves of feudalism the country might have profited, as did Europe during the Middle Ages, by the harsh forest laws and the vast wooded preserves of a hunting nobility; or a policy of national conservation would have availed if begun five centuries ago. Now, however, nothing will meet the dire need of China but a long scientific, recuperative treatment far more ex-

A half-buried gate-tower

A silted-up bridge in Shansi. One of the ultimate results of deforestation

tensive and thorough-going than even the most enlightened European governments have attempted. Since that is clearly beyond the foresight and administrative capacity of this generation of Chinese, the slow physical deterioration of the country may be expected to continue during our time.

Despite absence of game protection, China contains far more wild life than one would expect. Tigers and leopards abound in some parts, ducks swirl above the Yangtse in flocks of ten thousand and many foreigners find royal sport for the hunter within reach of the treaty ports. One reason for so much game in an old thickly-settled country is that Chinese gentlemen have had no taste for the chase, and delight in the destruction of life is not general; another is that the government puts so many obstacles in the way of the people obtaining firearms that they lack the means of killing game.

The Great Wall is undoubtedly the grandest and most impressive handiwork of man. Beside its colossal bulk our boasted railway embankments and tunnels seem the work of pygmies. Save the Pyramids of Egypt and the Panama Canal there is no prodigy of toil to be mentioned in the same breath with it. The brick and stone in every fifty miles of this wall would rear a pyramid higher than that of Cheops—and there are at least seventeen hundred miles of it! At Nankow Pass the wall is wide enough for seven or eight men to march abreast along its

top, twenty feet high, faced with hewn stone, battlemented, and is strengthened every forty or fifty rods by huge towers ten yards square inside. It clambers boldly up the steepest slopes, creeps along the sheer precipices, and springs from height to height leaving a square crenellated tower on every crown. It follows the comb of the mountains in order that the ground may slope from it both ways. It zigzags from crest to crest, dips into ravines and reappears mounting the range beyond, so that it is seen in fragments, the linking parts being hidden in the defiles. For perhaps thirty miles the eye follows this serpent in stone now streaking up the slopes, now passing across the line of vision defined against the black of the mountains beyond, now cutting the afternoon sky with its battlements as it follows some distant ridge. To the north the mountains drop away into foothills each crowned with its watch-tower. Then a plain, another range of mountains with another wall, and, beyond, the bleak wind-swept plateau of Mongolia.

As one looked one could in imagination see snag-toothed, thin-mustached nomads, in sheepskin coats with the fleece turned inside, halt on their shaggy ponies, rest the butts of their spears on the ground and search with restless disappointed eyes for some weak spot in this wall that had never barred the path of their plundering forefathers. And no doubt the parapet of the wall was lined with Chinese soldiers in blue nankeen

who jeered at the discomfiture of their dreaded hereditary enemies and shot arrows at them through the slits in the stone. Now, thanks to Buddhism and the Lama priests who have taken all the fierceness out of the Mongols, the wall is useless. Endless traffic streams unafraid through the gateway at the pass. Mile-long trains of great shaggy two-humped camels stalk by, bringing in wool and hides and timber or taking out brick tea, matches and kerosene.

That the Chinese are more homogeneous in civilization than in blood comes out clearly when one compares the Southern Chinese with the Northern. The people of Chihli, in which Peking is situated, must be at least six inches taller than the Cantonese and the Hakkas. They show the effect of the series of admixtures of Tartar blood, for they are big sturdy people with a fresh color and a frank eye. The railway guards look and act like green, honest, good-natured American lads fresh from the farm. They are deliberate of movement and slow in mental processes, but make good friends and good fighters. In the South people are smaller, yellower, less manly and less courageous. The ugly, wrinkled, cat-like wily Chinamen of dime-novel fiction come from the South. They are quicker of wit than the Northerners but harder for us to understand or trust. Upon the Canton type is built the cherished literary legend of the unfathomableness and superhuman craftiness of the Oriental.

The Northern Chinese, although less fertile in

ideas, appear to be steadier in character than the Cantonese and more faithful. They are truer to their friends and, owing to their mutual trust, they combine better. For this reason they may be able to work the joint-stock company better than the keen, clever merchants of the South and hence take the lead in industrial development.

The great wall

CHAPTER II

THE RACE FIBER OF THE CHINESE

OUT of ten children born among us three, normally the weakest three, will fail to grow up. Out of ten children born in China these weakest three will die and probably five more besides. The difference is owing to the hardships that infant life meets with among the Chinese. If at birth the white infants and the yellow infants are equal in stamina, the two surviving Chinese ought to possess greater vitality of constitution than the seven surviving whites. For of these seven the five that would infallibly have perished under Oriental conditions of life are presumably weaker in constitution than the two who could have endured even such conditions. The two Chinese survivors will transmit some of their superior vitality to their offspring; and these in turn will be subject to the same sifting, so that the surviving two-tenths will pass on to *their* children a *still greater* vitality. Hence these divergent child mortalities drive, as it were, a wedge between the physiques of the two races. If, now, for generations we whites, owing to room and plenty and scientific medicine and knowledge of hygiene, have been subject to a less searching and relentless elimination of the

weaker children than the Chinese, it would be reasonable to expect the Chinese to exhibit a greater vitality than the whites.

With a view to ascertaining whether the marked slackening in our struggle for life during the last century or two and our greater skill in keeping people alive has produced noticeable effects on our physique, I closely questioned thirty-three physicians practicing in various parts of China, usually at mission hospitals.

Of these physicians only one, a very intelligent German doctor at Tsingtao, had noticed no point of superiority in his Chinese patients. He declared them less resistant to injury, less responsive to treatment and no more enduring of pain than the simple and hardy peasants of Thuringia amongst whom he had formerly practiced. Three other physicians, each of whom had practiced a quarter century or more in China, had observed no difference in the physical reactions of the two races. I fancy their recollections of their brief student practice at home had so faded with time that they lacked one of the terms of the comparison. Moreover, two of these admitted under questioning that the Chinese *do* stand high fevers remarkably well and that they *do* recover from blood poisoning when a white man would die.

The remaining twenty-nine physicians were positive that the Chinese physique evinces some superiority or other over that of their home people. As regards surgical cases, the general opinion is voiced by one English surgeon who said,

"They do pull through jolly well!" It was commonly observed that surgical shock is rare, and that the proportion of recoveries from serious cuttings is as high in the little, poorly equipped, semi-aseptic mission hospitals of China as in the perfectly appointed, aseptic hospitals at home. Dr. Kinnear of Foochow, recently home from a furlough in Germany, found that in treating phlegma of the hand he, with his poor equipment and native assistants, gets as good results as the great Von Bergman working under ideal conditions on the artisan population of Berlin. The opinion prevails that under equal conditions the Chinese will make a surer and quicker recovery from a major operation than the white.

Many never get over being astonished at the recovery of the Chinese from terrible injuries. I was told of a coolie who had his abdomen torn open in an accident, and who was assisted to the hospital supported by a man on either side and holding his bowels in his hands. He was sewed up and, in spite of the contamination that must have gotten into the abdomen, made a quick recovery! Amazing also is the response to the treatment of neglected wounds. A boy whose severed fingers had been hastily stuck on anyhow and bound up with dirty rags came to the hospital after a week with a horrible hand and showing clear symptoms of lockjaw. They washed his hand and sent him home to die. In three days he was about without a sign of lockjaw. A man whose fingers had been crushed under a cart some

days before came in with blood-poisoning all up his arm and in the glands under the arm. The trouble vanished under simple treatment. A patient will be brought in with a high fever from a wound of several days' standing full of maggots; yet after the wound is cleansed the fever quickly subsides. A woman who had undergone a serious operation for cancer of the breast suffered infection and had a fever of 106° during which her husband fed her with hard water chestnuts. Nevertheless, she recovered.

Nearly all are struck by the resistance of the Chinese to blood-poisoning. From my note books I gather such expressions as, "Blood-poisoning very rare; more resistant than we are to septicæmia"; "Relative immunity to pus-producing germs"; "More resistant to gangrene than we are; injuries which at home would cause serious gangrene do not do so here"; "Peculiarly resistant to infection"; "With badly gangrened wounds in the extremities show very little fever and quickly get well"; "Women withstand septicæmia in maternity cases wonderfully well, recovering after the doctors have given them up"; "Recover from septicæmia after a week of high fever that would kill a white man." No wonder there is a saying rife among the foreign doctors, "Don't give up a Chinaman till he's dead."

In the South, where foot binding is not prevalent, the women bear their children very easily, with little outcry, and are expected to be up in a day or two. Dr. Swan of Canton relates that

A Canton water-front crowd

Station platform faces

more than once on calling for a sampan to take him across the river he has been asked to wait a quarter or a half an hour. By that time the mistress of the boat would have given birth to a child, laid it in a corner among some rags, and be ready to row him across! In childbirth the woman attended by a dirty old midwife in a filthy hovel escapes puerperal fever under conditions that would certainly kill a white woman. In cases of difficult birth, when after a couple of days the white physician is called in and removes the dead infant, the woman has some fever but soon recovers. The women, moreover, are remarkably free from displacements and other troubles peculiar to the sex.

Living in a supersaturated, man-stifled land, profoundly ignorant of the principles of hygiene, the masses have developed an immunity to noxious microbes which excites the wonder and envy of the foreigner. They are not affected by a mosquito bite that will raise a large lump on the lately-come foreigner. They can use contaminated water from canals without incurring dysentery. There is very little typhoid and what there is occurs in such mild form that it was long doubted to be typhoid. The fact was settled affirmatively only by laboratory tests. All physicians agree that among the Chinese smallpox is a mild disease. One likened it to the mumps. Organic heart trouble, usually the result of rheumatic fever, is declared to be very rare.

It is universally remarked that in taking chloro-

form the Chinese rarely pass through an excited stage, but go off very quietly. From after-nausea they are almost wholly free. One physician of twenty-five years' practice has never had a death from chloroform, although he has not administered ether half a dozen times. The fact is, however, they stolidly endure operations which we would never perform without anesthetics. Small tumors are usually thus removed and, in extracting teeth, gas is never administered. Sometimes extensive cutting, *e. g.*, the removal of a tumor reaching down into and involving the excision of the decayed end of a rib, is borne without flinching. Only three physicians interviewed failed to remark the insensibility of their patients to pain. Here, perhaps, is the reason why no people in the world have used torture so freely as the Chinese. This bluntness of nerve, however, does not appear to be universal. The scholars, who usually neglect to balance their intense brain work with due physical exercise, are not stoical. The meat-eating and wine-bibbing classes lack the insensibility of the vegetarian, non-alcoholic masses. The self-indulgent gentry, who shun all activity, bodily or mental, and give themselves up to sensual gratification, are very sensitive to pain and very fearful of it. Some make the point, therefore, that the oft-noted dullness of sensibility is not a race trait, but a consequence of the involuntary simplicity and temperateness of life of the common Chinese.

One doctor remarks that at home it is the regular thing for a nervous chill to follow the pass-

ing of a sound into the bladder, whereas among his patients it seldom occurs. Another comments on the rarity of neurasthenia and nervous dyspepsia. The chief of the army medical staff points out that during the autumn manœuvers the soldiers sleep on damp ground with a little straw under them without any ill effects. I have seen coolies after two hours of burden-bearing at a dog trot shovel themselves full of hot rice with scarcely any mastication, and hurry on for another two hours. A white man would have writhed with indigestion. The Chinese seem able to sleep in any position. I have seen them sleeping on piles of bricks, or stones, or poles, with a block or a brick for a pillow, and with the hot sun shining full into the face. They stand a cramped position longer than we can and can keep on longer at monotonous toil unrelieved by change or break.

But there is another side to the comparison. There is little pneumonia among the Chinese but they stand it no better than we do; some say not so well. There is much malarial fever and it goes hard with them. In Hong Kong they seem to succumb to the plague more readily than the foreigners. Among children there is heavy mortality from measles and scarlet fever. In withstanding tuberculosis they have no advantage over us. While they make wonderful recoveries from *high* fevers they are not enduring of *long* fevers. Some think this is because the flame of their vitality has been turned low by unsanitary living. They have a horror of fresh air and shut it out of the

sleeping apartment, even on a warm night. In the mission schools, if the teachers insist on open windows in the dormitory, the pupils stifle under the covers lest the evil spirits flying about at night should get at them. The Chinese grant that hygiene may be all very well for these weakly foreigners, but see no use in it for themselves. It is no wonder, therefore, that their schoolgirls cannot stand the pace of American schoolgirls. Often they break down, or go into a decline, or have to take a long rest. In the English mission schools with their easier pace the girls get on better.

Here and there a doctor ascribes the extraordinary power of resistance and recuperation shown by his patients entirely to their diet and manner of life and denies any superior vitality in the race. Other doctors practicing among the city Chinese insist that the stamina of the masses is undermined by wretched living conditions, but that under equal circumstances the yellow man has a firmer hold on life than the white man.

From the testimony it is safe to conclude that at least a part of the observed toughness of the Chinese is attributable to *a special race vitality* which they have acquired in the course of a longer and severer elimination of the less fit than our North-European ancestors ever experienced in their civilized state. Such selection has tended to foster not so much bodily strength or energy as recuperative power, resistance to infection and

The river stairs up which all the water
for Chungking is borne

tolerance of unwholesome conditions of living. For many centuries the people of South and Central China, crowded together in their villages or walled cities, have used water from contaminated canals or from the drainings of the rice fields; eaten of the scavenging pig or of vegetables stimulated by the contents of the cesspool; huddled under low roofs on dirt floors in filthy lanes, and slept in fetid dens and stifling cubicles. Myriads succumbed to the poisons generated by overcrowding, and hardly a quarter of those born lived to transmit their immunity to their children. The surviving fittest has been the type able to withstand foul air, stench, fatigue toxin, dampness, bad food, and noxious germs. I have no doubt that if an American population of equal size lived in Amoy or Soochow as the Chinese there live, a quarter would be dead by the end of the first summer. But the toughening takes place to the detriment of bodily growth and strength. Chinese children are small for their age. At birth the infants are no stronger than ours. The weaker are more thoroughly weeded out, but even the surviving remnant is for a time weakened by the hardships that have killed the rest.

I would not identify the great vitality of the Chinese with the primitive vitality you find in Bedouins, or Sea Dyaks, or American Indians. This early endowment consists in unusual muscular strength and endurance, in normality of bodily functions, and in power to bear hardship and exposure. It does not extend to immunity

from disease. Subjected to the conditions the civilized man lives under, savages die off like flies. Peary's Eskimos could survive a fetid Greenland *igloo* but not an airy New York boarding house. The diseases that the colonizing European communicates to natural men clears them away more swiftly than his gunpowder. Entrance upon the civilized state entails a universal exchange of disease germs and the necessary growth of immunity. Now, it is precisely in his power to withstand the poisons with which close-dwellers infect one another that the Chinaman is unique. This power does not seem to be a heritage from his nomad life of five or six thousand years ago. It is rather the painful acquisition of a later social phase. It could have grown up only in congested cities, or under an agriculture that contaminates every growing plant, converts every stream into an open sewer, and fills the land with mosquito-breeding rice fields. Such toleration of pathogenic microbes has, perhaps, never before been developed and it certainly will never be developed again. Now that man knows how to clear away from his path these invisible enemies, he will never consent to buy immunity at the old cruel price.

To the West the toughness of the Chinese physique may have a sinister military significance. Nobody fears lest in a stand-up fight Chinese troops could whip an equal number of well-conditioned white troops. But few battles are fought by men fresh from tent and mess. In the course of a prolonged campaign involving irregular pro-

visioning, bad drinking water, lying out, loss of sleep, exhausting marches, exposure, excitement and anxiety, it may be that the white soldiers would be worn down worse than the yellow soldiers. In that case the hardier men with less of the martial spirit might in the closing grapple beat the better fighters with the less endurance.

In view of what has been shown, the competition of white laborer and yellow is not so simple a test of human worth as some may imagine. Under good conditions the white man can best the yellow man in turning off work. But under bad conditions the yellow man can best the white man because he can better endure spoiled food, poor clothing, foul air, noise, heat, dirt, discomfort and microbes. Reilly can *outdo* Ah San, but Ah San can *underlive* Reilly. Ah San cannot take away Reilly's job as being a better workman; but, because he can live and do some work at a wage on which Reilly cannot keep himself fit to work at all, three or four Ah Sans can take Reilly's job from him. And they will do it, too, unless they are barred out of the market where Reilly is selling his labor. Reilly's endeavor to exclude Ah San from his labor market is not the case of a man dreading to pit himself on equal terms against a better man. Indeed, it is not quite so simple and selfish and narrow-minded as all that.

It is a case of a man fitted to get the most out of good conditions refusing to yield his place

to a weaker man able to withstand bad conditions.

Of course, with the coming in of Western sanitation, the terrible selective process by which Chinese toughness has been built up will come to an end, and this property will gradually fade out of the race physique. But for our time at least it is a serious and pregnant fact. It will take some generations of exposure to the relaxing effects of drains, ventilation, doctors, district nurses, food inspectors, pure water, open spaces and out-of-door sports to eradicate the peculiar vitality which the yellow race has acquired. During the interim the chief effect of freely admitting coolies to the labor markets of the West would be the substitution of low wages, bad living conditions and the increase of the yellow race for high wages, good living conditions and the increase of the white race.

Scene in the Imperial City, Peking

Hovel on beach at Kiukiang. Over the door
the character for "happiness"

CHAPTER III

THE RACE MIND OF THE CHINESE

THE more cheaply gotten-up races of men have a short mental circuit and respond promptly to stimulus. Knowing the impulses aroused in them by their experiences you can foretell their actions. They cannot inhibit their impulses and let them accumulate until reflection has fused them into a conscious purpose. But the races of the higher destiny are not so easily set in motion. They are able to hold back and digest their impulses. The key to their conduct is to be found, not in their impressions, but in their thoughts and convictions. Their course is to be interpreted not by their *impulses* but by their *purposes*. Their intellect is a massive fly-wheel by means of which continuous will power is derived from confused and intermittent stimuli. The man of this type does not act till he has made up his mind and he does not make up his mind till he has heard both sides. His emotion is not as the crackling of dry thorns under a pot, but like the lasting glow that will smelt iron. He obeys not his *promptings,* but his *decisions*. His conduct is not fitful and zigzag, but even and consistent. More and more this steady and reliable type is demanded in a social organization so complex that normal action must

be deliberate and in a civilization so scientific that pondered knowledge is essential to wise decision.

We like to think of the Anglo-Saxons as of this stable type and feel that such an endowment makes up to our race for its lack of the quick mobile feeling, the social tact and the sensitiveness to beauty so characteristic of South Europeans. Now, of this massive unswerving type are the Chinese. Fiery or headlong action is the last thing to be expected of yellow men. They command their feelings and know how to bide their time. They are not hot to-day, cold to-morrow. Hard are they to move, but once in motion they have momentum. Slow are they to promise, but once they have promised for a consideration they "stick." They are stubborn to convert but they make staunch converts. Their eloquence is more akin to the eloquence of Pitt or Bright than to that of O'Connell or Gambetta. One does not term suicide a "rash act" in a land where so many suicides are carried out of set purpose. Instead of assassinating the high-placed betrayer of his country, the Chinese patriot sends his Emperor a plain-spoken memorial about the traitor and then kills himself to show he is in earnest. No matter what their intensity of feeling, the members of the provincial assemblies that met for the first time two years ago kept themselves in hand and surprised the world by their self-restraint and decorum.

Some observations made by a gentleman writing life insurance in Hawaii throw a strong light on

Chinese traits. He found the Japanese impressible and easy to persuade, especially if he learns that other Japanese are taking out policies. Tell him his friend So-and-So has insured and he promptly orders a bigger policy. But when a month later the policy arrives from the New York office his interest has cooled and he will never take it unless he was required to make an advance payment. On the other hand, the Chinaman can be neither cajoled nor stampeded. He takes a sample policy home, studies it over night, and is ready next day with his answer. If it is "Yes," he invariably refuses to make an advance payment on the ground that, as yet, he has received nothing of value. When the policy arrives he receipts for it, takes it home, and compares it line by line with the sample policy. The next day he is always ready with the premium. I introduce this comparison not to discredit the Japanese, for their gifts are well known, but to bring out the deliberate unimpressible character of the Chinese.

Chinese conservatism, unlike the conservatism of the lower races, is not merely an emotional attitude. It is not inspired chiefly by dread of the unknown, horror of the new, or a fanatical attachment to a system of ideas which gives them confidence in the established. It is the logical outcome of precedent. Change the ideas of the Chinese and their policy will change. Let their minds be possessed by a philosophy that makes them doubt the past and have confidence in the future,

and they will prove to be as consistently progressive as are the Germans of to-day.

The Nestor of the missionaries, Doctor Martin of Peking, after his sixty years of labor in the Orient, believes that the modern Chinese have somehow lost the originality and inventiveness their forefathers possessed in the great days of old when the civilization of the Middle Kingdom was still in the gristle. He surmises that this precious endowment was wasted by the continued use of the memory-taxing ideographic language or by a cram system of education shaped with reference to passing competitive examinations. To those of us who question the atrophy of a race quality through disuse, and doubt if any amount of sterilizing education can quench the originality of a race beyond the generation submitted to it, it seems more likely that the contemporary Chinese intellect is sterile *because of the state of the social mind.*

It is true that the culture development of the Chinese ceased at stages no more difficult to negotiate than the earlier stages. In painting they never mastered perspective. In music they never achieved harmony. Their language is lacking in relative pronouns and other words indicating the relation of statements to one another. Their writing is arrested at the level of ancient Babylonia and Egypt. For many centuries, however, their psychological climate has been unfavorable to innovating thought. As well expect the apple tree to blossom in October as expect genius to

A police squad in Sianfu

Meeting of the first provincial assembly of the Province of Fokien, Foochow, October, 1909

bloom among a people convinced that the perfection of wisdom had been granted to the sages of antiquity. Before he has fairly begun to bring forth, the fresh thinker has been discouraged and intimidated by the leaden weight of conservative opinion about him. In a word, the social atmosphere has become oppressive, lacking the stimulating oxygen it had in the distant days when the Chinese invented gunpowder, block printing, banknotes, porcelain, the compass, the compartment boat and the taxicab.

The patent stagnation of the collective mind is due not to native sluggishness but to prepossession by certain beliefs. These beliefs are tenaciously held because in their practical outworkings they have been successful. Under them vast populations have been able to attain order, security and a goodly measure of happiness. Moreover, as these beliefs have expanded their circle of influence, they have never—until lately—encountered any system of ideas that could withstand them. Chinese culture has spread and spread until all Eastern Asia bows to it. Nestorian Christianity flourished there and vanished. The Jews of Kaifêng-fu lost their language and religion and became Chinese in all but physiognomy. The conquering Manchus have forgotten their language and literature. "China," it has been finely said, "is a sea which salts everything that flows into it." The guardians of a culture so vanquishing may well be pardoned for regarding as presumptuous any endeavor to improve on it.

For centuries the Chinese have found themselves in the situation our descendants will perhaps find themselves in when, half a thousand years hence, they are enfolded in the colossal body of a single self-consistent planetary culture; when scientific research shall have long been subject to the law of diminishing returns; when nothing but a thin rill of trifling discoveries will trickle from the splendid laboratories; when the proceedings of scientific congresses will be as trivial as the discussions of the Church Councils of the seventh century; when the élite of the human race will have forgotten the thrill from such fructifying new truths as our generation has enjoyed in the discovery of radioactivity, the germ origin of disease, natural selection, mutation, and mental suggestibility. Then, perhaps, without any abatement of its powers, the intellect of our race may develop such unshakable faith in the soundness and sufficiency of its system of scientific knowledge and thought, that nothing but intercourse with the Martians will be able to release it from the numbing grasp of the established and arouse it to fresh conquests.

It is rash, therefore, to take the observed sterility of the Celestial mind during the period of intercourse with the West as proof of race deficiency. Chinese culture is undergoing a breaking-up process which will release powerful individualities from the spell of the past and of numbers, and stimulate them to high personal achievement. In the Malay States, where the

Altar, Temple of Heaven, Peking

View in the Temple grounds of the Ming Tombs. Mountains near Peking

Chinese escape the lifeless atmosphere and the confining social organization of their own land, their ingenuity is already such that unprejudiced white men have come to regard them as our intellectual peers. Civil engineers will tell you that in a score or two of years, after bright Chinese youth have had access to schools of technology equal to those of the West, there will be no place in the engineering and technical work of the Far East for the high-priced white expert. In Shanghai, too, the clever Chinese are learning to play the game. I am told they are rapidly getting into their hands, banking, coast-wise navigation, the cotton trade and other branches by which the foreigners there make their money; indeed, some deem it only a matter of time when white men will be unable to make a living by trade on the Chinese coast, having been frozen out there as they are being frozen out in Japan.

To forty-three men who, as educators, missionaries and diplomats, have had good opportunity to learn the "feel" of the Chinese mind, I put the question, "Do you find the intellectual capacity of the yellow race equal to that of the white race?" All but five answered "Yes," and one sinologue of varied experience as missionary, university president and legation adviser left me gasping with the statement, "Most of us who have spent twenty-five years or more out here come to feel that the yellow race is the normal human type, while the white race is a 'sport.'" The trend of opinion is that when the Chinese have become

equipped with the Western arts and sciences they will match us in intellectual performance, although some think that the gap in ability between the masses and the higher classes is much wider than it is in the West.

It is significant that superior white men of long residence in the Middle Kingdom often become too Chinese in point of view to be of much service to their governments. Sir Robert Hart was complained of as virtually a Chinaman. Many of the consular veterans in the China service are said to champion the Chinese way of looking at things as against the Western. It seems that, little by little, the civilization of the East invades, disarms and takes possession of them. In the finer Chinese they discover an outlook more comprehensive than their own, a broader tolerance, and a philosophic patience that makes mock of the eager, impetuous West.

The heart of the case seems to be this:

Since the discovery of America the West-European whites have overrun the West Indies, the Americas, Australia, Africa, the islands of the Sea and Southern Asia, while their East-European brethren have occupied Northwestern and Northern Asia. During this expansion the whites have encountered hundreds of races and peoples before unknown to them; but in all this time they have never met a race that could successfully dispute their military superiority, contribute to their civilization, or dispense with their direction in political or industrial organization. Now, after

three centuries of such experience, during which the white man has grown accustomed to regarding himself as the undisputed sovereign of the planet, he makes the acquaintance of peoples in Eastern Asia who are, perhaps, as capable as the whites and who threaten to spread into areas he had staked off for himself. In any case it begins to appear that the future bearers and advancers of civilization will be, not the whites alone, but the white and the yellow races; and the control of the globe will lie in the hands of *two* races instead of *one*.

Practically all foreigners in China who are capable of sympathy with another race become warm friends of the Chinese. They are not attracted, as in the case of the Japanese, by charm of manner or delicacy of sentiment or beauty of art, but by the solid human qualities of the folk. The fact is, the Chinese are extremely likable and those who have known them longest like them best. Almost invariably those who harshly disparage them are people who are coarse or narrow or bigoted.

They are not a sour or sullen folk. Smile at them and back comes a look that puts you on a footing of mutual understanding. Their lively sense of humor is a bond that unites them to the foreigner. One lone traveler at a critical moment in a Chinese street seized the ringleader of the mob and tied him by his queue to a door-post. The crowd howled with laughter, while the traveler slipped away. Another foreigner of unusual

stature found he could always get on good terms with a crowd by flinging out his arm over the head of the nearest native. The bystanders grinned at the contrast and their good nature asserted itself.

Horrible deeds have been wrought by Chinese mobs, but not one whit worse than the atrocities committed by mobs of our ancestors in the Middle Ages. In view of their ignorance and superstition, indeed, the Chinese masses are on a level with our forefathers in the days of witchcraft, Jew-baiting, the dancing-mania, and the flagellants. In view of their limited schooling, one marvels at the diffusion among them of a politeness without a taint of servility. For all their illiteracy, the common people keenly appreciate good form; and the traveler who approaches them with the manners they understand finds few too ignorant or too uncouth to meet him half way.

Nothing is more creditable to the domestic organization of the Chinese than the attractive old people it produces. The old women, it is true, are not so frequently a success as the old men. The years of pain from their bound feet and the crosses they have had to bear as women too often sour the temper, and kindly-faced grannies seem by no means so common as with us. The natural result of steadily giving one sex the worst of it is a distressing crop of village shrews. On the other hand, I have never seen old faces more dignified, serene and benevolent than I have met with among elderly Chinese farmers. Often it seems as if the soul behind the countenance, purged

of every selfish thought, had come to dwell wholly in the welfare of others. The rights of the parent are such that every man with grandsons is practically endowed with an old age pension. Hence you notice more smooth brows, calm eyes and carefree faces among old Chinese farmers than among old American farmers.

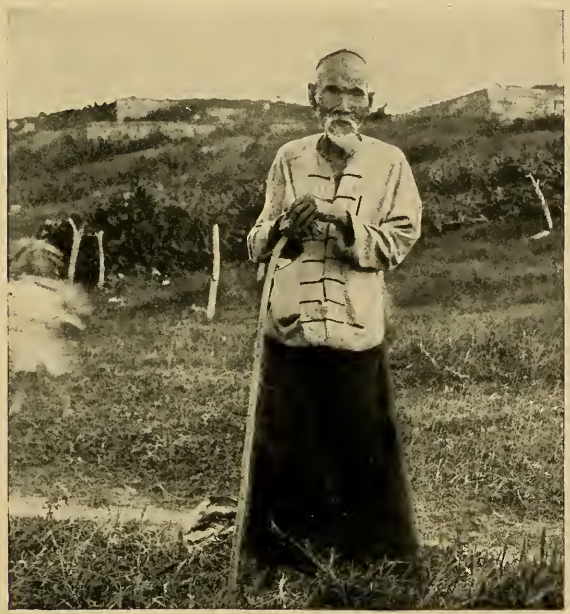
In general I hold Western individualism superior, for both individual and social advancement, to Chinese familism. I rejoice that with us a man is free to decide, to act, to rise without being hampered by a host of relatives. I am glad that he is legally responsible only for his own misdeeds, never for the misdeeds of his kinsman. Still, I believe we have gone too far in emancipating grown children from obligations to their parents. Too often among us old age is clouded up by the depressing sense of being shelved and being a burden. Chinese ethics gives the parent more rights and lays upon the sons more duties. Coming on the up-curve of life the duties are easy to bear, while, coming on the down-curve of life, the corresponding rights are a real solace. In a word, the added happiness to the old folks far outweighs the inconvenience to the sons. It is not easy to sweeten and brighten old age, and the success of the Chinese ought to inspire in us a doubt about our practical family ethics.

The high capacity of the sons of Han is no guarantee that they are destined to play a brilliant rôle in the near future. Misunderstanding

the true causes of our success their naïve intellectuals who have traveled or studied abroad often imagine that a wholesale adoption of Western methods and institutions would, almost at once, lift their countrymen to the plane of wealth, power and popular intelligence occupied by the leading peoples of the West. Now, the fact is that if by the waving of a wand all Chinese could be turned into eager progressives willing to borrow every good thing, it would still be long before the individual Chinaman attained the efficiency, comfort and social and political value of the West-European or American. For there is no doubt that the foundations of our advancement are more economic than we think, and that we attribute to our institutions much prosperity that is really due to the fewness of our people in relation to the economic opportunities. Conversely, much of the backwardness and misery in China that we charge to the shortcomings of its civilization and institutions is due simply to too many people trying to live from a given area.

If this is so, it is idle to expect Chinese society to take on the general appearance of Western society until there has occurred a far-reaching readjustment between population and opportunities. On the one hand, the Chinese will have to build railroads, open mines, sink petroleum wells, harness water-power, erect mills, adopt machinery, reforest their mountains, construct irrigation works, introduce better breeds of domestic animals and plants, and apply science to the production of

A rustic Endymion of West China



An old farmer

food. All this economic leveling up to our plane, however, would not in the least improve the quality of Chinese life, if the increase of population promptly took up all the slack, as it certainly would do under the present social régime. At the end of the process there would be nothing to show for it all but twice as many Chinese, no better, no wiser, no happier than before. It is equally necessary, therefore, for the Chinese to slacken their multiplication by dropping ancestor worship, dissolving the clan, educating girls, elevating woman, postponing marriage, introducing compulsory education, restricting child-labor and otherwise individualizing the members of the family. All this will take time; and even if the Chinese should be so fortunate as to experience a smooth continuous social development, unbroken by reaction, foreign domination, or civil convulsion, it will be at best a couple of lifetimes before the plane of existence of their common people will at all approximate that of the common people in America.

CHAPTER IV

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE IN CHINA

IN China to-day one may observe a state of society the like of which has not been seen in the West since the Middle Ages, and which will probably never recur on this planet. For many generations the Chinese, loath to abandon to the careless plow of the stranger the graves that dot the ancestral fields and reluctant to exile themselves from the lighted circle of civilization into the twilight of barbarism, have stayed at home multiplying until reproduction and destruction have struck a balance and society has entered upon the stationary stage. To Americans, who have had the good fortune to develop their life and standards in the cheerful presence of unlimited free land, the life and standards of a people that for centuries have been crowding upon the subsistence possibilities of their environment cannot but seem strange and eccentric.

The most arresting feature of Chinese life is the ruthless way in which the available natural resources have been made to minister to man's lower needs. It is true that childish superstitions have held back the Chinese from freely exploiting their mineral treasures. It is also true that from five to ten per cent., in some cases even twenty

per cent., of the farms is given up to the grave-mounds of ancestors. But, aside from these cases, the earth is utilized as perhaps it never has been elsewhere. Little land lies waste in highways. Throughout the rice zone the roads are mere footpaths, one to three feet wide, yet the greedy farmers nibble away at the roads on both sides until the undermined paving-stones tilt and sink dismally into the paddy-fields. Pasture or meadow there is none, for land is too precious to be used in growing food for animals. Even on the boulder-strewn steeps there is no grazing save for goats; for where a cow can crop herbage a man can grow a hill of corn. The cows and the water-buffaloes never taste grass except when they are taken out on a tether by an old granny and allowed to browse by the roadside and the ditches, or along the terraces of the rice fields.

The traveler who in dismay at stories of the dirt, vermin and stenches of native inns plans to camp in the cleanly open is incredulous when he is told that there is no room to pitch a tent. Yet such is the case in two-thirds of China. He will find no roadside, no commons, no waste land, no pasture, no groves nor orchards, not even a door-yard or a cow-pen. Save the threshing-floor every outdoor spot fit to spread a blanket on is growing something. But, if he will pay, he may pitch his tent in a submerged rice-field, in the midst of a bean-patch, or among the hills of sweet potatoes!

In one sense it is true that China is cultivated "like a garden," for every lump is broken up,

every weed is destroyed, and every plant is tended like a baby. As one crop approaches maturity another is made ready, the new crop often being planted between the rows of the crop that is not yet gathered. So far, however, as the word "garden" calls up visions of beauty and delight, it does not apply. In county after county you will not see altogether a rood of land reserved for recreation or pleasure. No village green, no lawns, no flower-beds nor ornamental shrubbery, no parks, and very few shade trees. Aside from the groves about the temples, the trees that relieve the landscape are grown for use and not for ornament. To be sure, there are men of fortune in inner China, but they are relatively very few. I doubt, indeed, if one family in two thousand boasts a garden with its fern-crowned rockery and its lotus pond overhung by drooping willows and feathery bamboos. One is struck, too, with the rarity of grape-arbors, vineyards, orchards, and orange groves. In the country markets one sees mountains of vegetables, but only a few paltry baskets of flavorless fruit. The demand for luxuries that appeal to the palate is too slight, the call for sustaining food is too imperious, to withdraw much land from its main business, which is to grow rice and beans and wheat and garlic to keep the people alive.

To win new plots for tillage human sweat has been poured out like water. Clear to the top the foothills have been carved into terraced fields. On a single slope I counted forty-seven such fields

running up like the steps of a Brobdingnagian staircase. And the river-bed five hundred feet below, between the thin streams that wander over it until the autumn rains cover it with a turbid flood, has been smoothed and diked into hundreds of gemlike paddy-fields green with the young rice. In the mountains, where the mantle of brown soil covering the rocks is too thin to be sculptured into level fields, the patches of wheat and corn follow the natural slope and the hoe must be used instead of the plow. Two such plots have I seen at a measured angle of *forty-five degrees,* and any number tilted at least forty degrees from the horizontal. From their huts near the wooded top of the range half a mile above you men clamber down and cultivate Lilliputian patches of earth lodged in pockets among the black naked rocks. Of course the wash from these deforested and tilled mountain flanks is appalling. A thousand feet below, the Heilung, the Han, or the Kialing, slate-hued or tawny when it should be emerald, prophesies of the time when all this exposed soil will be useless bars in the river, and the mountain will lie stripped of the fertile elements slowly accumulated through geologic time. Indeed one hears with a shudder of districts where the thing has run its course to the bitter end. Mountains dry gray skeletons; the rich valley bottoms buried under silt and gravel; the population dwindled to one family in four square miles!

Nowhere can the watcher of man's struggle with his environment find a more wonderful

spectacle than meets the eye from a certain seven-thousand-foot pass amid the great tangle of mountains in West China that gives birth to the Han, the Wei, and the rivers that make famed Szechuan the "Four-river province." Save where steepness or rock-outcropping forbids, the slopes are cultivated from the floor of the Tung Ho Valley right up to the summits five thousand feet above. In this vertical mile there are different crops for different altitudes—vegetables below, then corn, lastly wheat. Sometimes the very apex of the mountain wears a green peaked cap of rye. The aerial farms are crumpled into the great folds of the mountains and their borders follow with a poetic grace the outthrust or incurve of the slopes. In this colossal amphitheater one beholds a thousand fields but only two houses. Here and there, however, one detects in a distant yellow bank a row of dark, arched openings like gopher holes. It is a rural village, for most of these highlanders carve their habitations out of the dry tenacious loess.

The heart-breaking labor of redeeming and tilling these upper slopes that require a climb of some thousands of feet from one's cave home is a sure sign of population pressure. It calls up the picture of a swelling human lake, somehow without egress from the valley, rising and rising until it fairly lifts cultivation over the summits of the mountains. In June these circling tiers of verdant undulating sky-farms are an impressive, even a beautiful sight; yet one cannot help think-

Cave dwelling of a coal miner

Perfected tillage of the valley of an affluent
of the Wei River

ing of the grim, ever-present menace of hunger which alone could have forced people to such prodigies of toil.

Rice will thrive only under a thin sheet of water. A rice field must, therefore, be level and enclosed by a low dyke. Where the climate is friendly the amount of labor that will be spent in digging a slope into rice-fields and carrying a stream to them is beyond belief. In one case I noticed how a deep-notched rocky ravine in the flank of a rugged mountain had been completely transformed. The peasants had brought down countless basketfuls of soil from certain pockets at the foot of the cliffs. With this they had filled the bottom of the V, floated it into a series of levels, banked them, set them out with rice and led the water over them. So that now instead of a barren gulch there is a staircase of curving fields, perhaps four rods wide and differing in level by the height of a man. I have also seen the sides of a gully in which a child could not stand undiscovered cut into shelves for making a string of rice plots no larger than a table-cloth, irrigated by a trickle no bigger than a baby's finger. One of these toy plots, duly banked and set out with nineteen rice plants at the regulation eight inches, could be covered by a dinner napkin!

Were it not for an agriculture of infinite painstaking, the fertility of the soil would have been spent ages ago. In a low-lying region like Kiangsu, for example, the farmer digs an oblong settling basin into which every part of his farm

drains. In the spring from its bottom he scoops for fertilizer the rich muck washed from his fields. It is true the overflow from this pond carries away some precious elements, but these he recovers by dredging the private canal that connects him with the main artery of the district. In the loess belt of North China the farmer simply digs a pit in the midst of his field and scatters the yellow earth from it as a manure. A Chinese city has no sewers nor does it greatly need them. Long before sunrise tank-boats from the farms have crept through the city by a network of canals, and by the time the foreigner has finished his morning coffee a legion of scavengers has collected for the encouragement of the crops that which we cast into our sewers. After a rain countrymen with buckets prowl about the streets scooping black mud out of hollows and gutters or dipping liquid filth from the wayside sinks. A highway traversed by two hundred carts a day is as free from filth as a garden path, for the neighboring farmers patrol it constantly with basket and rake.

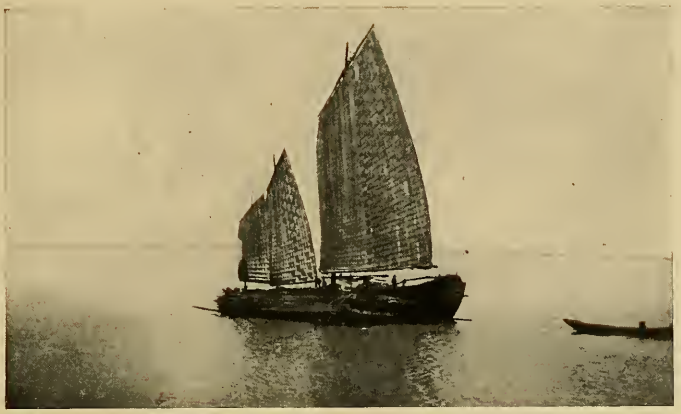
No natural resource is too trifling to be turned to account by a teeming population. The sea is raked and strained for edible plunder. Seaweed and kelp have a place in the larder. Great quantities of shell-fish no bigger than one's fingernail are opened and made to yield a food that finds its way far inland. The fungus that springs up in the grass after a rain is eaten. Fried sweet potato vines furnish the poor man's table. The roadside ditches are bailed out for the sake of

fishes no longer than one's finger. Great panniers of strawberries, half of them still green, are collected in the mountain ravines and offered in the markets. No weed nor stalk escapes the bamboo rake of the autumnal fuel gatherer. The sickle reaps the grain close to the ground, for straw and chaff are needed to burn under the rice kettle. The leaves of the trees are a crop to be carefully gathered by the children. One never sees a rotting stump or a moldering log. Bundles of brush carried miles on the human back heat the brick kiln and the potter's furnace. After the last trees have been taken, the far and forbidding heights are scaled by lads with ax and mattock to cut down or dig up the seedlings that would, if left alone, reclothe the devastated ridges. We asked a Szechuanese if he did not admire a certain craggy peak with gnarled pines clinging to it. "No," he replied, "how can it be beautiful when it is so steep that we cannot get at the trees to cut them down?" Such facts helped me understand why a match from the native factories at Taiyuanfu and Sianfu has in it perhaps a third as much wood as one of our matches.

The cuisine of China is one of the toothsome cuisines of the world; but for the common people the stomach and not the palate decides what shall be food. The silkworms are eaten after the cocoon has been unwound from them. After their work is done horses, donkeys, mules, and camels become butcher's meat. The cow or pig

that has died a natural death is not disdained. A missionary who had always let his cook dispose of a dead calf noticed that his calves always died. Finally he saturated the carcass of the calf with carbolic acid and made the cook bury it. Thereafter his calves lived. In Canton rats and cats are exposed for sale. Our boatmen cleaned and ate the head, feet, and entrails of the fowls used by our cook. Scenting a possible opening for a tannery, the Governor of Hong Kong once set on foot an inquiry as to what becomes of the skins of the innumerable pigs slaughtered in the colony. He learned that they are all made up as "marine delicacy" and sold among the Chinese. Another time he was on the point of ordering the extermination of the mangy curs that infest the villages in the Kowloon district because they harassed the Sikh policemen in the performance of their duties. He found just in time that such an act would "interfere with the food of the people," something a British colonial governor must never do.

Though the farmer thriftily combs his harvest field, every foot of the short stubble is gone over again by poor women and children, who are content if in a day's gleaning they can gather a handful of wheat heads to keep them alive the morrow. On the Hong Kong water front the path of the coolies carrying produce between warehouse and junk is lined with tattered women, most of them with a baby on the back. Where bags of beans or rice are in transit a dozen wait



Junk on the Yangtse

Fishing with cormorants

with basket and brush to sweep up the grains dropped from the sacks. On a wharf where crude sugar is being repacked squat sixty women scraping the inside of the discarded sacks, while others run by the bearer, if his sack leaks a little, to catch the particles as they fall. Where sugar is being unloaded, a mob of gleaners swarm upon the lighter the moment the last sack leaves and eagerly scrape from the gang-plank and the deck the sugar mixed with dirt that for two hours has been trampled into a muck by the bare feet of two score coolies trotting back and forth across a dusty road!

The pilferings one hears of are hardly less significant than are the gleanings. The Peking-Hankow Railway complains of the nightly theft of ringbolts and plates; no fewer than 60,000 bolts a month and 10,000 plates per annum disappear, to be made into razors and scissors, hoes and ploughshares. The cook will extract half its strength from soup meat and then sell it through his window to an itinerant food vender. From the daily drawing of tea given him he will abstract a few leaves and hide them. When he has accumulated a pound he will get the dealer to deliver this pound and give him part of the money his mistress pays for the stolen pound. Even the old hair that hangs in tatters from the camels when they are changing their coat is subject to theft.

Haunted by the fear of starving, men spend themselves recklessly for the sake of a wage. It

is true that the Chinese are still in the handicraft stage and the artisans one sees busy on their own account in the little workshops along the street go their own gait. The smiths in iron, tin, copper, brass and silver, the carvers of ivory, amber, tortoise-shell, onyx and jade, the workers in wood, rattan, lacquer, wax, and feathers, the weavers of linen, cotton, and silk seem, in spite of their long hours, less breathless and driven, less prodigal in their expenditure of life energy, than many of the operatives in our machine industries who feel the spur of piece wage, team work, and "speeding up." Still, it is obvious that in certain occupations men are literally killing themselves by their exertions. The treadmill-coolies who propel the stern-wheelers on the West River admittedly shorten their lives. Nearly all the lumber used in China is hand-sawed, and the sawyers are exhausted early. The planers of boards, the marble polishers, the brass filers, the cotton fluffers, the treaders who work the big rice-polishing pestles are building their coffins. Physicians agree that carrying coolies rarely live beyond forty-five or fifty years. The term of a chair-bearer is eight years, of a ricksha runner four years; for the rest of his life he is an invalid. Moreover, carriers and chair-bearers are afflicted with varicose veins and aneurisms because the constant tension of the muscles interferes with the return circulation of the blood. A lady physician in Fokien who had examined some scores of carrying coolies told me she found but

two who were free from the heart trouble caused by burden-bearing.

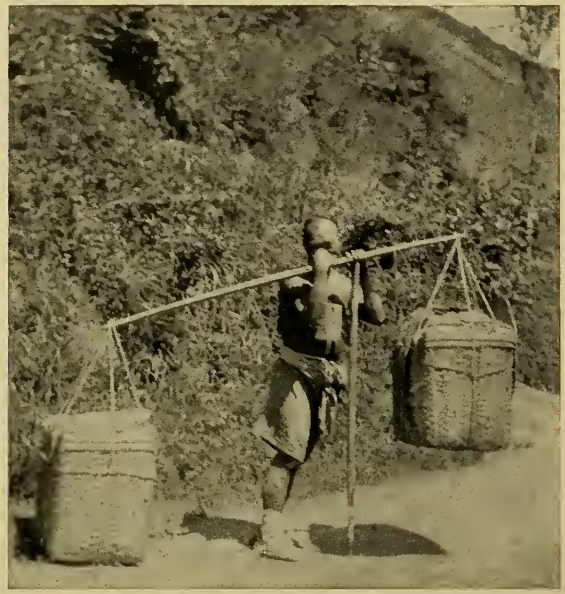
In Canton, city of a million without a wheel or a beast of burden, even the careless eye marks in the porters that throng the streets the plain signs of overstrain: faces pale and haggard, with the drawn and flat look of utter exhaustion; eyes pain-pinched, or astare and unseeing with supreme effort; jaw sagging and mouth open from weariness. The dog trot, the whistling breath, the clenched teeth, the streaming face of those under a burden of one to two hundredweight that *must* be borne are as eloquent of ebbing life as a jetting artery. At rest the porter often leans or droops with a corpse-like sag that betrays utter depletion of vital energy. In a few years the face becomes a wrinkled, pain-stiffened mask, the veins of the upper leg stand out like great cords, a frightful net of varicose veins blemishes the calf, lumps appear at the back of the neck or down the spine, and the shoulders are covered with thick pads of callous under a livid skin. Inevitably the children of the people are drawn into these cogs at the age of ten or twelve, and not one boy in eight can be spared till he has learned to read.

There are a number of miscellaneous facts that hint how close the masses live to the edge of subsistence. The brass cash, the most popular coin in China, is worth the twentieth of a cent; but as this has been found too valuable to meet all the needs of the people, oblong bits of bamboo circulate in some provinces at the value of half a cash.

A Western firm that wishes to entice the masses with its wares must make a grade of extra cheapness for the China trade. The British-American Tobacco Company puts up a package of twenty cigarettes that sells for two cents. The Standard Oil Company sells by the million a lamp that costs eleven cents and retails, chimney and all, for eight-and-a-half cents. It is a curious fact, by the way, that the oil of its rival, the Asiatic Oil Company, does not burn well in this cunningly devised lamp! Incredibly small are the portions prepared for sale by the huckster. Two cubic inches of bean curd, four walnuts, five peanuts, fifteen roasted beans, twenty melon seeds—make a portion. The melon vender's stand is decked out with wedges of insipid melon the size of two fingers. The householder leaves the butcher's stall with a morsel of pork, the pluck of a fowl and a strip of fish as big as a sardine, tied together with a blade of grass. In Anhwei the query corresponding to "How do you make your living?" is "How do you get through the day?" On taking leave of his host it is manners for the guest to thank him expressly for the food he has provided. Careful observers say that four-fifths of the conversation among the common Chinese relates to food.

Comfort is scarce as well as food. The city coolie sleeps on a plank in an airless kennel on a filthy lane with a block for a pillow and a quilt for a cover. When in a South China hospital all the beds were provided with springs and mat-

What passes for a public highway



A common carrier

tresses supplied by a philanthropic American, all the patients were found next morning sleeping on the floor. After being used to boards covered with a mat they could not get their proper slumber on a soft bed.

Necessity makes the wits fertile in devising new ways of earning a living. I have heard of persons keeping themselves alive by hiring themselves to incubate hen's eggs by their bodily warmth. In some localities people place about the floors of their sleeping and living rooms flea traps, *i. e.*, tiny joints of bamboo with a bit of aromatic glue at the bottom which attracts and holds fast the vermin. Recently in Szechuan—where there is a proverb, "The sooner you get a son the sooner you get happiness"—some wight has been enterprising enough to begin going about from house to house cleaning the dead fleas and dried glue from the traps and recharging them with fresh glue. For this service he charges each house one-twentieth of a cent.

The great number hanging on to existence "by the eyelashes" and dropping into the abyss at a gossamer's touch cheapens life. "*Yan to meng ping,*" "Many men, life cheap," reply the West River watermen when reproached for leaving a sick comrade on the foreshore to die. In a thronged six-foot street I beheld a shriveled, horribly twisted leper prone on his back hitching himself along sideways inch by inch and imploring the by-passers to drop alms into his basket. It contained four cash! In the leper village of

Canton the government furnishes two cents a day which will buy two bowls of cooked rice. For their other needs they must beg. Ax and bamboo are retained and prison reform is halted by the consideration that, unless the way of the transgressor is made flinty, there are people miserable enough to commit crime for the bare sake of prison fare. Not long ago the Commissioner of Customs at a great South-China port—a foreigner, of course—impressed by the fact that every summer the bubonic plague there carried off about ten thousand Chinese, planned a rigid quarantine against those ports from which the plague was liable to be brought. When he sought the cooperation of the Chinese authorities, the *taotai* objected on the ground that there were too many Chinese anyway, and that, by thinning them out and making room for the rest, the plague was a blessing in disguise. The project was dropped and last summer again the plague ravaged the city like a fire. But the *taotai* was not unreasonable. After all, it is better to die quickly by plague than slowly by starvation; and, as things now are, if fewer Chinese perish by disease more would be swept away by famine.

In a press so desperate, if a man stumbles he is not likely to get up again. I have heard of several cases where an employé dismissed for incompetence or fault returned starving again and again, because nowhere could he find work. In China you should move slowly in getting rid of an incompetent. Ruthless dismissal, such as we

tolerate, is bitterly resented and leads to extreme unpopularity. Again, no one attempts to stand alone, seeing the lone man is almost sure to go under. The son of Han dares not cut himself off from his family, his clan, or his guild, for they throw him the life-line by which he can pull himself up if his foot slips. Students in the schools are strong in mass action—strikes, walkouts, etc., —for their action, however silly or perverse, is always unanimous. The sensible lad never thinks of holding out against the folly of his fellows. The whole bidding of his experience has been, "Conform or starve." Likewise no duty is impressed like that of standing by your kinsmen. The official, the arsenal superintendent, or the business manager of a college, when he divides the jobs within his gift among his poor relations, is obeying the most imperative ethics he knows.

It is an axiom with the Chinese that anything is better than a fight. They urge compromise even upon the wronged man and blame him who contends stubbornly for all his rights. This dread of having trouble is reasonable under their circumstances. When a boat is so crowded that the gunwale is scarce a hand's breadth above the water, a scuffle must be avoided at all costs, and each is expected to put up with a great deal before breaking the peace.

In their outlook on life most Chinese are rank materialists. They ply the stranger with questions as to his income, his means, the cost of his belongings. They cannily offer paper money in-

stead of real money at the graves of their dead, and sacrifice paper images of the valuables that once were burned in the funeral pyre. They pray only for material benefits, never for spiritual blessings; and they compare shrewdly the luck-bringing powers of different josses and altars. Some sorry little backwoods shrine will get a reputation for answering prayer and presently there will be half a cord of gratitude tablets heaped about it, testimonials to its success. If a drouth continues after fervent prayers for rain, the resentful people smash the idol! Yet no one who comes into close touch with the Chinese deems this utilitarianism a race trait. They are capable of the highest idealism. Among the few who have come near to the thought of Buddha or Jesus one finds faces saintlike in their glow of spirituality. The materialism is imposed by hard economic conditions. It is the product of an age-long anxiety about to-morrow's rice and not to be counteracted by the influence of the petty proportion whose circumstances lift them above sordid anxieties.

Contrary to the theory of certain sociologists this intensified struggle for life has no perceptible effect in promoting economic or social improvement. It is a static rather than a dynamic influence. It makes for exertion and strain but not for progress because the prime means of progress are inventions and discoveries, and it is just these that bond-slaves to poverty, under the stress of the struggle to keep alive, are not able to bring forth.

One of the three life-boats that escorted us through the gorges

An ancient mariner

Most of the stock explanations of national poverty throw no light on the condition of the Chinese. They are not impoverished by the niggardliness of the soil, for China is one of the most bountiful seats occupied by man. Their state is not the just recompense of sloth, for no people is better broken to heavy, unremitting toil. The trouble is not lack of intelligence in their work, for they are skilful farmers and clever in the arts and crafts. Nor have they been dragged down into their pit of wolfish competition by wasteful vices. Opium-smoking and gambling do, indeed, ruin many a home, but it is certain that, even for untainted families and communities, the plane of living is far lower than in the West. They are not victims of the rapacity of their rulers, for if their government does little for them, it exacts little. In good times its fiscal claims are far from crushing. With four times our numbers the national budget is a fifth of ours. The basic conditions of prosperity—liberty of person and security of property—are well established. There is, to be sure, no security for industrial investments; but property in land and in goods is reasonably well protected. Nor is the lot of the masses due to exploitation. In the cities there is a sprinkling of rich, but out in the province one may travel for weeks and see no sign of a wealthy class —no mansion or fine country place, no costume or equipage befitting the rich. There are great stretches of fertile agricultural country where the struggle for subsistence is stern and yet the culti-

vator owns his land and implements and pays tribute to no man.

For a grinding mass poverty that cannot be matched in the Occident there remains but one general cause, namely, *the crowding of population upon the means of subsistence.* Why this people should so behave more than other peoples, why this gifted race should so recklessly multiply as to condemn itself to a sordid struggle for a bare existence can be understood only when one understands the constitution of the Chinese family.

It is believed that unless twice a year certain rites are performed and paper money is burned at a man's grave by a male descendant, his spirit and the spirits of his fathers will wander forlorn in the spirit world "begging rice" of other spirits. Hence Mencius taught "there are three things which are unfilial; and to have no posterity is the greatest of them." It is a man's first concern, therefore, to assure the succession in the male line. He not only wants a number of sons, but—since life is not long in China and the making of a suitable match for a son is the parent's prerogative—he wants to see his son settled as soon as possible. Before his son is twenty-one he provides him with a wife as a matter of course, and the young couple live with him till the son can fend for himself. There is none of our feeling that a young man should not marry till he can support a family. This wholesome pecuniary check on reproduction seems wholly wanting. The son's marriage is the parents' affair, not his; for they pick the girl

and provide the home. In the colleges one out of twenty or ten, but sometimes even one out of five of the students is married, and not infrequently there are fathers among the members of the graduating class.

As the bride must be younger than the groom, early marriage for sons makes early marriage for daughters. The average age of Chinese girls at marriage appears to be sixteen or seventeen years, although some put it at fifteen. In the cities reached by foreign influence, the age has advanced. In Peking it is said to be eighteen, in Shanghai twenty, in Wuchow twenty, in Swatow sixteen to eighteen, in Chungking seventeen or eighteen where formerly it was fourteen or fifteen. Schooling, too, postpones marriage to about twenty, but not one girl in two thousand is in a grammar school. About two years ago the Board of Education at Peking ruled that students in the government schools should not marry under twenty in the case of girls and twenty-two in the case of boys.

At twenty practically all girls, save prostitutes, are wives and five-sixths of the young men are husbands. This means that in the Orient the generations come at least a third closer together than they do in the Occident. Even if their average family were no larger than ours, they can outbreed us, for they get in four generations while we are rearing three. But their families are larger because their production of children is not affected by certain considerations which weigh

with us. Clan ties are so strong that if a poor man cannot feed his children he can get fellow clansmen to adopt some of them. Thanks to ancestor worship and to reliance on sons for support in old age, there is a great deal more adopting than we can imagine. In fact, the demand for boys to be adopted by couples who have no son has been eager enough to call into being a brisk kidnapping trade that is giving trouble to the Shanghai authorities. Then there are funds left by bygone clansmen for the relief of necessitous members. These stimulate procreative recklessness precisely as did the parish relief guaranteed under the old Poor Law of England.

The burden of the child on the parent is lighter than with us, while the benefit expected from the male child is much greater. Lacking our opportunities for saving and investment, the Chinese rely upon the earnings of their sons to keep them in their old age. A man looks upon his sons as his old age pension. A girl baby may be drowned or sold, a boy never. In a society so patriarchal that a teacher forty years old with a family still turns over his monthly salary to his father as a matter of common duty, the parents of one son are pitied while the parents of many sons are congratulated.

Moreover, the very atmosphere of China is charged with appreciation of progeny. From time immemorial the things considered most worth while have been *posterity, learning* and *riches*—in the order named. This judgment of

Braving the Yangtse flood. Cliff swallows' nests at Chungking

a remote epoch when there was room for all survives into a time when the land groans under its burden of population. So a man is still envied for the number of descendants in the male line who will walk in his funeral train. Grandchildren, and, still more, great-grandchildren, are counted the especial blessing of heaven.

Hence a veritable passion to have offspring—more offspring—as many as possible. In Kuang-tung I am told that the women are so eager for many children that they place their suckling with a wet nurse so as to shorten the interval between conceptions. In the West there are plenty of parents willing to unload their superfluous children upon an institution, whereas a Chinese parent never gives up a male child till he is in sore straits and reclaims it the moment he is able. The boy is a partly-paid-up old age endowment policy that shall not lapse if he can help it. What children's home with us would dare undertake, as does the Asile de la *Sainte Enfance* among 320,000 Chinese in Hong Kong, to care for all children offered and to give them back at the parents' convenience?

With us a rich man may not lawfully beget and rear more children than one wife can bear him. In China, however, the concubine has a legal status, her issue is legitimate and a man may contribute to the population his children by as many women as he cares to take to himself. With us one-sixth of the women between thirty and thirty-five are unmarried, while in China not one woman

in a thousand remains a spinster, so that nearly all the female reproductive capacity of each generation is utilized in child bearing.

Thus all things conspire to encourage the Chinese to multiply freely without paying heed to the economic prospect. Their domestic system is a snare, yet no Malthus has ever startled China out of her deep satisfaction with her domestic system. She believes that, whatever may be wrong with her, her family is all right; and dreams of teaching the anarchic West filial piety and true propriety in the relations of the sexes. It has never occurred to the thinkers of the yellow race that *the rate of multiplication is one of the great factors in determining the plane on which the masses live.* Point out this axiom of political economy to a scholar and he meets it with such comforting saws as, "One more bowlful out of a big rice tub makes no difference," "There is always food for a chicken," "The only son will starve" (*i.e.,* will be a ne'er-do-well). Or he may argue that there can be no relation between density and poverty by citing big villages in which people are better off than in neighboring little villages!

If people will blindly breed when there is no longer room to raise more food, the penalty must fall somewhere. The deaths will somehow contrive to balance the births. It is a mercy that in China the strain comes in the years of infancy, instead of later on dragging down great numbers of adults into a state of semi-starvation until they are thinned out sufficiently. The mortality among

infants is well-nigh incredible. This woman has borne eleven children, and all are dead; that one is the mother of seven, all dying young; another has only two left out of eleven, another, four left out of twelve. Such were the cases that occurred offhand to my informants. One missionary canvassed his district and found that nine children out of ten never grew up. Dr. McCartney of Chungking, after twenty years of practice there, estimates that seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. of the children born in that region die before the end of the second year. The returns from Hong Kong for 1909 show that the number of children dying under one year of age is eighty-seven per cent. of the number of births reported within the year. The first census of the Japanese in Formosa seems to show that nearly half of the children born to the Chinese there die within six months.

Not all this appalling loss is the result of poverty. The proportion of weakly infants is large, probably owing to the immaturity of the mothers. The use of milk is unknown in China and so the babe that cannot be suckled is doomed. Even when it can, the ignorant mother starts it too early on adult food. In some parts they kill many by stuffing the mouth of the tender infant with a certain indigestible cake. The slaughter of the innocents by mothers who know nothing of how to care for the child is ghastly. And yet so necessary is this loss in order to keep numbers down to the food supply that more than one phy-

sician endorsed the remark of a medical missionary: that the doctor who should get these mothers together and teach them how to save their babies would be assuming a very grave responsibility!

Still, much of the child mortality is the direct consequence of economic pressure. A girl is only a burden, for she marries before she is of use to her parents and is lost into her husband's family. Only in default of male children may she invite her parents to live with her husband and herself. Small wonder, then, that not infrequently the female infant is murdered at birth. Again, when the family is already large, the parents despair of raising the child and it perishes from neglect. In Hupeh a man explaining that two of his children have died will say: "*Tiu lio liang ko hai tsi,*" "I have been relieved of two children." Another factor is lack of sufficient good food, which also makes so many children very small for their age. The heavy losses from measles, and scarlet fever, are closely connected with overcrowding.

For adults overpopulation not only spells privation and drudgery, but it means a life averaging about fifteen years shorter than ours. Small wonder, indeed, for in some places human beings are so thick the earth is literally foul from them. Unwittingly they poison the ground, they poison the water, they poison the air, they poison the growing crops. And while most of them have enough to eat, little has been reserved from the sordid food quest. Here are people with stand-

ards, unquestionably civilized—peaceable, industrious, filial, polite, faithful to their contracts, heedful of the rights of others. Yet their lives are dreary and squalid for most of their margins have been swept into the hopper for the production of population. Two coarse blue cotton garments clothe them. In summer the children go naked and the men strip to the waist. Thatched mud hut, no chimney, smoke-blackened walls, unglazed windows, rude unpainted stools, a grimy table, a dirt floor where the pig and the fowls dispute for scraps, for bed a mud *kang* with a frazzled mat on it. No woods, grass, nor flowers; no wood floors, carpets, curtains, wall-paper, table-cloths nor ornaments; no books, pictures, newspapers, nor musical instruments; no sports nor amusements, few festivals or social gatherings. But everywhere children, naked, sprawling, squirming, crawling, tumbling in the dust—the one possession of which the poorest family has an abundance, and to which other possessions and interests are fanatically sacrificed.

In a census paragraph my eye catches the report of the headmen for a country district of eleven square miles in Anhwei. They return 14,000 souls, nearly 1,200 to the square mile or two to the acre. Despite its quantity of waste land Shantung seems to have 700 to the square mile. Yet it would be an error to assume that at any given moment all parts of China are saturated with people. In Shansi thirty-odd years ago seven-tenths of the in-

habitants perished from famine, and the vacant spaces and the crumbling walls that meet the eye show that the gaps have never been quite filled. Since the opening of the railroad to Taiyuanfu, the capital, wanderers from congested Shantung are filtering into the province. The same is true of Shensi which, besides losing five millions of its people in the Mohammedan uprising of the seventies, lost three-tenths of its people by famine in 1900. Kansuh, Yunnan, and Kuangsi have never fully recovered from the massacres following great rebellions, and one often comes on land once cultivated that has reverted to wilderness. The slaughters of the Taipings left an abiding mark on Kiangsu and Chekiang. Kuangtung and Fokien, the maritime provinces of the South, have been relieved by emigration. The tide first set in to Formosa and California, later it turned to the Dutch Indies, Malaysia, Indo-China, Singapore, the Philippines, Burmah, Siam, Borneo, and Australia. About ten millions are settled outside of China with the result of greatly mitigating the struggle for existence in these provinces. Within recent years $9,000,000 have flowed into the Sanning district from which the first Kuangtung men went out to California and to Singapore. It has all been brought back or sent back by emigrants. The fine burnt-brick farm houses with stone foundations, the paved threshing floors and the stately ancestral halls that astonish one in the rural villages along the coast of Fokien

A wayside beggar

Professional beggar dinning to make a shopkeeper contribute

are due to remittances from emigrants. In the tiger-haunted, wooded hills thirty miles from Foochow one comes on terraces proving former cultivation of soils it is no longer necessary to till.

The near future of population in China may be predicted with some confidence. Within our time the Chinese will be served by a government on the Western model. Rebellions will cease, for grievances will be redressed in time, or else the standing army will nip uprising in the bud. When a net of railways enables a paternal government to rush the surplus of one province to feed the starving in another, famines will end. The opium demon is already in the way of being throttled. As a feeling of security becomes established the confining walls of the cities will be razed to allow the pent-up people to spread. Wide streets, parks and sewers will be provided. Filtered water will be within reach of all. A university-trained medical profession will grapple with disease. Everywhere health officers will make war on plague-bearing rats and mosquitoes as to-day in Hong Kong. Epidemics will be fought with quarantine and serum and isolation hospitals. Milk will be available and district nurses will instruct mothers how to care for their infants. In response to such life-saving activities the death rate in China ought to decline from the present height of fifty or fifty-five per thousand to the point it has already reached in a modernized Japan, namely, twenty per thousand.

But to lower the birth rate in equal degree—that, alas, is quite another matter. The factors responsible for the present fecundity of fifty to sixty per thousand—three times that of the American stock and nowhere matched in the white man's world, unless it be in certain districts in Russia and certain parishes in French Canada—will not yield so readily. It may easily take the rest of this century to overcome ancestor worship, early marriage, the passion for big families and the inferior position of the wife. For at least a generation or two China will produce rapidly in the Oriental way people who will die off slowly in the Occidental way. When the death rate has been planed down to twenty the birth rate will still be more than double, and numbers will be growing at the rate of over two per cent. a year. Even with the aid of a scientific agriculture it is, of course, impossible to make the crops of China feed such an increase. It must emigrate or starve. It is the outward thrust of surplus Japanese that is to-day producing dramatic political results in Corea and Manchuria. In forty or fifty years there will come an outward thrust of surplus Chinese on ten times this scale. With a third of the adults able to read and with daily newspapers thrilling the remotest village with tidings of the great world, eighteen provinces will be pouring forth emigrants instead of two. To Mexico, Central and South America, Southwestern Asia, Asia Minor, Africa, and even old Europe, the black-haired bread-seekers will

stream, and then "What shall we do with the Chinese?" from being in turn a Californian, an Australian, a Canadian, and a South African question, will become a world question.

CHAPTER V

THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF CHINA

THERE are three possibilities known as the "yellow peril." One is the swamping of the slow-multiplying, high-wage, white societies with the overflow that is bound to come when China has applied Western knowledge to the saving of human life. This is real and imminent, and nothing but a concerted policy of exclusion can avert it. Another is the overmatching of the white people by colossal armies of well-armed and well-drilled yellow men who, under the inspiring lead of some Oriental Bonaparte, will first expel the Powers from Eastern Asia and later overrun Europe.

This forecast is dream-stuff. One who goes up and down among these teeming proletarians realizes that, save among the Mohammedans of the Northwest, the last traces of the military spirit evaporated long ago. The folk appear to possess neither the combative impulses nor the energy of will of the West Europeans. Chinese lads quarrel in a girlish way with much reviling but little pounding; with random flourishing of fists, but only when there is no danger of their finding the opponent's face. A row among coolies

impresses one much more with the objurgatory richness of the language than with the fighting prowess of the race.

Very striking is the contrast with the game-cock Japanese who, fresh from a military feudalism, are still full of pugnacity. At Singapore three thousand Chinese were detained in quarantine with three hundred Japanese. The latter made insolent demands such as that they be served their rice before the Chinese. The Celestials could easily have crushed this handful of brown men but in the end, rather than have "trouble," they accepted second table. Not that the Chinese is chicken-hearted. Indeed, there is tiger enough in him when aroused; but he simply does not believe in fighting as a way of settling disputes. To him it is uneconomical, hence foolish. In Malaya it has been observed that, no matter how turbulent a crowd of Chinese may become, if one of their headmen holds up his hand, they quiet down till they have heard what he has to say. Their tumult is calculated and they do not get beside themselves with rage as will a mob of Japanese or East Indians.

The new army is a vast improvement, but still its fighting spirit may well be doubted. "How do you like the service?" an American asked a couple of reservists. "Very well." "How if a war should break out?" "Oh, our friends will let us know in time so we can run away." Smarting under repeated humiliations the haughty Manchu princes are forging the new army as an

instrument of revenge; but the Chinese people prize it as a buckler only and do not intend it shall take the offensive. In the officers one misses the martial visage, the firm chin and set jaw that proclaim the overriding will. The wondering look and the unaggressive manner of the private reveals the simple country lad beneath the khaki. The Japanese peasant has the bold air of the soldier; the Chinese soldier has the mild bearing of the peasant. Belief that right makes might and that all difficulties can be settled by appealing to the *li, i. e.,* the Reasonable, so saturates Chinese thought that nothing but a succession of shocks that should move the national character from its foundation will lay them open to the military spirit. Long before they have lost their faith in peace, the Chinese will be too strong to be bullied and too flourishing to seek national prosperity through conquest.

The third "yellow peril" is the possibility of an industrial conquest of the West by the Orient. Contemplating the diligence, sobriety and cleverness of the Chinese in connection with their immense numbers and their low standard of comfort, some foresee a manufacturing China driving us out of neutral markets with great quantities of iron, steel, implements, ships, machinery and textiles of an incredible cheapness, and obliging our workingmen, after a long disastrous strife with their employers, to take a Chinese wage or starve. Against such a calamity the great industrial nations will be able to protect

The railway police at a station

Chinese Officers

Note lack of the determined, firm-jawed military visage

themselves neither by immigration barriers, nor by tariff walls.

Assuredly the cheapness of Chinese labor is something to make a factory owner's mouth water. The women reelers in the silk filatures of Shanghai get from eight to eleven cents for eleven hours of work. But Shanghai is dear; and, besides, everybody there complains that the laborers are knowing and spoiled. In the steel works at Hanyang common labor gets $3 a month, just a tenth of what raw Slavs command in the South Chicago steel works. Skilled mechanics get from eight to twelve dollars. In a coal mine near Ichang a thousand miles up the Yangtse the coolie receives one cent for carrying a 400-lb. load of coal on his back down to the river a mile and a half away. He averages ten loads a day but must rest every other week. The miners get seven cents a day and found; that is, a cent's worth of rice and meal. They work eleven hours a day up to their knees in water, and all have swollen legs. After a week of it they have to lie off a couple of days. No wonder the cost of this coal (semi-bituminous) at the pit's mouth is only thirty-five cents a ton. At Chêngtu servants get a dollar and a half a month and find themselves. Across Szechuan lusty coolies were glad to carry our chairs half a day for four cents each. In Sianfu the common coolie gets three cents a day and feeds himself, or eighty cents a month. Through Shansi roving harvesters were earning from four to twelve cents a day and farm hands got five or

six dollars a year and their keep. Speaking broadly, in any part of the Empire, willing laborers of fair intelligence may be had in any number at from eight to fifteen cents a day.

With an ocean of such labor power to draw on, China would appear to be on the eve of a manufacturing development that will act like a continental upheaval in changing the trade map of the world. The impression is deepened by the tale of industries that have already sprung up. In twenty years the Chinese have established forty-six silk filatures, thirty-eight of them in Shanghai. More than a dozen cotton-spinning mills are supplying yarn to native hand looms. Two woolen mills are weaving cloth for soldiers' uniforms. In Shanghai there are pure Chinese factories making glass, cigarettes, yellow-bar soap, tooth-brushes, and roller-process flour. The Hanyang Iron and Steel Works—with 5,000 men in the plant and many thousands more mining and transporting its ore and coal—is doubling its capacity, having last year contracted with an American syndicate to furnish annually for fifteen years from 36,000 to 72,000 tons of pig-iron to a steel plant building at Irondale on Puget Sound.

Those who judge by surfaces anticipate a development swift and dramatic; to our race a catastrophe or a blessing according as one cares for the millions or the millionaires. But, peering beneath the surface, one descries certain factors which forbid us to believe that the in-

dustrial blooming of the yellow race is to occur in our time.

Before flooding world markets the yellow-labor mills must supply the wants of the Chinese themselves for manufactured goods; and, even if, man for man, they have not more than a seventh of the buying power of Americans, China still offers a market more than half as large as that of the whole United States. Its estimated annual consumption of cotton goods would carpet a roadway sixty feet wide from here to the moon! Owing to the indefinitely expanding market Eastern Asia will afford for the cheap machine-made fabrics, utensils, implements, cutlery, toilet articles and time-pieces to pour forth from the native factories to be established, the evil day is yet distant when the white man's product will be beaten from the South American or African fields by the handiwork of the yellow man.

Then production is not always so cheap as wages are low. For all his native capacity, the coolie will need a long course of schooling, industrial training, and factory atmosphere before he inches up abreast of the German or American workingman. At a railway center in North China is a government establishment that imports bridge materials from Europe, builds up the beams, fits and punches them, and sends them out in knock-down state to the place where the bridge is needed. Yet, with labor five times as cheap, it cannot furnish iron bridges as cheaply as they can be imported from Belgium, which means that at pres-

ent, one Belgian iron-worker is worth more than five Chinese. It will take at least a generation or two for the necessary technical skill to become hereditary among these working people.

Active China, which is about as large as the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, has less than 7,000 miles of railway. Owing to the thick population and the intensive agriculture the traffic potency of most parts is even now so great that, no doubt, ten times the present mileage, if economically constructed and managed, would yield handsome dividends on the investment. Now, at best it would take China's spare capital for the next thirty years to build the railways the country ought to have. It must be borne in mind, too, that, outside a few treaty ports, the new industries await the initiative of the Chinese. Gone forever are the halcyon days of Li Hung Chang's railway and mining concessions, when a single foreigner could obtain the exclusive right to mine coal and iron over 5,400 square miles of the richest mineral-bearing province. The rising nationalism with its cry, "China for the Chinese," has put an end to all that. The Government has recovered certain of the railway concessions and the people of Shansi paid the Peking Syndicate two-and-one-quarter millions of dollars to relinquish an undeveloped concession. China will, no doubt, block the path of the foreign exploiter as carefully as Japan has, and her mills and mines will be Chinese or nothing. But the courage of the Chinese capitalist is chilled by the rapacity of

officials unchecked by law court or popular suffrage. One of the directors of the Shanghai-Hangchow Railway—a purely Chinese line—tells me their chief trouble in building the road was the harassing "inspections" which obliged them to bribe the officials in order to go on with the work. Moreover, Peking forced upon the company a large, unneeded foreign loan which would have been expended by government men without the stockholders knowing how much stuck to the fingers of the officials. So, instead of using the money for building the road, the company loaned it out in small amounts at a high interest and will repay it as soon as the terms of the loan permit.

The case of Fokien shows how irresponsible government paralyzes the spirit of enterprise. For half a century Fokienese have been wandering into the English and Dutch possessions in Southeastern Asia, where not a few of them prosper as merchants, planters, mine operators, contractors and industrialists. Some of them return with capital, technical knowledge, and experience in managing large undertakings. Yet, aside from a saw mill—the only one I saw in China—I hear of not one modern undertaking in the province. The coal seams lie untouched. The mandarins lay it to the difficulty of getting the coal to tidewater. The Fokienese rich from his tin-mining in Perak—there are thirty Chinese millionaires in the Malay States—tells you it is dread of official "squeeze."

The country back of Swatow is rich in minerals.

But what probably would happen to a retired Singapore contractor so rash as to embark on a mining venture there? The clan of Hakkas in the neighborhood of the ore deposit would demand something for letting him work it unmolested. The local mandarin would have to be squared. The *"li kin"* officials would sweat him well before letting his imported machinery go up the river. The magistrate of every district his product touched in going down to the coast would hold him up. Finally, at any moment, his operations might be halted by an outbreak of superstitious fear lest they were disturbing the earth dragon and spoiling the luck of the community. Small wonder a high imperial official confessed to me—in confidence—that not one penny of his fortune ever goes into a concern not under foreign protection.

His Excellency Wu Ting Fang is so impressed with the blight of insecurity that he suggests that, instead of clamoring for an early parliament, the people exact of the Imperial Government a Magna Charta guaranteeing the following rights: No arrest without a proper warrant; public trial within twenty-four hours; no punishment or fining of the relatives of a convicted person; no confiscation of the property of his partners or business associates.

Although vast in aggregate the agriculture of China is petty agriculture and its industry is petty industry. Its business men are unfamiliar with the management of large-scale enterprises and

Tracking a junk through the gorges of the Yangtse

Working a Yangtse junk with oar and sweep

have had no experience with the joint-stock company. Highly honorable as merchants and bankers, they have never worked out an ethics for the stock company, and in such relations they are the prey of a mutual distrust which is only too well founded.

The taking of commissions has become so ingrained in the Chinese that it is no longer a moral fact but only an economic fact. Your cook takes his wages as a recompense for his technical services only; for his services as a business man in buying for your household he feels himself entitled to a profit. Bray him in a mortar but you will not get the notion out of him. A customs chief tells me how thirty years ago when he was a newcomer he complained bitterly to his Chinese teacher about the way he as a foreigner was robbed by his servants. "But," explained the scholar, "we Chinese suffer from the practice as much as you do. If I give the old woman who is my servant five cash to buy food for me she keeps one cash. If I give her one cash to buy vinegar she cannot pocket her commission, but she will not be foiled; *she spills a little of the vinegar!*"

This is why as soon as a business capital is anywhere got together it begins mysteriously to melt away. A company formed to build a certain railway maintains an idle office staff of ten, and station-masters have been engaged and put on the pay-roll, although not a rail has been laid. Much of the pay of these lucky employés goes, no doubt, to those who appointed them. Sleepers

were bought in great quantities, and after lying for a year were sold to carpenters. One of the government railways called for tenders for sleepers. A German firm bid lowest and filled the order. Later, when more sleepers were wanted, the purchasing official, instead of calling for new bids, telegraphed to the firm, "Your Japanese competitor has come down to your figure, but you may have the contract for a moderate commission." The offer was ignored, and the Japanese supplied the sleepers, no doubt after giving a *douceur*.

In a big government works the foreign expert after due tests designated a certain coal as the best in heating capacity. The first lot supplied to him by the purchasing agent of the works was O K. The second was poor, although the agent stoutly insisted it was the same coal. He had been given a commission to substitute the inferior fuel. The railway engineer, whether foreigner or Chinese, is continually put out by the arrival from oversea of machinery or materials different in kind or grade from what he had ordered. The cause is not inadvertence. There are thirteen railways now being constructed on the basis of "everything Chinese," and most of them have one trait in common; *the money goes faster than the construction.* The Amoy-Changchowfu line, the first in Fokien, proceeds with disappointing slowness. Great piles of rails and ties lie deteriorating, waiting for road-bed. The construction of the Canton-Hankow line advances at what the

stockholders feel to be a snail's pace. The Anhwei Railway Company has disbursed five million taels and not a mile of track is completed. The piers for the bridges are ready, the structural iron for them is on the ground, and thirteen miles of grading is completed. But the company's money and credit are gone, the shareholders are disgusted, and work is nearly at a standstill. There are enough of such experiences to make one call China "the land of broken promise." Some of the trouble is due to bad judgment, but too often the management has been pulled out of plumb by the itch for commissions.

With us the individual early detaches himself from his family and circulates through society as a free self-moving unit. In China family and clan ties mean more, and there are few duties more sacred than that of helping your kinsmen even at other people's expense. You feel it is *right* to provide berths for your relatives and no scruple as to their comparative fitness tweaks your conscience. When an expectant is appointed to office (not in his own province, of course), his relatives even unto the n^{th} degree call upon him with congratulations and suggest that he find places for them in his new post. After he takes office the *protégés* of his predecessor, realizing that their room is more prized than their company, have the grace to get out as soon as they can "look around."

Now, this pestilent nepotism quickly fastens itself upon industrial undertakings. The manager

of a government plant on looking into one of the departments, which was going badly, found that thirty-three out of the fifty-five men in that department were relatives of the foreman. Since two years ago, when the Peking-Hankow Railway came under Chinese management, the positions along the line have been filled on the basis of sheer favoritism, with the result of loading the pay-roll with incompetents. No wonder the ticket-seller regards the crowd at the ticket-window as a nuisance, and lets them fume while he chats with his friends. And you may hear the track manager complain bitterly of having to put in and retain certain relatives of the director, who cannot do the work assigned them.

So desperate is the struggle to live and so ingrained is the spirit of nepotism that whenever a capital is laid out by anyone else than the owner employés multiply like locusts. They drop out of the clouds and spring up from the ground. The government offices at Peking are clogged with useless place-holders. You marvel that colleges with twenty-five or thirty teachers maintain ten officers of administration until you realize that half of them are sinecurists. In one plant the foreign expert found thirty-six parasites sucking the water-pipe all day and drawing good pay. One was purchaser of coal, another purchaser of wood, another custodian of the steam-fittings, and so on.

At Lin Ching a Belgian company came to terms with a Chinese company with a concession by giv-

Cash equivalent to $3.15,
weight 50 lbs.

A slow freight on the Great
Northern Road

ing them half the stock and agreeing to pay a Chinese director and a Chinese engineer in addition, of course, to the foreign director and the foreign engineer. The theory is that the Belgians and the Chinese are partners in operating the colliery; but the naked fact is, that the latter are mere parasites on the enterprise. The Chinese director lives at Tientsin on his seven hundred dollars a month, and never goes near the mine. The Chinese engineer with his two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month and a fine house built him near the mine gives no technical services whatever but goes about suppressing the petty native coal diggings that impair the exclusiveness of the company's concession!

In another place a German company has opened coal mines under an arrangement whereby the Chinese take half the nominal capital and a Chinese director is paid a fine salary. He lives at Tientsin and never comes near the works. The German manager directs and he earns his salary. If the coal is being pilfered and he makes complaint to the *hsien* magistrate against the culprits, they are persistently let off until the manager calls and fills the pockets of the worthy mandarin with dollars. Then the thieves are bambooed. Under such harassments the foreign staff as a whole can take no holiday. They must be on the spot all the time, for the moment they leave things go badly and in a short time the plant would be ruined.

At the present stage the Chinese business man

can get along neither with the foreign expert nor without him. Four hundred miles up the West River you see tons of heavy machinery lying on the bank. It was imported for smelting silver ore in the mountains fifteen miles away. The Chinese found themselves unable to set up the smelter, so the machinery rusts while the ore is smelted in England. An engineer will be given lot after lot of bad coal because his manager never thinks of fuel in terms of heating capacity. To him coal is coal and the cheapest is the best. Shansi is the Pennsylvania of the Empire, and at great price the provincials regained the right to exploit its mineral wealth themselves. Yet a certificated colliery manager has been four years at Shansi University as professor of mining and never has his professional opinion been sought on a mining question!

The Hanyang Company appreciates the expert and employs twenty-two French and Belgians to supervise the making of steel. But not always are the Chinese so fortunate. The first Swatow Electric Light Company failed through reliance upon a foreigner who was less of an expert than he represented himself to be. About three years ago the "Protection of Shansi" Mining Company undertook to develop coal-mining in their province. The first expert they employed was to reconnoiter and report. He spent several months going about, but, as he failed to map his wanderings and finds, his reports were worth little. Then a great English expert was engaged, but

when, on reaching Tientsin, he learned he was expected to spend months in the field instead of a few weeks, he took his expenses and went home. When, finally, a twenty-foot vein of coal was attacked, expert after expert quit because each insisted on having things done right, and the company would not follow his advice. It is plain that both the native capitalists and the imported experts have grievances. The situation is unfortunate, and cannot but retard development until China has good engineering and technical schools for training experts of her own.

The inefficiency of the management of Chinese undertakings is heart-rending in its waste of sweat-won wealth. The superintendent of construction of a railroad will be a worthy mandarin, without technical knowledge or experience, who has to rely wholly on his subordinates. Or the prominent financier chosen president of the company feels himself quite above the vulgar details of management and so delegates the task to someone of less consequence. This gentleman, too, feels above the work, and passes it down to someone else. So the big men become figureheads and little men run the enterprise. Any government undertaking suffers from the conceit and unpracticality of the mandarins. The initial price of the cement from a government plant was fixed at a dollar a barrel more than the cost of good foreign cement. The officials thought that the people would beg for "imperial cement" regardless of price.

When the government match factory was projected for Taiyuanfu the factory was built, machinery was ordered from the United States and workmen were hired. But the machinery never came for no money had accompanied the order, and the workmen were paid for doing nothing until in a couple of years the fund allotted to the enterprise was exhausted. Not long ago the enterprise was revived and the government product has now crowded out the Japanese matches. Near Wuhu is a modern brick kiln which under a foreign superintendent turned out excellent bricks at the same price as those from the native kilns; but under Chinese management the quality has sunk until the output is little better than the native bricks.

Again, the Chinaman is handicapped by his lust for immediate profit without regard to the future. For example, near the end of 1909 Captain Plant began running the "Shutung" through the Yangtse Gorges to Chungking. It was the first steam service on that dangerous reach and the little steamer made money so fast that her Chinese owners, intent only on the gain of the moment, gave the Captain no time between trips to clean her engines. Only when the indispensable skipper refused to make another trip was he granted a week to overhaul her vitals.

Years ago Dr. Nevius, a missionary at Chefoo, set out the best of American fruit trees and the product of his orchard became famous throughout the Far East. But on his death the orchard

Weighing silver ingots in a Sianfu bank

A protected monument at Sianfu

came into the hands of a Chinaman who, greedy of the maximum profit, made it a pasture for pigs, neglected to loosen the soil and never pruned the trees. As a result the fruit has greatly deteriorated, the cherries have become small, the apples and pears knotty, woody and wormy.

The fact is the faulty past lies too heavily on the mind and the character of contemporary Chinese. The real strength of the race will not generally declare itself till a new generation is on the stage, bred in the new education and enforcing a higher code. Perhaps the moral atmosphere will not clear till there has come a marked let-up in the struggle for existence. At the back of the business man's mind lurks, I fancy, a dim sense of a myriad clutching hands. People do not judge one another very strictly when each acts with the abyss ever before his eyes. The excellent reputation enjoyed by the Chinese business men in Malaysia suggests that only in a land of opportunity does the natural solidity of character of the yellow race show itself. In the Straits Settlements the Chinese are successful producers of pith helmets, chemicals, medicines, lighthouse lenses, machine-carved furniture, ice-making machines, wines, *liqueurs* and other articles not yet attempted by their brethren at home.

It is not likely, then, that the march of industrialism in China will be so rapid and triumphant as many have anticipated. Jealousy of the foreigner, dearth of capital, ignorant labor, official squeeze, graft, nepotism, lack of experts, and

inefficient management will long delay the harnessing of the cheap labor power of China to the machine. Not we, nor our children, but our grandchildren, will need to lie awake nights. It is along in the latter half of this century that the yellow man's economic competition will begin to mold with giant hands the politics of the planet.

CHAPTER VI

THE GRAPPLE WITH THE OPIUM EVIL

IT was in West China. Our sedan chairs were a mile behind us, and we were not sure of the road. "How far is it to Paoki?" the consul asked a peasant. No answer. "How far is it to Paoki?" The man turned his head a little. The third asking brought a glimmer of speculation into the vacant eyes. On the fourth asking he caught the idea "Paoki." The fifth punctured his mental fog with "How far?" and slowly and thickly as from a sleep-walker came the reply, "Forty *li*." "What does it mean?" I demanded after a dozen such experiences in a single morning. "Is it sheer natural stupidity?" "No," replied the consul, ruminating, "probably opium. You have heard the saying 'Out of ten Shensi people, eleven smokers!' "

This was my first good look at China's Skeleton in the Closet.

Opium smoking was first heard of in China in the fourteenth century. In 1729 there was an edict issued which prohibited the use of opium and ordered the closing of the smoking-dens. Nobody knows whether or not it was enforced. Late in that century, in consequence of the British East India Company's pushing its Bengal opium

into the various ports of China, the habit took root in all parts of the country. The British found that it was a lucrative trade and never let up. The total gain from Indian opium—that is, the amount paid by China and Eastern Asia for that commodity above its cost price between 1773 and 1906—has been estimated at *two billion, one hundred millions of dollars.* About 1840, the Chinese Emperor became so alarmed at the inroads of the poison that he appointed Lin Imperial Commissioner at Canton with orders to put down the trade. His efforts brought him into collision with the English traders and his destruction of ten thousand chests of opium precipitated the First Opium War. It ended in England's forcing on China a humiliating treaty which heavily indemnified the traders for their losses. In 1857 came the Second Opium War resulting in the Treaty of Tientsin which bound the government of China not to interfere with nor limit the introduction of Indian opium into the Empire.

Until this time the government had not tolerated the cultivation of the poppy plant; but now, rather than see the country drained of silver to buy of India a narcotic that can easily be produced on the soil of China, the government removed its restriction, and the poppy spread with great rapidity. In the end six-sevenths of the opium consumed by the Chinese was home-grown.

Meanwhile the luxury use of opium spread with appalling rapidity. Four years ago the

Chinese were using *seventy times* as much opium as they were using in 1800. Annually *twenty-two thousand tons* of the drug were absorbed, most of it converted into thick smoke and inhaled by a legion of smokers estimated to number at least twenty-five millions. Even the English allow there were eight million smokers. In the poppy provinces opium was so plentiful and cheap that a shocking proportion of the adult population became addicted to the habit. In Szechuan, in the cities half of the men and a fifth of the women came to smoke opium. In the country the proportions were fifteen per cent. and five per cent. respectively. In Kansuh three men out of four were said to be smokers. In western Shensi we came upon districts where we were assured that nine-tenths of the women above forty smoked. In Yunnan the principal inquiry in matrimonial negotiations was, "How many opium pipes in the family?" this being a certain indication of its financial standing. Whole populations had given themselves up to the seductive pipe and were sinking into a state of indescribable lethargy, misery and degradation.

The pipe has a peculiar seduction for the Chinese because their lives are so bare of interest. They indulge in none of that innocent companionship of men and women which contributes such a charm to life. They take to their twin vices—opium smoking and gambling—as a relief from the dreary flatness that results from sacrificing most of the things that make life interesting in

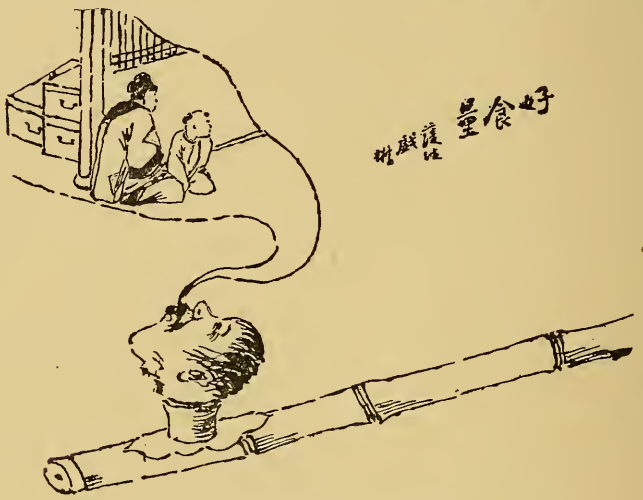
the mad endeavor to maintain the largest possible number of human beings on the minimum area. Under a family system that tempts them to multiply without regard to prospects the Chinese have pruned away much that lends value to life. Five years ago the Philippine Opium Commission observed in its report:

"What people on earth are so poorly provided with food as the indigent Chinese, or so destitute of amusement as all Chinese both rich and poor? There are no outdoor games in China, or indeed any games except in a gambling sense. Absolute dullness and dreariness seem to prevail everywhere. As these two demons drive the Caucasians to drink so they drive the Chinese to opium. As an individual may by habitual toil and attention to business become incapable of amusement, so a race of almost incredible antiquity, which has toiled for millenniums, may likewise reach a point in its development where the faculty of being amused has atrophied and disappeared, so that all that remains is the desire to spend leisure in placidity. And nothing contributes so much to this as opium. In Formosa the merry Japanese boys are teaching the placid Chinese lads to play tennis, foot ball, polo, vaulting, etc., with the view —the Japanese teachers say—of improving them physically and also of developing in them a love of sports which will prevent them from wishing to spend their leisure indoors smoking opium. And the poor who have no leisure? They often have no food, or so little that any drug which removes

first the pangs of hunger, and later the healthy cravings of appetite, seems a boon to them. Add to this the feeling of peace and well being that often accompanies the smoking of opium, and it is not difficult to see why the indigent Chinese use it. We administer morphine to relieve pain. The life of the indigent Chinese coolie is pain caused by privation. The opium sot is an object of pity rather than of contempt. If the Chinese seem more easily to contract such evil habits than other nations, and are more the slave of them, is not that due to the dullness of the lives of the well-to-do and to the painful squalor of the indigent?''

A month's travel by sedan chair gave me some light on why the coolie hankers for his pipe. Our chair and baggage coolies took with them no wrap nor change of clothing and eight successive days of rain brought them to a state of utter misery. After twelve hours of splashing and slipping up and down the mountain roads and fording swollen torrents in a cold drizzle under a weight of from seventy to ninety pounds they would come at evening utterly exhausted to a cheerless, comfortless Chinese inn. No fire, no clothing save two soaked cotton garments; no bed save a brick *kang* with a ragged mat on it; no blankets. For supper nothing but rice and bean curd or macaroni. What wonder that, after eating, the poor fellow curled up on the mat with the tiny lamp beside him, rolled the black bead and sucked the thick smoke till he passed beyond the reach of cold, discomfort and weariness!

One may wonder why the cancer was allowed to eat so deeply into the social body. To be sure, the hands of the government were tied by the treaty privileges of the trade in foreign opium. Still, what Western society would tolerate the ravages of alcohol as China has supinely tolerated the ravages of opium? Even if government



FAMILY AND HOME VANISHING INTO THE OPIUM PIPE
(*Native reform cartoon*)

could do nothing, other agencies would have sprung into activity. The pulpit, the platform, the school, the chair, the press, and the temperance societies and movements would have set bounds to the gangrene. But Chinese society lacks most of these organs of self-protection. In the religions of China there is no place for preaching or church discipline. The schools were expected

to teach nothing but the classic learning. Newspapers did not circulate. Private associations, even innocent societies for moral purposes, were under the ban of government. Above all, women, the natural foes of destructive vice, were bound and dumb. One of the greatest forces behind the temperance movement in the West has been the influence of women, rallying, organizing, and agitating in defense of the home. But in China not one woman in a thousand can read. Women have no part in discussion, no place in public life and hence no means of voicing the woe that comes to them from the smoking of opium by their men folk.

What finally moved the Imperial Government, at a heavy sacrifice of public revenue, to enter on its great struggle was not so much pity for the wreck and misery caused by the seductive narcotic as a realizing sense of the weakness of the Chinese nation in the presence of the Western Powers. The reign of apathy and selfishness among the Chinese, their lack of public spirit and effective coöperation at critical moments were inviting treatment ever more aggressive and ruthless. It became clear even to the haughty and hide-bound Manchu that, unless the people speedily renounced the vice that was undermining its manhood and recovered its normal resisting power, there was no hope for China among the nations.

The famous Anti-Opium Edict issued by the Empress Dowager September 20, 1906, which commanded that the growth, sale, and consump-

tion of opium should cease in the Empire within ten years was the opening gun in what is undoubtedly the most extensive warfare on a vicious private habit that the world has ever known. The gigantic moral conflict has raged over a territory comparable in size to the United States. Hundreds of thousands of officials, gentry, students, merchants and den-keepers have been drawn into it. Blood has been shed and property has been destroyed on a great scale. The stake is the lives of some millions of opium-users, to say nothing of the oncoming generations. The guerdon of victory is the assured independence of the yellow race and its eventual participation on equal terms with the white race in the control of the destinies of the planet.

Once see the poppy in her pride and you realize that there is nothing drab nor homespun about opium raising. Among plots of sordid beans or pulse or cabbages the poppy field stands out like a flame. At full bloom its splendor befits a crop that is to lure and ruin men rather than nourish them. The dominant note is snow white, but bells of all gorgeous hues are to be seen: purple, ruby, crimson, scarlet and pink, besides white blossoms tipped or streaked with these—a riot of color. For rich prodigal beauty no field crop under the sun can match it. The flowering poppy is vivid, dramatic and passionate, like some superb adventuress luring troops of lovers and, vampire-like, sucking out their souls with her kisses.

South half of the west wall of Sianfu, from the west gate

City wall and five-story pagoda, Canton

Nor is the harvesting commonplace. When the poppy's time has come all you see is thousands of spherical pods one or two inches through, erect each on its slender reed-like stem. A man with a small knife follows the rows cutting lightly around every pod. Drop by drop a juice exudes, milky at first but which in a day or two turns brown and gummy. Then the reaper goes about scraping from the pods this precious gum. Just a few pounds of drug to the acre—that is all there is to it. And the stalks dry and bleach like the cast-off skin of a rattlesnake until they are gathered for fuel, and the pods are threshed for the poppy seed to be ground for food or pressed for oil.

Now, raw opium is a poison, and when the crop is in the unhappy women who have been waiting for it—for women abhor a violent death—seize their opportunity. When we were at Wukung in Shensi the mission ladies there were being called out nearly every day to give an emetic and save the life of some poor creature who thought to end her sorrows with the only poison within her reach. From the adjoining province a correspondent writes: "One benefit of the continual rise in the price of opium is the manifestly decreasing number of attempts at suicide by taking the drug. One now finds it hard to extract death from ten rolls of opium and the increased cost of poison is deterring many would-be suicides. The present make of opium-rolls, selling at ten cash, contain only about three parts of opium to seven

of horse-hoofs and other leather waste." In other words, when suicide costs as much as ten cents it is a luxury that few can afford. In a province where a servant gets eighty cents a month and finds himself, this is not to be wondered at.

In most parts of China the cultivation of the poppy has been spreading at an alarming rate within our own time. It is especially, however, the interior provinces, shut away by mountain ranges from the commercial highways, that have gone over to poppy growing. The reason is that opium is the one crop that can be got to market without most of its value being eaten up in the cost of transportation. A coolie will trot a *picul* [133 lbs.] of opium to market over several hundred miles of atrocious roads without seriously adding to the cost of the drug that sells for from two to ten dollars a pound. No mere food product of the same soil could profitably be carried a twentieth of the distance to find a market. To the farmers of Yunnan, Kweichow, Szechuan, Shensi, or Kansuh, opium is the only road to the market, just as in Washington's time whiskey was the only route by which the trans-Allegheny settlers could get their surplus corn to tidewater. And poppy prohibition stung some of them into resistance just as the Federal taxes on spirits galled the farmers of Western Pennsylvania into the Whiskey Rebellion of 1798.

When the Empress Dowager took opium by the

throat half the acreage of certain interior provinces was given over to the poppy during its season. So much had the plant cut into the production of food that the cost of the necessities of life was crowding the local laboring people to the verge of starvation. There was more money in opium than in anything else, and so leases, land rentals and mortgages became adjusted to the lucrative opium crop. To many a farmer the relinquishment of the poppy would spell blue ruin. The stopping of opium-growing looked about as simple and feasible a proposition as the stopping of corn-growing in the West or of cotton-planting in the South by Act of Congress. Many thought the effete Imperial Government would never show the force and authority necessary to wipe out the chief money-making crop of the peasantry.

The ins and outs of the fight on the poppy are full of the Arabian Nights flavor. When the magistrate proclaims the Anti-Opium Edict and announces that he intends to see it obeyed the cultivators call upon him in a body, grovel on their faces before him, remind him that he is the "father and mother" of them all and beseech him to save them from ruin by letting them grow their poppy *just this season.* Of course there is a fat bribe lurking in the background for the official who is open to that sort of persuasion; and unless the official is a reformer at heart or else afraid of losing his place, he is not wholly ob-

durate. The salary of the mandarin is nominal and he has somehow to squeeze a living income out of his district.

But if importunity avails not the farmers resort to ruse. They raise the poppy in small patches in out-of-the-way places off the main road —behind walls or trees or up a little side valley— or they cut off the leaves and flowers so the crop cannot be recognized at a distance. They rely on steering-off or bribing shut the eyes of the "runners" sent out from the magistrate's headquarters to look for infractions of the Edict. If, nevertheless, the mandarin hears of illicit poppy-growing and comes in his big green sedan chair borne on the shoulders of four bearers, with a force of men to pull up the outlawed plants, the tactics suddenly change. He may be met by the men of several confederated villages armed with sickles, pitchforks, and billhooks and intent on mischief. At Wukung shortly before our visit the mob put to flight the satellites of the magistrate and even laid rude hands on the official himself. He took refuge in a temple and sagely let it be known the farmers might grow poppy for all he cared.

At Kin Kiangai in Kansuh, the prefect who had come to destroy the growing opium was set upon in the official inn and beaten nearly to death. In a few weeks, however, several of the leaders of the riot were beheaded after a public trial and the overawed farmers hastened to dig up their poppy fields. At Wenchow in Chekiang, when the

Opium pipes confiscated by the Anti-Opium Society

Displayed at the third anniversary of the Society at Foochow

magistrate appeared with a company of soldiers and proceeded to destroy the evil crop, about two thousand farmers attacked his force and a number of rioters and soldiers were injured. Three hundred troops and a gunboat were presently dispatched to the scene and the law-breakers were quelled.

Near the capital of Shansi a certain Kung who had fortified himself with drink went about beating a gong and threatening to kill anyone who failed to sow his poppy. When later the magistrate sent to arrest him he had disappeared. Later on, several women went to his *yamen* and demanded leave to grow opium. Things looked ugly and the magistrate appealed to the governor of the province who sent him a mandarin with a detachment of three hundred soldiers. Several villages combined and met the force with bucolic weapons in hand. The mandarin became alarmed and ordered his soldiers to fire. After a volley of blank cartridge which only excited derision, the troops fired ball cartridge and fifty fell killed or mortally wounded. Both sides were aghast at the deadliness of the rifles, which the soldiers knew scarcely more about than the peasants. The Chinese soldier is allowed ten cartridges a year for practice, but after the various "squeezes" have been made he gets about three.

The ordinary penalty for growing poppy has been a fine and in some cases forfeiture of the field. Though no one has been executed for growing poppy, there have been cases in which the

resisters to authority, after due trial and sentence, have been taken out and decapitated in their own fields and their blood has run down between the rows of the poppy they prized more than the public welfare.

Since the driving force behind the fight on the poppy comes from above, radiates from the apex of the governmental hierarchy at Peking, the higher officials are, in general, more vigorous in enforcing the Edict than the lower. There are fewer of them; they can be watched, and if they prove lukewarm they can be fined, cashiered, or degraded. In many cases viceroys, governors and *taotais* have been dismissed for lack of zeal, and new trusty men have been put in their place for the express purpose of putting through the governmental policy. But the little local mandarins are too numerous to be generally shaken up or cashiered. So many of them who have their couple of pipes a day on the sly and want to let things go on in the good old easy way shrink from the risk of enforcing the Edict. Indeed, some of the more enterprising use the threat of enforcing as a club wherewith to blackmail the opium growers and den-keepers. One hears of all sorts of tricks by the small magistrates. One, on learning that his *taotai* was cruising about the country looking for poppy, saw to it that not one plant was left within sight of the main road; but the *taotai* foxily took the back road, which was lined with poppy fields, and the tricky magistrate lost his button of rank.

It is easy for the magistrate when called upon to report to clap his telescope to his blind eye, like Nelson at Copenhagen, and declare, "I see no poppy in my district." So sometimes the viceroy or *taotai* sends out trusty commissioners —workers in the anti-opium societies that are standing shoulder to shoulder with the government in the fight—to go up and down looking for poppy. If any is discovered, it will be destroyed and the magistrate will be punished.

The missionaries are sworn enemies of opium. Indeed, it was the great memorial signed by 1,333 missionaries from seven countries which, presented in August, 1906, drew forth in September the famous Edict, some of it in the very language of the memorial. It was fitting and natural, then, that one of the roving commissioners in Fokien should call on the secretary of a missionary organization and say, "I am very anxious to find and uproot every poppy field; but I can not go everywhere myself to locate these fields. The local police or 'runners' are very venal and they will find the fields, threaten owners with exposure, receive their bribes for keeping still and I shall fail in my work. Now, your missionaries are in every part of the district I am sent to inspect. Please ask them for me to send to you a report of any opium fields in their neighborhood; and then you give their reports to me, and I will see that the plants are torn up." Within a few hours a circular letter was on its way to a hundred men who could not be bought nor brow-

beaten, and the astonished missionaries found themselves for once in their lives cogs in the Imperial Administration of China.

The completer a blockade, the greater is the temptation to blockade-running. In like manner, as poppy prohibition approaches success and the price of opium jumps to several times the old figure, the schemes to smuggle through a crop become more and more brilliant. Perhaps the most elaborate ruse on record was worked last year in Szechuan, the great interior province that only two years ago was so given over to poppy-growing that food stuffs had reached an almost prohibitive price. The energetic Viceroy stamped out the poppy in every county but one—Fouchou *hsien,* about four hundred miles from the Viceroy's capital. In this county, seventy miles across, four-fifths of the cultivated area was in poppy last year and, as the price of opium is from five to ten times what it was, the tricky farmers made their fortunes.

The scheme was worked as follows: In January the *taotai* at Chungking, hearing that poppy had been sown despite the prohibition, visited Fouchou with soldiers, deposed the local magistrate, fined him seven thousand dollars and sent out the soldiers to cut down the poppy. But the farmers covered with earth the sprouts just coming up and where the soldiers did see poppy growing they cut off the tops, but took care to cut high enough not to kill the plant. No doubt there were inducements. When after a week the *taotai*

and his minions had departed with a fine sense of duty performed, the farmers hastened to uncover the poppy sprouts. Then they planted peas, beans, or wheat between the rows so that the growth of these crops should later hide the poppy bloom from any distant view. Of course there was the new mandarin to be reckoned with. But he, either scenting a squeeze for himself or acting under secret orders, put out a very orthodox proclamation that poppy was prohibited and then announced that he would make personal inspection in June. If he found any poppy then he would confiscate the land and have the owners beaten. Dear man, he knew quite well that by June all the poppy crops would be harvested and out of sight!

Such wiles can be worked once and no more. The solid fact remains that in opium-steeped Szechuan which was producing a third of the drug produced in China the acreage has been cut down by eighty per cent. No more incontestable evidence of suppression can be offered than the great upward leap in the price of opium. In Honan we found it had doubled in a year and was worth more than its weight in silver. At Taiku in Shansi where no poppy grew last year it was selling for two and a half times its weight in silver and the pipe fiends of the rich old banking families, anticipating a long siege, had laid in a stock to supply their needs for three years. At Hwachow in the same province it was six times as dear as the year before. At Sianfu in

Shensi it sold at fifty cents an ounce, three or four times the price of the previous year. At Tehyang in Szechuan where not a spear of poppy grows the price was 1,600 cash an ounce as against 120 cash two years ago.

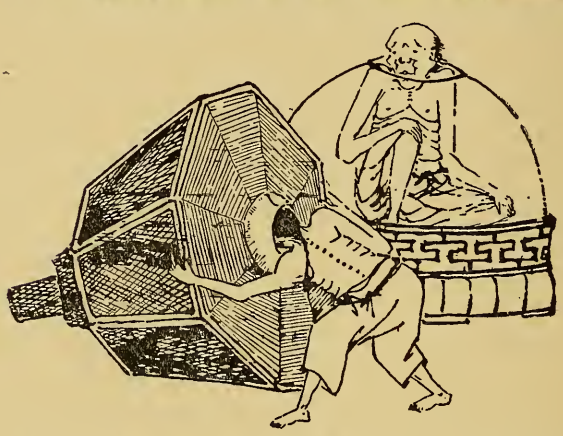
It is a striking fact that in four of the great poppy provinces prohibition has been followed by a season of wonderful harvests which have gone far to compensate the farmers for their sacrifice and so reconcile them to the reform policy. The missionaries see the hand of God in this record wheat crop running from twenty-eight to forty bushels to the acre. This and the restoration of so much land to food-growing has made food more plentiful and cheap than it has been for years. New trade is springing up and the Hupeh merchants who were wont to drift every summer through far Kansuh buying the opium crop are now bringing back with them, instead of the enervating drug, goat skins, eagles' wings, pig bristles, donkey hides, and human hair. In this province the Chinese experts in the agricultural school are by their experiments showing the farmers that they can grow beet root, potatoes and cotton instead of opium. In Fokien farmers are obtaining from our Department of Agriculture cotton seed for experimental planting in fields once given over to poppy growing.

As earnest of its resolve to shake off its lethargy and make itself fit to speak with the enemy in the gate the Imperial Government proceeded to purge its ranks of opium-smokers. It was felt the

mandarins must set an example to the common people. In the words of the Edict, "If the officials are fond of the vice, how can they guide the honest folk under them?" So, while officials over sixty years of age were tolerated in case they found themselves unable to throw off the smoking habit, all others were given a stated term within which to break off. If at the end of the term they were not cured, they were obliged to resign. Certain results of these regulations were startling. Not only were hundreds dismissed but several high officials—among them two governors and two vice-presidents of Imperial Boards—died in their persevering efforts to conquer the habit. These distressing cases caused the regulations to be relaxed so as to allow smokers past fifty to continue in office.

Nothing turns a man into a liar like the black smoke, and it soon appeared that many an official who could not or would not quit the pipe was concealing his indulgence in order to keep his office and its emoluments. Suspicions and denunciations became the order of the day. It was found necessary to clear the situation by establishing testing bureaus at Peking and certain provincial capitals. The suspect was obliged to submit himself to a rigid test. After being searched for concealed opium he was locked up for three days in a comfortable apartment and supplied with good food but no opium. If he held out he was given a clean bill of health, for no opium smoker can endure three days' separation from

his pipe. The strongest resolution breaks down under the intolerable craving that recurs each day at the hour sacred to the pipe. Regardless of ruin to his career the secret smoker, be he even a viceroy or a minister, will on bended knees with tears streaming down his cheeks beg the attendant to relieve his agonies by supplying him



CAPTIVES OF THE LAMP AND PIPE (*Native reform cartoon*)

with the materials for a soothing smoke. Certain highnesses, Princes of the Blood even, were by this means literally "smoked out" and summarily cashiered. In the army prohibition has teeth in it, for both officers and common soldiers have been beheaded for obdurate indulgence in the pipe.

Foochow, long a seat of missionary influence, has made the most spectacular fight on opium.

When I was there no one under penalty of confiscation of his goods might smoke opium without registering and taking out a permit. Such a permit is issued only to one who can prove that he has the opium-smoking habit. The number of his permit is posted outside the house where he may smoke and he must not smoke anywhere else. While he is smoking no one may visit him on any pretext, and after he is through all his paraphernalia—pipe, bowl, lamp, opium box, needle, etc.,—must be gathered up and put away. The aim is to lessen illicit smoking and to discourage the indulgence by making it solitary.

Opium may be sold only by licensed dealers who account for and pay a tax on every ounce they sell, and it may not be sold in the place where it is smoked. No one may cook his opium himself; he must buy it prepared. The amount the registered smoker may buy daily is stated in his permit. The salesman stamps in a blank space on his permit the amount of each purchase and it must never exceed the amount specified. The smoker must renew his permit every three months and each time it must be filled out for a less amount. After buying his opium he must carry it through the street openly. He may not carry it in his pocket, nor wrapped up, nor in his closed hand, nor in a closed box. No one may make or expose for sale the implements for opium smoking. The existing supply must suffice and as this is being reduced from time to time by solemn pub-

lic burnings of stacks of paraphernalia, the basis for the vice is continually being cut away.

Under the leadership of Lin, grandson of the famous Imperial Commissioner who destroyed the Indian opium, numerous anti-opium societies sprang into existence and coöperated with the officials. Their agents are given full authority to force an entry to any place. Every night their vigilance committees accompanied by policemen to enforce their demands for admittance patrol the streets on the lookout for illicit selling or smoking. At times they have been attacked and some of them severely beaten but nothing turns them aside. The societies collect and break up paraphernalia seized in their raids or given up by reformed smokers. From time to time the stock on hand is stacked up in a public place and solemnly burned to signalize the progress of the campaign. Eleven burnings have taken place and the pipes, bowls, plates, lamps, and opium boxes sacrificed by fire are upwards of twenty-five thousand. Nothing is spared and no curio seeker need hope to rescue some rare and beautiful pipe by a tempting bid.

Thanks to these various endeavors the amount of opium sold in Foochow has fallen off four-fifths and the number of opium-smoking permits out now is less than half the number originally issued. Hardly any but low-class people smoke. Since no new registrations are permitted, opium wins no recruits and its finish is in sight.

Perhaps no city matches Foochow in the clever-

ness of its campaign. In many places the effort was made to close the shops and dens at a single sweep. But always, after the rejoicings and felicitations had died away, the dens quietly reopened without the usual signboard and smoking went on as before. Spasms of prohibition have

DEATH IN THE LAMP OF THE OPIUM SMOKER
(*Native reform cartoon*)

failed and only the process of pinching off the evil by a gradually tightening ligature of permits and licenses has succeeded.

The story of the fight on the dens is full of incidents and alarms. In Anhwei one official went out at night dressed as a coolie and found eight dens filled with people. He had them all bambooed on the spot, giving the proprietor 300 blows and the smokers 200. The next day not a shop

was open. In Amoy the sub-prefect led raids on places where opium smoking was going on, private residences as well as shops. The smokers caught were beaten and their appliances destroyed. In a city in Hunan ten dens were secretly reopened. The magistrate had the places raided at night, the shops were confiscated and sold and the proprietors were imprisoned, beaten and cangued. The proceeds from the sale of the property went to support schools and police.

Two years ago the founder of the Anti-Opium League reported: "In one city the doors of seven thousand dens have been shut. In other cities from two to three thousand have been closed while in still other cities a thousand such places have been done away with. In a hundred thousand market towns throughout the land the dens and divans have been closed. Altogether between one and two million places for the smoking of opium have been removed."

Thanks to the posted proclamations and the exhortations of officials to headmen and gentry, to the warnings of missionaries, to the soap-box oratory of reformers, to the teachings in the government colleges and to the preachments of the rising native press, in many centers a public opinion has been formed which holds up the hands of the government. It is coming to be "bad form" to smoke opium. It is no longer fashionable to pass around pipes at dinner parties and and young men do not have to acquire the taste as one of the polite accomplishments. A national

Burning of opium pipes and other paraphernalia confiscated by the Foochow Anti-Opium Society (eighth time)

conscience is beginning to show itself and the slave of the pipe is put to the blush. It is now worth while to make the smoker carry his purchased opium in his open hand and wear his permit on a big wooden tablet that he cannot conceal. No one has a greater horror of "losing face" than the Chinese, and there is hope that the rising generation will shrink from opium as they shrink from a cobra.

Think of it! In thousands upon thousands of communities over this huge empire a battle has been going on. On the one side poppy-growers, den-keepers, dealers and some of the smokers; on the other, the thoughtful few—reformers and patriots who realize China is doomed to be the world's serf if the drug is to go on sapping the strength of the people. Greed versus patriotism —it is just our line-up on liquor, conservation and child labor over again. And the people are coming out of their stupor and their selfishness. They are becoming unified through a common cause. A public has come into being—a public that cares about moral questions. Public opinion, which was biting its coral three hundred years ago in the coffee-houses of Shakespeare's London, is taking its baby steps in China. Millions for the first time in their lives have thought, "What is the public good?" And mandarins, dismounting from their immemorial high horse, have called together the gentry, the merchants and the headmen of the villages and preached to them of righteousness, judgment and the wrath to come.

When Peking allowed ten years for the cleansing of the land from the opium habit, it little dreamed of the enthusiastic response its initiative would call forth or of the rising spirit of patriotism that would come to its aid. The accomplishment of the five years elapsed has surpassed all anticipations. The production of opium in China has certainly been cut down sixty or seventy per cent., and the reform leaders even insist on eighty per cent. Millions of smokers are breaking off because the price of the drug has risen clear out of their reach.

But every stride towards the suppression of poppy-growing leaves the imported Indian opium a larger factor in the situation. In 1907, when the exports of Indian opium to China aggregated 51,000 chests or *three thousand four hundred tons,* the British Government agreed to reduce this total export at the rate of one-tenth, or fifty-one hundred chests, a year until 1911, with the assurance that the reduction would be continued in the same proportion beyond that period provided the Chinese Government had within the period cut down its home production in like degree.

In May, 1906, the House of Commons unanimously resolved that the Indo-Chinese opium trade "is morally indefensible" and requested the Government "to take such steps as may be necessary for bringing it to a speedy close." Nevertheless, when, in May, 1910, the Government was asked whether, seeing that the production of opium in China is being largely restricted, the

British Government felt inclined to respond to the desire of the Chinese Government to shorten the period of nearly eight years during which India is to continue to send opium to China, the Under-Secretary of State for India answered in substance that his Majesty's Government was not disposed to disturb the settlement arrived at. The Christian people of Great Britain replied by making the twenty-fourth of last October, the fiftieth anniversary of the ratification of the shameful treaty of Tientsin, a day of humiliation throughout the British Empire, and of prayer that the opium trade might speedily cease. This dramatic stroke sent a new reform wave through China and led to the forming of a National Anti-Opium Society with headquarters at Peking.

The Chinese Senate in a series of most earnest resolutions appealed to the British Government to release China from her treaty obligations to receive Indian opium. It was pointed out that the great crusade was nearing its crisis. The peasants were becoming very restive when they saw their little patches of opium destroyed while the foreign merchant vessels laden with tons of the poison are permitted freely to enter Chinese ports.

This spring England yielded to the accumulating pressure and entered into an agreement with China whereby she consents to the imposition of a higher duty on opium, agrees not to convey opium to any province of China which has suppressed the cultivation and import of native

opium, engages to cut down the exports of opium from India until the complete extinction of the trade in 1917, provided China keeps step with her in the suppression of opium growing, and even promises to give the Indian opium trade its *coup de grace* before 1917 in case proof is received that the production of opium in China has ceased. Thus we are about to see "Finis" written on one of the blackest pages in the history of the relations between East and West.

The experience of the Chinese with opium shatters the comfortable doctrine that organized society need not concern itself with bad private habits. The hand of government was withheld for a long time in China, and if any salutary principle of self-limitation lurked in the opium vice it ought to have declared itself long ago. If it were in the nature of opium-smoking to confine its ravages to fools and weaklings, if out of each generation it killed off the two or three per cent. of least foresight or feeblest self-control, it might be looked upon as the winnower of chaff; and society might safely concede a man the right to go to the devil in his own way and at his own pace. But the vice is not so discriminating. Like a gangrene it ate deeper and deeper into the social body spreading from weak tissue to sound till the very future of the Chinese race was at stake. Now, liquor is to us what opium is to the yellow man. If our public opinion and laws had been so long inert with respect to alcohol as China has been with respect to opium, we might have suf-

fered quite as severely as have the Chinese. The lesson from the Orient is that when society realizes a destructive private habit is eating into its vitals, the question to consider is not *whether* to attack that habit, but *how!*

CHAPTER VII

UNBINDING THE WOMEN OF CHINA

A FEW years ago there was a great rising in Kansuh, the northwest province. The Mohammedan rebels closed in on the capital, Lanchow, slaughtering whom they met. The terrified countrymen fled for life to its protecting walls, but the women, on account of their poor bound feet, fell behind and, failing to arrive before the gates shut, were butchered at the very threshold. While the shrieking women beat despairingly upon the iron-bound doors as they saw their bloodthirsty pursuers drawing near, hundreds of anguished husbands who had outrun their crippled wives knelt before the English missionary and begged him to urge the Governor to open the gates and let the late-comers in. The missionary explained how this would let the cutthroats in too, and added, "You would have your wives small-footed, wouldn't you? Well, this is your punishment."

That prince of diplomats, Minister Wu, used to stir his American audiences with the remark, "Yes, we bind our women's feet; but you bind your women's waists. Which is the worse?" And we would look guiltily at one another and say, "Now, there *is* something in that." The fact is,

that with us tight lacing affects only the one in ten who would be fashionable; while in China foot-binding bore on nine out of ten. And tight lacing is self-imposed; while foot-binding is a mutilation forced on helpless children.

The Hakka women of southern Kuangtung do not bind their feet. In Canton, only the daughters of the well-to-do follow the custom and it was five days ere I saw a bound foot. You can go thence up the West River five hundred miles and never see a woman hobble. In the extreme North of China again, the Manchu women leave the foot natural and this, perhaps, is why they are so big, healthy and comely. In the rest of the Empire, foot-binding has been not the folly of the idle, nor the fad of the fashionable, but a custom that bore upon all classes, poor and rich alike. At Kalgan on the Mongolian frontier the field women work kneeling, with great pads over the knees to protect them from the damp soil. In three districts in Kansuh, women are still crawling about their houses upon their knees, reduced to the locomotion of brutes to please the perverted taste of men! In Shansi and Shensi, I saw the women wielding the sickle, not stooping—that would hurt their poor feet too much—but sitting, and hitching themselves along as they reaped. The women had to be carried to the wheat field on wheelbarrow or cart, and their helplessness is such that most of them never in their lives get a mile away from the house to which they were taken as brides.

In the course of the morning we would meet

perhaps a thousand men, but not three women. They cannot get from town to town unless carried. They hobble about their village a little, steadying themselves by a hand on the house-walls, or leaning on a staff. They move stiff-kneed like one on stilts. In our walk there is a point in the stride when the weight of the body comes upon the ball of the foot and the toes, and at this moment the other leg is bent and swings forward. But in their case, the front part of the foot being useless, the other foot is brought forward sooner, and hence little knee action is necessary. This is why the woman seems tottering on pegs. This, too, is why the muscles of the calf never develop, from the knee down the legs are broomsticks, and there are folds of superfluous skin.

They tell us these tiny deformed feet appeal to the æsthetic in man. I doubt it. Take the poor mountaineer of western Shensi. Are we to suppose that this frowy dweller in a cave in the loess, this sloven denizen of a thatched hut with dirt floor, smoke-blackened and cobweb-festooned walls, a tattered paper window, a mud *kang* under a verminous mat and a couple of stools, where the pig and the dog dispute with the fowls the crumbs brushed from the master's grimy table—are we to suppose that this unlettered hind is so sensitive to beauty that at the cost of fighting the battle for existence with a crippled partner at his side, he insists on having a wife who, below the coarse garment of an Indian squaw, exhibits the "golden lily" of a four-inch foot!

Is it any wonder that, crippled, crushed by conventional restrictions and regarded with contempt, such a woman shows none of the home-making instinct that in America brightens even the log hut of the mountain backwoodsman with crazy quilts, rag carpets, tidies and old newspapers scissored into ornamental patterns and pasted around the clock shelf or over the windows? One notes no effort to adorn, no bit of white or color, no sign of "woman's hand." There is not even a family meal, but each fills his bowl from the rice bucket and lounges about eating when he pleases. Man has confined the woman so closely to the home that she knows not how to make a "home."

The Chinese have a saying, "For each pair of bound feet there has been shed a tubful of tears." Very likely, since the bandaging begins between the fifth and the seventh years, and, after three years of misery, the front part of the foot and the heel ought to be so forced together that a dollar will stick in the cleft. Says Mrs. Little, who fifteen years ago founded the T'ien Tau Hui (Natural Foot Society): "During these three years the girlhood of China presents a most melancholy spectacle. Instead of a hop, skip, and a jump, with rosy cheeks like the little girls of England, the poor little things are leaning heavily on a stick somewhat taller than themselves, or carried on a man's back, or sitting, sadly crying. They have great black lines under their eyes, and a special curious paleness that I have never seen except in connection with foot-binding. Their

mothers mostly sleep with a big stick by the bedside, with which to get up and beat the little girl should she disturb the household by her wails; but not uncommonly she is put to sleep in an outhouse. The only relief she gets is either from opium or from hanging her feet over the edge of her wooden bedstead so as to stop the circulation.

They say one girl in ten dies from the process; but, worse yet, a descendant of Confucius tells me that in Shansi girl babies are sometimes killed at birth precisely because foot-binding so harrows up the feelings of the parents! No wonder that on account of exaggerated foot-binding the women there are "extra dirty and extra lazy." They pass their lives on the *kang,* take no exercise and never get fresh air or a change of scene save on a rare festival day when the well-to-do are driven out in a springless Peking cart.

One motive only induces a mother to impose such suffering on her little daughter—the fear of her not winning a husband. Until lately only prostitutes and slaves had natural feet, and a girl with such feet stood no better chance of marriage than a hunchback. A bridegroom finding that his bride had normal feet when he expected "golden lilies" would be justified by public opinion in returning the girl to her parents. But not even the bridegrooms are chiefly to blame. If Jack chose his Jill there would be some chance for the natural-foot girl. Many things enter into sex charm and young men would never have become so conventionalized but that a cherry lip, a roguish

eye, or a quick wit might have offset the handicap of a natural foot. But Chinese matches are made entirely by parents, so, in the final analysis, this terrible cross—the heaviest that has ever been laid on woman in a state of civilization—has been laid on the girlhood of China by the denatured taste of middle-aged fathers, each bound that his son shall have as modish a wife as the next one!

Thanks to foreign influence, thoughtful men became aroused to the evils of the custom and a few years ago an edict of the Empress Dowager commanded the people to abandon it. The missionaries, who used to be tender of native customs, have stiffened their attitude. They preach against it, denounce it in their Bible classes, and some even refuse membership to the woman who presents herself at the altar with bound feet. Nowadays the woman independent enough to turn Christian generally has the courage to unbind. In most mission schools no bound-foot girl is admitted. Others admit them, but the feeling runs so high among the pupils that soon every girl who is not hindered by a conservative relative unbinds. One such school invited the officials and gentry to its closing exercises, consisting of marching, calisthenics and choruses by the pupils. Two of the little girls had bound feet. The contrast between their pathetic helplessness and the lithe grace of the pretty rosy-cheeked girls who wheeled, turned, and tripped their way through the mazes was so impressive that on the spot the mandarin declared, "Foot-binding must go." Within five

days the gentry—so as not to be beholden to the missionaries—opened a girl's school of their own. Last year the government ordered that no foot-bound girl be received into any of its schools.

The upper classes seethe with rebellion against the senseless custom. Progressive ladies throw away bandages, massage their feet with oil, and vie with one another in recovering the natural foot. Think of a group of Chinese women *eagerly comparing feet to see whose are largest!* In China innovators must face insult and abuse. A girl with natural feet venturing on the streets of Wanhsien on the upper Yangtse had her clothes nearly torn from her back. Even the wives of mandarins make ready stockings and shoes but put off unbinding until they can find other ladies who will join them. So, for mutual support, the society people in a town frequently unite in a "Natural Foot Society" and pledge themselves to unbind and not to bind their daughters' feet. To brighten the matrimonial prospects of such girls, fathers sometimes pledge one another not to betroth their sons to girls with squeezed feet. These local societies enlist influential persons, import neat patterns of Western ladies' shoes, hold meetings, circulate tracts, and encourage officials to make a public stand. The T'ien Tau Hui, which is now run by the Chinese, circulates upwards of thirty pieces of literature, edicts, proclamations, placards, poems, folders; some in local dialect, some in Mandarin, some in Wenli, the language of scholars; written by offi-

cials, by missionaries, by physicians and by native reformers. Roentgen-ray illustrations of the bound foot and the natural foot, portrayal of the sufferings from bandaging, description of the injury to the general health, arguments showing the loss in woman's practical usefulness, comparison of foot-binding to the mutilations of savage tribes—all manner of appeals are made. As ulceration, gangrene and death are tragic incidents of the practice, the "anti" movement develops warmth and emotion. There are poems on the "sorrows of foot-binding" which move people to tears, and one of these has been set to music and is sung with great effect.

Speaking broadly, the reform has not reached farther than the cities and the higher classes. Much of the open country is not yet aware there is such a movement. The poor fear ridicule and, besides, they hope to get a better bride-price for their girls. Where child-betrothal prevails the parents of a girl feel they have no right to disappoint the expectations of the boy's family. Thus people are tied together and each hesitates to follow his common sense. One Fokien village petitioned the Viceroy to *command* them to unbind their daughters' feet. All disapproved of the cruel custom but no one had the courage to lead the way.

Chinese from the big coast ports, where Western influence is ascendant, will tell you in good faith that foot-binding has nearly died out. The fact is the release of the overwhelming majority

of its victims is yet to come. Doctor Morrison, China correspondent of the *London Times* and a recognized authority, after traversing the central provinces of the Empire not long ago recorded it as his deliberate opinion that 95 per cent. of the females of the Empire above the age of eight are still mutilated. I think his estimate too high, but I feel sure that three-fourths of them are still so bound. It is safe to say that at the present moment there are in China *seventy million pairs of deformed, aching, and unsightly feet*—the sacrifice exacted of its womanhood by a depraved masculine taste. The wiser anticipate that it will be more than a generation ere the custom dies out. Japan is in the forty-third year of its Era of Enlightenment; yet outside the cities you meet great numbers of women who at marriage followed the old custom of staining their teeth black in token they have forever renounced the thought of attracting the other sex.

But cotton bandages are not the only bonds on the women of China.

On a sultry July morning after passing the sedan chairs of an official and his wife I meet a coolie carrying two little cloth-covered boxes balanced on the bamboo across his shoulder. In each is a child of five or six. The boy's box has a tiny open window that allows him to get air and see what is passing; but the window of the other box is screened. His little sister has to endure the heat and the dark because she is a female and propriety commands it. Shut away from light

and knowledge—how symbolic of the lot of the sex in China!

If in passing a Shensi shop one looks for a moment at a woman who is not a grandmother, she turns hastily and slips back into the gloom of the women's apartment. To endure the glance of a man is immodest. Towards the close of a stifling day the village women come out of their houses and sit on a mat in front sewing and enjoying the coolness. If one of them sees a foreigner coming she scurries into the house as a frighted quail ducks and dodges into the stubble. Even girls of nine shrink away into the interior of the house if your eye lights on them. When the harvest is in full swing every hand is needed and by dawn mothers and grandmothers, tads and tots, pile into a cart and are off with the men folks to the field. But never a female of from ten to twenty-five is to be seen, and one might suppose they had all been carried off by a plague.

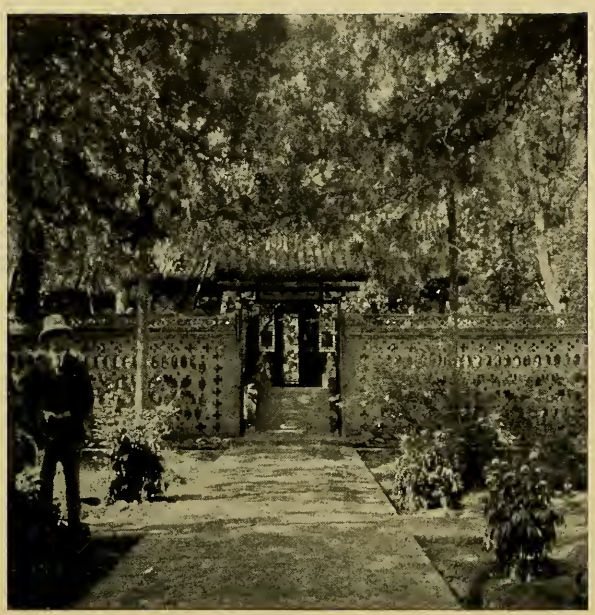
On the occasion of a special church service for old people, the hospitable wife of a college president in Foochow innocently plans to serve the visitors tea at her house, the men in one room, the women in another. But it appears that the gathering of these aged people under one roof, although in different rooms, clashes with Chinese notions of propriety. So far have they carried the estrangement of the sexes.

A Hakka tells me that among his people the etiquette in the country districts forbids husband and wife to be seen talking together. Thus a

young man and his wife meet in an empty lane and, supposing themselves unobserved, he asks her for the key of the garden gate. She throws it on the ground without looking at him and, once indoors, rates him roundly for speaking to her in public. "Suppose," she says, "someone had seen us!"

A woman never thinks of shaking hands with a man. If a gentleman wishes to give a lady a fan, he does not hand it to her lest their hands touch, but places it beside her. This sort of thing was made so much of that about the time of Aristotle a local prude asked Mencius, "If one's sister-in-law is drowning, ought she to be drawn out with the hand?" To which the sage sensibly replied, "It is wolfish not to draw out a drowning sister-in-law."

Brothers and sisters are separated at eight or ten years of age and thenceforth associate only under formal conditions. In Chinese literature nothing is suggestive save the love-songs—this because the canons of propriety never gave latitude for courting and love making, so they were scandalous from the first. One never sees a dubious photograph of a Chinese woman, even of a Magdalen. Our illustrated corset and underwear advertisements shock the Chinese, and no lady missionary shows them the photograph of a sister or friend taken in *décolleté*. What notions of our modesty they gather from our undraped statuary, paintings of the nude, theatrical posters, and ballets, may be imagined.



An old Chinese garden at Taiku

Flower pagoda, Canton

Such restrictions might be looked upon as the safeguards by which the women of China are kept as modest and chaste as any women in the world. But, balancing their burdens against those of the men, it is clear that the laws governing woman's life are not for the sake of society or the race so much as for the male sex. In its every chapter Chinese culture is man-made and betrays the naïve male view-point. Even the ideographs imbed imperishably men's contempt for women; thus, repeat the character for "woman" and you get "to wrangle." Three women together symbolizes "intrigue." "Woman" under "roof" means "quiet,"—man's quiet, mark you, not woman's. In Chinese thought the world is divided between good and evil, Yang and Yin. Darkness is "Yin," cold is "Yin," earth spirits are "Yin"; *and woman is "Yin."* Although necessary, she is inferior, and must be held under firm control. The sages stressed the danger of letting women become educated and go about freely, for thus might women gain the upper hand and wreck society.

The most beautiful and characteristic art-form in China—one you find repeated a thousand times —is the roadside *"pailow"* or ornamental stone portal. It commemorates always some act or life held worthy of universal honor. Now, a girl remaining for life unwed, in case her betrothed died before their marriage, is considered worthy of a *pailow*. But they rear no *pailow* to the youth who remains single out of regard for his lost betrothed. Such constancy would be deemed weak and ridicu-

lous, rather than noble. For from the male viewpoint it is fitting that woman be sacrificed to man, but not that man be sacrificed to woman. This was why, some centuries ago, the Chinese held that the widow ought to kill herself at her husband's funeral; whereas the notion that a widower ought to do the same at his wife's funeral never entered the Celestial mind.

The wife guilty of unfaithfulness is to be stoned, drowned, or hanged. But the men are fair; they don't intend that morality shall be "a jug-handled proposition." So public opinion holds that if a husband be found unfaithful, his wife has a right to scold him good and hard; and he ought not to beat her for it, either.

A class of Chinese students were horrified to learn from their teacher that in America a young man proposing marriage to a maiden might be refused. To them the rejection of a man by a mere woman implied a loss of "face" too dreadful to contemplate.

A young mandarin taking office in another province may leave his wife behind to be a daughter to his parents in their declining years. Under the circumstances, nobody, not even his wife, thinks the less of him if he consoles himself by taking a "secondary wife"; but the abandoned wife has no such means of "consoling" herself. Her part is constancy, no matter how long her lord's absence. Chinese law recognizes but one wife, and countenances the taking of a "secondary wife" only in case there is no male heir. But the men have

come to do about as they please and Chinese tell me that from three to five per cent. have one or more such concubines. One reason is that, while a man may not choose his wife, he can choose his concubine; so he may have his love affair after all.

At the height of summer the proportion of men in south and central China who go about in buff to the waist corresponds to the proportion of men in our Gulf States who go about in their shirt-sleeves. The women, on the other hand, never appear save fully clothed and what they suffer in the damp heat of the airless lanes and the low dwellings beggars description. A girl playing tennis with her arm bare to the elbow, is more exposed than any woman you will see in China.

The boy's upbringing is not shaped to please women. But everything in the upbringing of the girl—her foot-binding, "tottering lily" gait, hair dressing, skill in embroidery, innocence, ignorance, obedience—is obviously a catering to the male. No tinselled box of bon-bons is a plainer challenge for favor than is the bride when, on her wedding day, dressed to kill, loaded with all her finery and jewelry, her feet squeezed to their tiniest, her nails manicured, her cheeks rouged, her oiled hair as stiff and elaborate as a blackwood carving, she stands supported on either hand by a maid and, with downcast eye and expressionless face, endures the inspection of the wedding-guests.

The women of the people—boat-women, water-carriers, servants, scavengers, fuel gatherers—come and go freely, but the women of the classes

rarely go out save in a closed cart or a covered chair. For the most part they pass their lives within four walls, away from the stimulus of street and public resort. They have few acquaintances save relatives and, as life goes on, their circle of friends contracts rather than enlarges. Not for them picnics, excursions and feasts. Social diversion is organized for men, not for women. Toilet, opium-smoking, gossiping with the servants, visits from a few friends—what a round! No wonder the doctors find their worst cases of nervous exhaustion among these victims of emptiness and repression.

But Nature punishes man's presumption. Shrewd observers agree that opium-smoking and gambling—both repugnant to the prudence and keen property sense of the race—are the besetting vices of the Chinese upper classes because of the vacuity of their lives; and this is the penalty for keeping woman "in her place." The masses have crippled and cowed their women till they can't make a home, and the classes have barred women from their social life. Ignorant of the freshness and charm that lies in the innocent association of the sexes, the men sought relief from *ennui* in pipe and dice and the women were beginning to solace themselves in the same way.

Among the common people the sexes do not greatly differ in size; but, observing the great numbers of dainty silk-clad ladies going about the Nanking Exhibition, I could not but be struck

One of the south gates into the Tartar city, Peking

Temple of Five Hundred Genii, Canton

by their smallness and frailness. They were of a stature with American girls of fourteen or fifteen. They seemed hardly larger than the women of Japan, though their men folk are much bigger than the Japanese men. It is not clear whether this diminutiveness is due to a preference for the little operating through many generations, or to foot-binding, confinement, and lack of exercise during the growing period.

In the Chinese family male predominance is mitigated by the sanctity of age. After the wife becomes the mother of a boy, her status rises and she is the envy of the women of India and Persia. Filial piety is owed as much to the mother as to the father. The mother, and still more the grandmother, is nearly co-equal with her spouse in authority over her children. The detestable Oriental doctrine of the "Three Obediences," that woman is never to be free, but must pass her life under the tutelage, first of father, then of husband, and finally of son—does not hold in its last clause for the daughters of Han.

As for the girl, bride, and wife, however, conventionality binds their hearts quite as cruelly as their feet. Because the married daughter with her children is lost to her parents and ordinarily cannot care for them in their old age, from a tenth to a twentieth of the girl-babies—this on Chinese authority—are abandoned or done away with from economic reasons; but a boy-baby, never. Then, to escape the bother of raising a girl for some other family's benefit, it

is quite common for the poor to give up their female children to parents who want to rear wives for their sons. There are whole districts where never more than one daughter in a family is reared by her parents. This early separation of a girl from her natural parents is excused on the ground that it spares the shock of separation when she marries! The girl thus reared in the future bridegroom's family is likely to be treated as a drudge and naturally, from the first, she is subjected to the whims of her intended. I heard of a boy of six saying to the nurse-girl who had neglected his intended, aged two, "Why don't you look after my wife better?" In case the boy dies, the "widowed" girl's hand is disposed of by his parents and in the match little is considered save the bride-price.

Even when the girl is reared at home, she is liable to be betrothed at an early age, and this grotesque practice is fraught with the most sinister possibilities. In one case, the son of a native presiding elder was betrothed when a child to a little girl. At the proper age they were married, and then it was found that the bride was an idiot, her mental growth having been arrested by an attack of scarlet fever years before. After a year the son could stand it no longer and the girl was sent back to her parents. The action was denounced as a breach of custom and the elder had to stand a church trial. He was found guilty, every Chinese voting against him and every missionary for him! Again, the little

daughter of a farmer was betrothed to the son of a chair coolie. She showed talent, studied, rose in the schools, was helped through college, took a medical course and became a successful physician. Nevertheless, when the time came, she was obliged by inexorable custom to bow to the arrangement made for her in infancy and ruin her life by marrying a dolt too worthless to hold even a chair-bearer's job.

There is pathos in the rising protest of the Chinese girl against early betrothal. She does not resent being yoked for life to a man she has never seen. But she does beg of her parents a husband who is fit for her *now* and a family-in-law that is *now* equal in social standing to her own, instead of being handed about in pursuance of a bargain entered into years before when no one could tell what her intended or his family might become.

At best the maiden's marriage is arranged for her with a young man eligible so far as the professional match-maker can be trusted; and there is a proverb, "Ten match-makers, eleven liars." The horoscopes of the young people are compared, a card bearing the name and age of the girl lies for three days in front of the suitor's ancestral tablets, and if no ill omen appears she is taken. Not until the wedding does either know the other's name or look upon the other's face. No wooing, no love-making, no romance.

Are they happy? Some observers—Germans and English, mark you, not American—judge that

such matches turn out as well as our own matings of free choice. They argue from the general domestic peace, and from the distress some husbands show when their wives are about to undergo a hospital operation. At such a crisis the hidden affection meets the eye. So they infer that the adaptability of the sexes in heart matters, when their expectations have not been keyed high, is greater than we have supposed. Now, it must be acknowledged that how happy we can be in our lot depends much on our notion of happiness. Miss Plumblossom has never included romantic love, tenderness and chivalry in her idea of a good husband; and so, provided he does n't beat her and she has children upon whom she can lavish the pent-up wealth of her affection, she may find life tolerable.

Still, forcing the natural feelings is a dangerous business. The self-sacrifice and self-effacement that preserves domestic harmony in China is borne chiefly by the wives. The constant effort at self-control and the ruthless repression of the feelings cost something. Witness the numerous suicides of young wives. They throw themselves into wells or canals, or swallow raw opium. When the opium is harvested, there is a crop of female suicides. Insanity is distressingly frequent among women. The prevalence of neurasthenia among ladies refutes the saying that the Chinese have no nerves. Doctors assert there is much heart lesion among women owing to emotional stress and sorrowing. The

faces of wives are stamped with pain, patience and gentle resignation rather than happiness. Chinese women tell me the confidences made to them and their friends betray widespread unhappiness. The custom of "crying one's wrongs" is significant. When a woman simply *cannot stand it* any longer, she proclaims her woes to the world. A thousand miles up the Yangtse I saw the wife of a tea-house keeper stand on the bank and yell to hundreds of grinning sampan people her opinion of the man. Hurrying through a hamlet late at night we came upon a solitary woman ululating her grievances to high heaven. Lights were out and all were asleep but she stood, lonely and pathetic, in the darkness repeating her cry, and took no notice of us by-passers.

The disposal of superfluous female infants is a great strain on the mothers. In the presence of a lady missionary whom they supposed ignorant of their dialect a number of country-women fell to confessing the number of girl babies they had made away with. Finally she could contain herself no longer and cried, "Oh, how could you be so cruel!" The women turned on her with almost savage vehemence. "Do you think we did n't care? Would we do it if we did n't know the new one would take the rice out of the mouths of the others?" "Since then," the lady added, "I appreciate how infanticide is forced on parents by economic pressure."

For the Chinese bride her mother-in-law is no

joking matter. At sixteen or seventeen the girl becomes virtually the slave of this woman, and her husband dares not utter a word on her behalf. When the baby comes, it is not hers to rear; it is to be brought up just as her husband's mother says. The educated Christian girl is loath to marry into a heathen family for fear of having to misrear or lose her children under the dictate of an ignorant and superstitious mother-in-law. The situation is really impossible and breeds dark tragedies. A woman doctor tells of being summoned in haste by a frantic husband and finding the young wife in travail *with her mother-in-law sitting on her.* The girl was rolling her eyes, and if the harridan had not been pulled off she would have died in a few minutes. Still, there are checks on a harsh mother-in-law. If the wife's family is strong, they can make her much trouble. Then the threat of suicide is potent, for one who commits suicide on your account can haunt you. Besides it makes a great scandal. A friend of mine saw a woman whose daughter-in-law had killed herself on her account beat the dead girl's face in impotent rage at being thus foiled and brought to shame.

In the West suicides are three or four times as frequent among men as among women, part of the difference answering no doubt to a real difference in the psychology of the sexes. That among the Chinese suicide is five or ten times as frequent among females as among males throws a piercing ray of light on the happiness

Gate between two provinces in West China

Scenic archway at the crest of a mountain pass

of women in a man-made world. Most of these are young married women and young widows. The former take their lives because they are unhappy, the latter usually because they think it the fitting thing to do. (For, mark you, it is not yet two centuries since it was decreed that official honors were no longer to be conferred upon widows who slew themselves at their husband's death.) Now, the bonds that drive the brides to desperation and the ideas of wifely propriety that impel young widows to make away with themselves originated in the minds of men and have never been molded by so much as a feather's touch by the sex they affect. This great preponderance of female suicide is a grim commentary on the theory that the happiness of women lies in their guardianship by the other sex.

Nothing could be plainer than that woman's lot in China is not of her own fashioning, but has been shaped by male tastes and prejudices, without regard to what the women themselves think about it. The men have determined woman's sphere as well as man's. The ancient sages—all men—molded the institutions that bear upon women, and it is male comment, not really public opinion, that enforces the conventionalities that crush her. By wit, will, or worth, the individual woman may slip from under the thumb of the individual man—there are many such cases—but never could the sex free itself from the domination of the male sex. The men had all the artillery—the time-hallowed teachings and

institutions,—and all the small arms—current opinion and comment. Cribbed and confined, the women were without schooling, locomotion, acquaintance, conversation, stimulus, contact with affairs, access to ideas, or opportunity to work out their own point of view.

It is not that the individual man selfishly rules the woman. It is not even that the one sex has deliberately brought the other into subjection. It is rather that men, regarding themselves as the "Yang" principle of the species, and perfectly sure of their own superiority in wisdom and virtue, have settled what is fit and proper, not only for themselves, but for women too.

It all came out beautifully in a conversation I had with a Chinese gentleman who is promoting a revival of Confucianism. I admitted that the Chinese have better ideas than we as to what children owe their parents. "Still," I added, "you 'll admit, we have juster ideas as to the treatment of women." "Not at all," he replied. "The place Confucianism assigns to women is more reasonable than that of the Christian West."

"But why should women be so subordinated?"

"Because women are very hard to control. You can never tell what they will be up to. At the bottom of every trouble, there is a woman."

"Is n't that due," I asked, "to your depriving women of the educational opportunities which they once enjoyed?"

"No, it was precisely experience of the difficulty of keeping women under control when

they are educated that led our forefathers to lessen their schooling."

"Then you would shut girls out of school?"

"No, I would n't go so far," he replied. "Let them be taught to read and write."

"Nothing more?"

"Possibly. But it should be very different from the education given to boys."

"For example?"

"Why, teach the girl household arts and ethics so she will know her duties as daughter, wife and mother."

"Would you teach her her rights as well as her duties?" I insinuated.

"No, no. That is quite unnecessary."

My frank Confucian went on to deplore that nowadays in Hong Kong Chinese ladies come and go in the streets "just like harlots." "Surely," I protested, "such freedom makes them happier and that is something." "No, the unity of the family should be put above individual happiness, and that unity is found in the unopposed will of the husband."

How Roman it all is—just the views that Livy puts in the mouth of Cato the Elder![1] Man, the

[1] "Recollect all the institutions respecting the sex, by which our forefathers restrained them and subjected them to their husbands; and yet, even with the help of all these restrictions, they can scarcely be kept within bounds. If, then, you suffer them to throw these off one by one, to tear them all asunder, and, at last, to be set on an equal footing with yourselves, can you imagine that they will be any longer tolerable? Suffer them once to arrive at an equality with you, and they will from that moment become your superiors."

main stem of the race, woman, a "side issue," as Prentice put it. When, a couple of years ago, the prefect proposed a school for girls at Fêng-siangfu, an old scholar exclaimed "Open a girls' school! When women take to reading, what will there be for the men to do?"

Of course, hearing men harp on it so much, Chinese women come to believe they are stupid and need control. Still, some find their way to a sense of grievance, even when no foreigner has put into their heads the idea of "rights." Some years ago nine Cantonese maidens drowned themselves together one night in the Pearl River rather than accept the lot of the wife. In three districts in central Kuangtung, where a girl can always get work at silk-winding, thousands of girls have formed themselves into anti-matrimonial associations, the members of which refuse to live with the husband more than the customary three days. Then they take advantage of their legal right "to visit mother" and never return save on certain days or after a term of years. If the parents attempt to restore the runaway bride to her husband she drowns herself or takes opium; so parents and magistrates have had to let the girls have their way. By presenting herself in her husband's home on certain festival days the bride keeps her wifely status, and if her spouse takes to himself a more tractable mate, she becomes the "number one" wife, and the mistress of the other.

It is a striking illustration of what women can

do when they have a chance at self-support. In general, however, it is foreign influence rather than industrial opportunity that is emancipating the women. Christianity is doing its share. The reading of the New Testament exalts women in their own eyes and in the eyes of others. The radiant peace and uplift of soul I have seen on some Christian faces reveal what a moral treasure the Chinese have kept locked up all these centuries. I do not wonder that villagers took a certain saintly Bible woman to be "some relative of God." The missionary home is a silent but telling object lesson. After a woman missionary had been talking to a group of women about Heaven, one of them said, "It would be heaven enough for me to have my husband walk beside me on the street as yours does with you." The converts are taught to cherish their daughter and to give her schooling. They are forbidden to override her will in marriage and are urged to inquire into the young man's disposition and to consider whether he can make her happy. The girl is to see him, or at least hear all about him, and may reject him without incurring reproach.

As in foot-unbinding, so in mind-unbinding, the missionaries have been pioneers. The early pupils of their schools are now grandmothers, while the first class of non-mission girls was graduated only three years ago. At first, to be sure, they administered knowledge in homeopathic doses. In the early years of one school the girls

were taught to read, but not to write, lest they pen notes to the boys! In the same school they taught just Bible, and the girls memorized great quantities. The pupils could repeat you Genesis by the hour, skipping from Ch. IX to Ch. XVII, if you liked, and taking up the thread again with perfect readiness. Twenty years ago the course was enriched by natural theology, Church history, arithmetic, geography and music. Five years ago English and history were added. In another school—British—I found the girls feasting from the following menu: "Forenoon—New Testament, text with exposition. Afternoon—Old Testament history."

The missionaries feel the ground swell of the great "woman's movement" at home and their ideas are continually broadening. Granted they have taught the girls obedience and are proud when parents report that their daughter from the mission school is the most dutiful of their children. But every lady principal of a mission school is at heart a sworn enemy of the Chinese subjection of women. That is not her rôle, of course, and she will fence with you at first; but finally, if you seem trustworthy, she will own up. She does not egg the girls on to assert this or that right, but she strives to build up in them a personality that will not accept the old status. One doctor in charge of a women's medical school exhorts her young women to shun marriage on the present terms. When a mission-school girl horrifies her family by refusing to abide by a child-betrothal,

No chance for them

Joss house, Foochow, and Baby Tower where girl infants are thrown when not wanted

her teachers, though never interfering, give her "moral support."

Education, of course, delays marriage. Ten years ago, most of the girls entered the high school betrothed, but now they are teasing their parents to give them an education first, and many girls of nineteen or twenty are not yet engaged. One begins even to meet the Chinese school-mistress, who teaches awhile before marrying. With the establishing of numerous schools for girls by the Chinese themselves within the last five years, there has come a great demand for educated Chinese women, and the graduates of the mission schools are sought as teachers, matrons, and even principals. Fathers who turned a deaf ear to their daughter's plea for an education are relenting now that they hear of the fine salaries educated young women are bringing to their parents.

The taste for the prettyfied, insipid doll-wife is going out wherever the other type is known. The college young man prefers an educated wife and in the matrimonial market the girls with schooling go off like hot cakes. The lady principal, who used to receive such inquiries only from parents, is now frequently called upon by very polite young men who inquire minutely into the scholarship and accomplishments of this or that pupil. Can she sing? Can she play the piano? Does she know English? Formerly the inquirer mentioned the girl as "the daughter of So-and-So"; now he speaks of her as "Miss So-and-So." The smitten never addresses himself directly to the charmer,

but his parents negotiate with her parents and presently the wedding cards are out.

Inch by inch the old customs are yielding. Courtship is unheard of; but here and there young people converse under parental eyes. Even when they may not talk together, they are permitted to see each other across a room; or photographs are exchanged. In any case, the young people insist on knowing what kind of a *partì* is proposed for them. The rearing marriage and the child-betrothal have vanished from enlightened circles. Strange to relate, the high school girls do not greatly object to a match arranged for them. What they are wildly athirst for is not Romance so much as Freedom. Freedom from parents, from husband, from mother-in-law, from strangling conventionalities. They hear of the larger life open to their sisters of the West and they wildly beat their tender wings against the gilded wires of their cage.

The new opportunities alter the relation of mother to daughter. The mother is old-fashioned and no mentor for Angelina. As an educated young lady put it, "Really, it is the daughter who must act the chaperone. Mother's ideas of propriety and conversation are so different from those of the new conditions that I am having continually to make suggestions to her."

In Tientsin, Hong Kong and Shanghai, girls of the well-to-do classes imagine that "Western style" means pure freedom, and do not realize the unspoken restraints our young people are

under. These "liberty girls," as they are called, think they must settle their heart affairs by themselves, quite unaware how often parental guidance prevents our daughters making a mistake. Sometimes, indeed, to get any freedom at all in heart matters, the girl has to elope, and naturally such matches rarely turn out well. One schoolgirl, in order to avoid having a distasteful marriage forced upon her, ran off to Japan with two students and from there wrote her parents that she had n't yet made up her mind which she loved best and would marry!

Towards spring the water of a frost-bound Northern lake becomes so deoxygenated that if a hole is cut in the ice the fishes press so frantically to the life-giving air that some are pushed out on to the ice. Nevertheless, oxygen is good for fish. Just so, when foreign example breaks a hole in the rigid custom that confines Chinese womanhood, the eager rush of young women toward the life-giving liberty and knowledge may leave some of them clear outside their native element. Nevertheless, liberty and knowledge are good for young women.

The schools under missionary control, however, meet the current need better than the government schools. A noble Chinese woman physician, a graduate of the University of Michigan, tells me that at their own girls' schools the girls learn license rather than liberty. She makes the point that only a Christian education gives the girls the moral restraints that are necessary if they are to

be free from the old tutelage. She is right. It is a trying world the educated Chinese girl enters, for the young men are far from ready to appreciate her or show her the delicacy and chivalry that environ our American girls. "How long will it be," I asked a Manchu lady familiar with life East and West, "before your mothers will let their daughters go buggy-riding of an evening with your college boys?" Like a flash came the answer, "A hundred years!"

Among the thoughtful the conviction spreads that China can never be great while the mothers of each generation are left ignorant and uncared for. They are coming to realize the rôle of the mother in molding the character of her sons. China needs, above all, *men,* of a high unwavering integrity, and she will not grow them while the impressible boyhood years are passed in the company of an unschooled, narrow-minded, despised, neglected woman. Certain missionaries overlooked, at first, the strategic position of the mother, and were presently horrified to find the children of Christian men reverting to heathenism because their mothers had been left untaught!

We know that the mothers of Confucius and Mencius had a great share in forming the character of their illustrious sons, and it is significant that the Chinese have brought forth not one great man since they took to binding the feet and the minds of their daughters. All who work with the women of the yellow race are enthusiastic over their possibilities. But no testi-

One of two hundred day schools organized by a Foochow missionary

A bride's canopy, Peking

monials are needed. Their faces are full of character—as fine as the faces of women anywhere. All the railroads that may be built, all the mines that may be opened, all the trade that may be fostered, cannot add half as much to the happiness of the Chinese people as the cultivation of the greatest of their "undeveloped resources"—their womanhood.

CHAPTER IX

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA

IT was vesper service at the Lama temple in Peking. A score of young priests, with shaven polls, sat on low benches amid the shining altars, images, and candelabra, while the sweet incense wreathed and rose before the great golden Buddha. Cross-legged on a dais, sat the leader, a wrinkled Thibetan, arrayed in gorgeous vestments of gold brocade. Before each cantor lay a pile of long parchment slips, containing the evening liturgy in Thibetan characters. The words of the service were chanted rapidly in unison, in a deep, musical tone, and the effect was like the droning of bees from a thousand hives. Ever and anon came bursts of wild clangor that went through one like a knife; cymbals would clash, drums would throb, and horns of fantastic Chaldean shape would snarl. It was a tapestry, —for the ear, not for the eye,—weird arabesques of instrumental sound thrown against a background of deep droning.

Over against these set the achievements of a certain Swedish-American missionary I found in a district town in the most opium-ridden and foot-bound province of China. After eight years of work he has gathered a band of two hundred

Chinese Christians, most of them men and from the country. Thirty are school-teachers, of whom twelve have the first degree. Many of his members are prominent people, though none are officials. The mandarins are very friendly, but he is slow to cultivate intimacy with them, lest his converts who have lawsuits should importune him for his "influence." He allows none of his flock to disobey the Anti-Opium Edict, and lately he cast out twenty members for growing poppy. Recently he had a revival in his church, and many openly confessed their sins and made reparation. There is nothing flabby about the Christianity that prompts men to lay bare murder and robbery. Being a follower of Luther, he does not require his flock to keep the Sabbath in the Puritan sense. He maintains an opium refuge, where in the winter one hundred and sixteen smokers were treated from a month to six weeks, and most were permanently cured. There is a school where thirty girls follow a nine-years course. At his instigation, a "natural-foot" society was formed among the leading Chinese, and two hundred non-Christian girls and women have unbound their feet. Who will deny that this is "religion pure and undefiled"?

The religious plane of the Chinese will hardly command the admiration of any Occidental, however catholic his sympathy. The followers of Confucius, it is true, promulgate a pure and lofty morality, but Confucianism is not really a religion at all, but an ethical system, and has,

moreover, little authority outside the learned clan. Taoism, starting as mysticism, has degenerated into a hotch-potch of the crudest and tawdriest superstitions. As for the Buddhism of China, let no one look to find in it the golden thoughts of the Great Teacher or even the spiritual elevation of the Buddhism one finds to-day in Burma and Japan. To the spirit of the Sutras it is about as foreign as the Coptic church of Abyssinia is to the spirit of the Gospels. Not one priest in a hundred has any glimmering of the Eight-fold Path. The nunneries have a very bad name. Only now and then in the monasteries does one come upon reminiscences of the great traditions of the faith.

To the ranging eye, the fruits brought forth by the religions of China appear to be numberless temples, dingy and neglected; countless dusty idols portraying hideous deities in violent attitudes expressive of the worst passions; an army of ignorant priests, as skeptical as Roman augurs, engaged in divining, exorcising, and furnishing funeral ceremonies for gain; and a laity superstitious and irreverent, given to perfunctory kotowing and prayer prompted by the most practical motives. The passing traveler notes sacred trees with bits of red cloth fluttering from the twigs; brick screens built just inside gateways and doorways to check the invisible, rushing demons of the air; wayside shrines ever redolent with lighted joss-sticks left for good luck by passing coolies; cliffs carved into

hundreds of niches, each sheltering the effigy of some god or saint; idols with faces repulsive from the sacrificial blood smeared on their lips; jutting boulders and fantastic rocks blackened with incense smoke and stuck up with the feathers of sacrificed fowls; and house-boats protected at every point by a smoking joss-stick, with the bow red with the blood of the cock killed at the outset of the voyage.

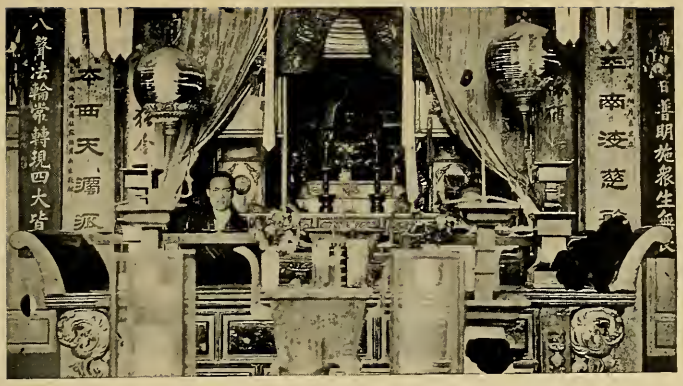
In a temple in Soochow one sees in a corner a great heap of broken idols, the massive fragments showing the sticks, straw, and mud out of which they were made. Thereby hangs a tale that might have been brought to Rome from Friesland in the eighth century. Not long ago a reforming official, observing that idols had become a ruinous infatuation among his people, drew a great crowd by announcing a duel to the death between himself and the idols. Putting one end of a rope about his own neck and the other about the neck of a big idol, he said, "If the idol is stronger than I am, I shall be strangled; but if I am the stronger, the idol will fall." Trusting to his bull neck, the mandarin pulled, the idols tumbled, and since then the spirit of St. Thomas is abroad in Soochow.

At this moment the religious impact of the West upon China is delivered by fourteen hundred Roman Catholic missionaries and four thousand Protestant missionaries, of whom, however, fully a thousand are wives, and therefore not always free to do full work. The Roman

Catholic work is three centuries old, and more than a million baptized Chinese are in its fold. The Protestant work is the growth of a century, and about half a million are within its churches, although its communicants do not exceed two hundred thousand. Most of what follows relates to Protestant missions, for the writer has had little opportunity to come into touch with the Roman Catholic corps.

To the untutored Chinamen the presence of the missionary is a puzzle. They simply cannot imagine human beings exiling themselves from their native land for the love of men on the other side of the globe. So they frame sundry theories to explain the thing to themselves. One theory is that the missionaries are secret political agents bent on gaining an influence over the Chinese, and then swaying them to the advantage of their respective governments. Only of late have the natives come to realize that the strangers are not sent by their governments, but by religious groups. According to another theory, China is so excellent and renowned that the red-haired barbarians come to live there for the mere pleasure of it. As for their self-denying works of benevolence, these are supposed to be prompted by the desire to acquire merit.

Unlike the Mohammedan end of Asia, the Far East is not intense in its religious beliefs. The Chinese are Gallios in such matters, and their occasional mobbings of missionaries are not in the least outbreaks of fanatical intolerance. They



High altar of a Buddhist temple of the Kushan Monastery

Temple in a gorge, Kushan Monastery

are in part explosions of anti-foreign feeling generated in this most patient of peoples by opium wars, the enforced opium trade, the compulsory opening of ports, extra-territoriality, high-handed seizures of territory, and like buffets to national pride inflicted by the mailed fist of Western powers. The missionary has no part in these, but when the black thunder-clouds of hatred roll up, he, as the nearest foreigner, receives the lightning stroke. Other violences against him have been deliberately stirred up by the slanders set afloat among the credulous masses by the literary and official class, who fear lest the missionary introduce ideas which will make it harder to maintain the old system of governing and exploiting the common people. But for what is miscalled "forcing Christianity on China,"—by which is meant requiring the intolerant Imperial Government to allow teachers of religion to travel, live, and work unmolested in all parts of the Empire,—the selfish statecraft of the rulers would have deprived the people for generations of what the missionaries bring them.

As the Chinese come to know the strangers better, and to perceive the pure motives behind their gentle invasion, they discriminate more sharply between them and those aggressive white men who are in the Far East not to help China, but to make something out of her. The last five years have been marked by a rapidly growing *entente cordiale* between the missionaries and the

better elements in Chinese society. The assailants of opium and foot-binding gratefully own their debt to the strangers. One mandarin went circuit-riding through his district with the local missionary, both speaking for opium reform from the same platform. The friends of the new education realize how much China owes to the mission schools, which have long been turning out men fitted to communicate Western learning. Lately one often hears of high officials honoring the commencement exercises of such schools with their presence and words. One provincial assembly attended a church conference in a body, and its vice-president and secretary spoke fearlessly for their Christian faith. In the interior, where there are no traders to inspire dislike for the white man, the missionary often finds the mandarin not only appreciative, but even sympathetic and friendly.

Very striking is the contrast between the English mission work and the American. The English missionaries center their efforts largely on translating and evangelizing, while the Americans have done much in the medical and educational fields as well. In the higher education their lead is almost a monopoly. Of fourteen Protestant mission "colleges" and "universities," only one is maintained by the British; the rest are American or union. The English missionary at the head of Shansi University declares: "British missionaries, with British conservatism, have held too much to the idea that

A wealthy Shansi family of foreignizing tendencies

Monks of Kushan Monastery

their office is to evangelize and heal, not to enlighten the mind. But the American has also applied himself directly to the root of China's pressing temporal need, and spent a hundred times as much money—nay, more—on education as British Missions have done."

This difference betrays a profound contrast in social creed. Most of the British missionary societies, while solicitous for the eternal welfare of the Chinese, have no thought whatever of raising him intellectually or socially. The American societies, with their democratic faith in men, aspire to help the Chinese upward along all lines. One reason, perhaps, for the apathy of the British, is the failure of university opportunities to Christianize the Hindu students in India, and the trouble that has been stirred up there by educated Hindus. But one also sees that the British simply *do not believe in education* as the Americans do.

It is certain that the American missionaries, by their literary and educational labors, are doing far more to Christianize Chinese public opinion, laws, and institutions, than their equally learned and devoted English brethren. All groups, however, recognize how hopeless it is to convert the Chinese by missionary preaching. The West cannot send out men enough to evangelize a population so vast over a land so huge. Thirty or forty thousand workers would be needed. Then, too, the missionary rarely gains such mastery of the language that all barriers between

the Chinese mind and his vanish. On the other hand, the capacity and character of the yellow race is becoming apparent to all. So the missionaries realize that their part is to man the needed colleges and theological schools and to supervise the work in the field, while the actual evangelization of China is to be carried on by the trained native, costing a sixth as much to maintain as the foreign missionary.

It is fortunate that, as this directive function comes to the fore, a type is coming into the field quite unlike the early missionary. These young men, most of them "student volunteers," have squarer shoulders, a harder grip, a keener eye, a terser speech, and a greater zest for outdoor sports. They are more careful to conserve health and "fitness." They pass fewer hours at their devotions, and keep more in touch with their time. They have broader intellectual interests, and through their social and athletic bent find points of sympathetic contact with the treaty-port people. In faith, self-devotion, and heroism there is nothing to choose between the old missionary and the new. Perhaps the former had a sublimer patience, a deeper humility. But the latter is better fitted to meet the new mood that is coming over the Chinese. He is not content with inspiring a saving faith; he aims at an all-round transformation,—what he calls "making the Kingdom of God come in China," —and he is quite as likely to succeed as if he aimed at less.

What manly pith the work requires may be gleaned from the varied activities of a young missionary in Fokien whom I observed for three or four days last year. A successful life-insurance agent who gave up everything to obey the "call," he is now in charge of three districts, each with its presiding elder, a score of native pastors, and perhaps thirty congregations. He preaches, holds conference, dedicates churches, examines candidates for the ministry, rebukes, encourages, and directs. He passes the long hours in his sedan chair making observations on bird life which are gladly printed by the Smithsonian Institution. When a man-eating tiger terrifies the villagers, he takes a couple of days off, slays the beast, and gives it, stuffed, to the museum of his church college. Although ignorant of architecture, he has to supervise the construction of a big stone church to seat twenty-five hundred, ordering the tearing out of badly laid sections of wall and devising means of supporting a roof of forty-five feet span. With the money he secures from his friends he runs a school with five teachers that supports one hundred and fifty boys. The spacious compound, with its thirty thousand dollars' worth of buildings and its nine-foot wall, is a bit of the twentieth century projected into the thirteenth. When a bullet is fired at midnight into a teacher's room, he has to confer with the anxious mandarins and assure them that he will not complain to his consul if they will see that the

outrage is not repeated. Thus this cheery, masterful American goes about, speaking the dialect, judging, conferring, deciding, organizing, a real field-marshal of militant Christianity.

The old taunt of "rice-Christian" still raises doubts as to the quality of the mission harvest. A Confucian gentleman will tell you that the genuine convert is greatly improved in character, but that most of the adherents are self-seekers, who impose on the missionaries. The lay critic points out that for his knowledge of the character and standing of the applicant the missionary depends on his native evangelist, who may have his own ax to grind. On the other hand, it is a fact that the converts receive no material aid, but are expected to contribute until their church has become self-supporting. In the distributing of famine relief no discrimination is made between believer and unbeliever. Still, there are worldly motives for turning Christian, and the seasoned missionaries make the inquirer wait long before baptizing him. They are all eager to see tokens of sincerity, and one whose most respected members had just laid bare their gross sins during a revival confessed that a load had been lifted from his heart. Perhaps the best proof that the missionaries are not garnering hypocrites is the fact that ten thousand Protestant and thirty thousand Roman Catholic converts perished in the Boxer uprising. Many of these could have saved their lives

A noble type of Christian

A distinguished pastor whose face reveals the high possibilities of his race

by trampling on a piece of paper bearing the character for "Jesus."

It would be a gross error to assume that the missionary is intent solely on imparting a saving faith. With him doctrine figures by no means so prominently as with us or as in the earlier missionary work. He aims to effect a profound and far-reaching transformation in the life of the convert. This implies a startling change in fundamental *values*. Practical in his religion, as in everything else, the ordinary Chinese regards his "joss" as a source of worldly benefit. From it he seeks restoration to health, good crops, success in the literary examinations, prosperity in business, or official preferment. He is amazed at the offer of a religion that will promise none of these things unless they are "best" for him, that guarantees in answer to prayer only spiritual blessings, such as patience, courage, and victory over temptation. A mockery it seems at first, and a paradox. But he notices that the Christians are serene of brow, and their meekness under persecution argues a hidden source of strength; and presently it occurs to him, "What if this inner life should be, after all, the main thing?"

With Christianity comes also a marked change in *ideals*. Undeveloped though they are, the Chinese, as a race, are not one whit behind us in capacity for idealism. St. Augustine, no doubt, found our heathen forefathers far less promis-

ing material. They are moved by charity, purity, and forgiveness, just as we are. The reading of the Gospels stirs in them the same secret better self that it stirs in us. There are many to whom the Christ ideal appeals as a new and better life, and they embrace it for the sake of inward peace rather than because of the supernatural authority of Christianity.

One who really enters into the spirit of the New Testament seems to experience a wonderful uplift and happiness. It delivers him in a great degree from the fears that have haunted him—the fear of misfortune, the fear of disease, and, above all, the fear of death. Oriental life and thought offer but a cheerless outlook to the meditative soul, and to such a one the religion from the West offers a true *vita nuova.* To judge from the beatific expression on the faces of certain superior converts I have met, the Gospel means to them what the opening of the hatches of a captured slave-ship meant to the wretches pent up in its hold.

Besides, the missionaries open more windows than one would think. The wards and sleeping rooms of the Asile de la *Sainte Enfance* at Hong Kong are kept wonderfully clean and neat. One old native woman recently admitted and lying at the point of death was being instructed by a Chinese pastor in Christian doctrine and was told of Heaven where everything is beautiful and she would be happy. "Why," she remonstrated, "should I want to go to Heaven? Can it be

finer than this? I am perfectly happy in this beautiful place and don't want to die and dwell in Heaven." Poor soul, after a lifetime of struggle with dirt and confusion her martyrized woman's instinct for order and cleanliness had at last found satisfaction!

The break of the genuine convert with his past is far more abrupt than anything with which we are familiar. He turns his back on opium, gambling, and unchastity, the besetting sins of his fellows. He abandons cheating, lying, backbiting, quarreling, and filthy language, which are all too rife among the undisciplined common people. He shuns litigation, often the ruin of the villager. By withdrawing from the festivals in the ancestral hall and from the rites at the graves of his ancestors, he sunders himself from his clan and incurs persecution. Thus the converts become separatists, with the merits and defects of separatists. Cut off from the world and thrown on one another, they form a group apart, a body of Puritans that will one day be a precious nucleus of moral regeneration for China.

The over-sanguine dream of a great ingathering in case Christianity, from being merely tolerated, should become one of the recognized religions of the empire, or even the official religion. No doubt recognition would encourage many a promising youth to declare himself, who even now believes, but dreads handicap in his official career. The wiser missionaries, how-

ever, realize that adversity and persecution are a bracing atmosphere for the infant church, and spare it an influx of the worldly-minded, with whose Oriental wiliness and subtlety the missionaries are not fitted to cope.

This feeling is deepened by the fact that every strong popular drift toward Christianity that has set in in this or that district or province has been prompted by worldly motives. Again and again tidings have come of wonderful "mass movements" toward the church, which have raised high hopes of a sudden and wholesale conversion of the Chinese. But always it came out at last that the movement had been inspired by the hope of gaining missionary support in lawsuits or winning the approval of the mandarins or enjoying consular protection in times of trouble. In one district of Kiang-si, in 1901–02, a single enthusiastic missionary gathered in twenty thousand souls, and numerous self-supporting congregations arose. But presently the proselytes went to settling old scores with their Roman Catholic enemies, and the new missionary sent out to sift the wheat from the chaff found himself, after a year of church discipline, with only a hundred faithful. For a generation it will be impossible to make headway in the district where this bubble burst. Such cases make the experienced very apathetic toward mass movements and mushroom growths, and there is a deepening conviction that spiritual Christianity ad-

How a road wears down into the loess

Buddhist monks on pilgrimage to Wutaishan
or the Five Sacred Mountains

vances only by winning individuals, never by attracting masses.

The gentry and literati have been wont to despise the new religion from the West. Looking upon us as cunning and formidable barbarians, they have heeded our missionaries about as much as the circle of Mæcenas would have heeded Gaulish apostles of Druidism. Of late, however, their self-complacency has been dealt some staggering blows, and they are more willing to hear what the foreigner has to say. Certain missionaries report that their listeners are from a more intelligent class and that the questions with which the preacher is plied at the close show marked intellectual acumen.

Although the missionaries have gained few converts from the superior social classes, they have attracted a superior element from the middle and lower classes. The majority of a native Christian congregation resemble the general population, but a study of their physiognomy shows a greater frequency of noble or intellectual faces. Among a score of farmers in a little congregation gathered to dedicate a country chapel in Fokien, I noticed four fine faces and one peasant who might have sat to Leonardo da Vinci for his St. John. In view of the human quality of these Christians, I did not marvel on learning that the chapel, costing two hundred and fifty dollars, had been built by twelve families out of their own resources, and that every stick of timber in it had been car-

ried on their shoulders from the sea-coast, a league away.

Knowing how little the modern woman's movement in the West owes to churchmen, one is surprised to see how potent is Christianity for the uplift of the women of the Far East. But in China the present need of woman is not industrial and social opportunity so much as improvement in her lot as daughter and wife. Thanks to the exalted place of the parent, the position of the mother, with reference to her children or her daughters-in-law, leaves little to be desired.

The missionaries have not proclaimed the "rights of women" nor insisted upon the full equality of the sexes. But the women converts gain from the reading of the New Testament ideas of their dignity, and come to feel that they have rights which ought to be respected. It gives them courage to become Bible women, teachers, and physicians. From the same source the man learns to look upon his wife in a new light and to feel that he owes her love and respect. He substitutes persuasion for coercion, and concedes her full authority in certain matters, such as the management of the household or the direction of the servants. One man told how formerly he had looked upon his wife as a mere toy, but since conversion he had come to love her and consult her, and, to his surprise, he had found that often her judgment was sounder than his. He blushed as he confessed that he "loved" his wife, for the Chinese never talk

about such feelings. It is a fact that Christians have the name of making good husbands, and are preferred as sons-in-law even by unbelieving parents.

Because she marries young and can do little for her parents in their old age, the daughter is of slight account among the common people. Chinese gentlemen have told me that perhaps a tenth of the female infants are made away with. One woman I heard of had drowned eight. Another went raving mad every time she saw her husband, who had taken from her her three baby daughters and sold them. Now, into this situation Christianity projects certain new and very emphatic teachings. The convert is urged to cherish and educate his daughter instead of treating her as a burden. He is to give her at least a primary education, so that she may be able to read her Bible. When she comes of marriageable age, she finds herself far better off than other girls. To be sure, she is not courted after the manner of the West; but she may be permitted to look upon her suitor, and, in any case, she is fully informed as to his disposition and attainments. She may even refuse to marry the chosen suitor without incurring the crushing reproach of being "unfilial." Among the common Chinese, marriage negotiations are conducted in a very practical spirit, money being the chief consideration; but the Christian parents feel it their duty to consider first the happiness of their daughter.

The male converts cling to the husband's head-

ship, buttressing their position with Pauline texts, and are reluctant to admit that deaconesses can be the full equals of deacons; but more and more the woman's position in the church reflects contemporary opinion in England and America rather than the dicta of St. Paul.

In the older church buildings of South China, in deference to Chinese notions of propriety, a five-foot screen was set up, hiding the women's side from the men's side, but these screens are coming down. Formerly there was much objection in the better families to the attendance of unmarried girls at church, but now you see the maidens sitting in mother's pew with their eyes modestly lowered, and looking very sweet with their glossy brown hair falling in a snood down the back. Ten years ago women never testified in religious meetings; but now they speak and pray freely, and the most winning revivalist in China to-day is a young Chinese woman.

Some scoffers insist that missions exist to turn out converts, just as a factory exists to turn out shoes. Divide your annual outlay by the number of new communicants, and you arrive at the average cost of converting a Chinaman. Now, let conversion be conceived as a mere reminting which changes, indeed, the image and superscription of the coin, but not its metal, and there is a sting in the gibe, "Is it worth while to convert Buddhists into Baptists at so many dollars the head?"

Temple in Canton

Now, the truth is, that, in the very nature of the case, by far the larger part of their accomplishment can never be claimed by the missionaries as their own. They dig the well and toil at the windlass, but the waters they raise do not flow in an open conduit to the fields they quicken. Most of them disappear in the ground, and when they reappear to make distant wastes bloom, they cannot be identified. What of the young men leaving the mission colleges unconverted, yet imbued with Christian ideals? What of the bracing effect on the government schools of competition with the well-managed and efficient mission schools? What of the government schools for girls, which would never have been provided if the missionaries had not created a demand for female education and shown how to teach girls? What of the native philanthropies which have sprung up in emulation of the mission care for the blind, the insane, and the leper? What of the untraceable influence of the Western books of inspiration and learning which, but for the missionary translators, would not yet be accessible to the Chinese mind? Among Chinese who neither know nor care for the "Jesus religion," the changes of attitude toward opium-smoking, foot-binding, concubinage, slavery, "squeeze," torture, and the subjection of women, betray currents of opinion set in motion largely by the labors of missionaries.

In other words, the running of so many heathen into our religious molds is not the chief accom-

plishment. Over and above the proselytes won are the beneficent transformations, intellectual and moral, wrought in great numbers of people who do not affiliate with the church. Then, over and above such transformations of individuals are the transformations wrought in the society and government of the Middle Kingdom—better treatment of slaves, of prisoners, of orphans, of wives, of commoners. In this the missionaries have a great part, though no man can say how much. Finally, over and above the transformations of society are the transformations wrought in the Chinese civilization. Here again the missionary has planted and watered, but may not gather the fruits into his bin.

The missionary thinks of himself as a bearer of the Gospel, not as an apostle of Western moral civilization at its present stage. He does not perceive on his nose the twentieth-century spectacles through which he reads the Gospel, and so determines what is "scriptural." "On what ground," I asked a woman evangelist, "do you forbid foot-binding as 'unchristian'?" "On the ground that it does violence to the body God gave us." I thought of the choir invisible of fasters, flagellants, and self-mutilators acting in supposed obedience to the command, "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off," and wondered what they would say to such a reason.

The missionary is the introducer of current Western standards. He instructs his schoolboys respecting bathing, spitting, the use of the hand-

An Alpine road in western Shensi

Monastery on the "Little Orphan" isle
on the Yangtse

kerchief, neatness of garb, the care of one's room, modesty in personal habits. He teaches the people to clean house and yard, to whitewash the walls of the home, to scour the floors of the school-room or church. He enforces the duty of being humane to dumb animals, of rearing defective children, of educating daughters, and consulting the wife.

Unwittingly he reads into the Scriptures everything that has commended itself to the conscience of Christendom, and becomes, in spite of himself, the voice of his country and his time. The girls' schools in the American missions reflect American ideas as to woman's proper place. The industrial schools inoculate with American belief in the dignity of manual labor a people so disdainful of toil that everyone exempt from it advertises the fact by wearing his finger-nails long. The notions of government taught in the mission colleges would have horrified those who Christianized the Irish and the Saxons. The place these same colleges give to natural science and scientific methods betrays the modern spirit, and would have scandalized St. Boniface or St. Francis Xavier.

The stubborn animosity of the average treaty-port foreigner toward the missionaries is at first unaccountable. How can intelligent men consent to circulate such brutal falsehoods, such patent calumnies? For you will be told that the missionaries speculate in land, that they trade "on the side," that they take it easy and live better

than they did at home. As for their work, you learn that it is a failure, that the converts are frauds, and that the Christian Chinese is less honest and reliable than the heathen. Indeed, a local trader without twenty words of the language, dependent on his "pidgin" English and his *comprador,* whose contact with the natives is limited to his servants and a few native merchants, will aver that the missionary, who addresses the natives freely in their own tongue, comes and goes in their families, sees them off their guard, and counsels them in their intimate personal problems, "does n't know the Chinese!"

The British resent the outspoken hostility of all missionaries to the Indian opium trade. Then there is a belief in commercial circles that the opportunities and stimulus they supply cannot but strengthen the Chinese as competitors and embarrass the white man in his money-making. The rancor of the critics springs, however, from the deathless feud between the worldling and the idealist. Free from home restraints, many a merchant, shipmaster, or customs officer on the China coast lets himself go, and sinks into a life which obliges the missionaries to shun and disavow him. The sensualist, whose ruling passions are high living, drinking, gaming, and debauchery, resents the silent reproach in the pure and domestic life of the missionaries, and strikes at them with incredible venom. I have heard a libertine, whose ideal vacation is an orgy in the *yoshiwaras* of Japan, rail at the missionaries

of the Lower Yangtse for gathering with their families during the heated term at a mountain resort like Kuling or Mokanshan; and this, although breakdown from overwork is far more frequent among them than among any other white men in China.

An anti-missionary British consul in Western China was speaking to me of the trying climate of Szechuan. "It 's a shame," he said, "for a government or a firm to keep a white man here for more than three years."

"But how about the missionaries?" I asked. "I understand they pass their lives here, retiring in summer no farther than the hills five miles away."

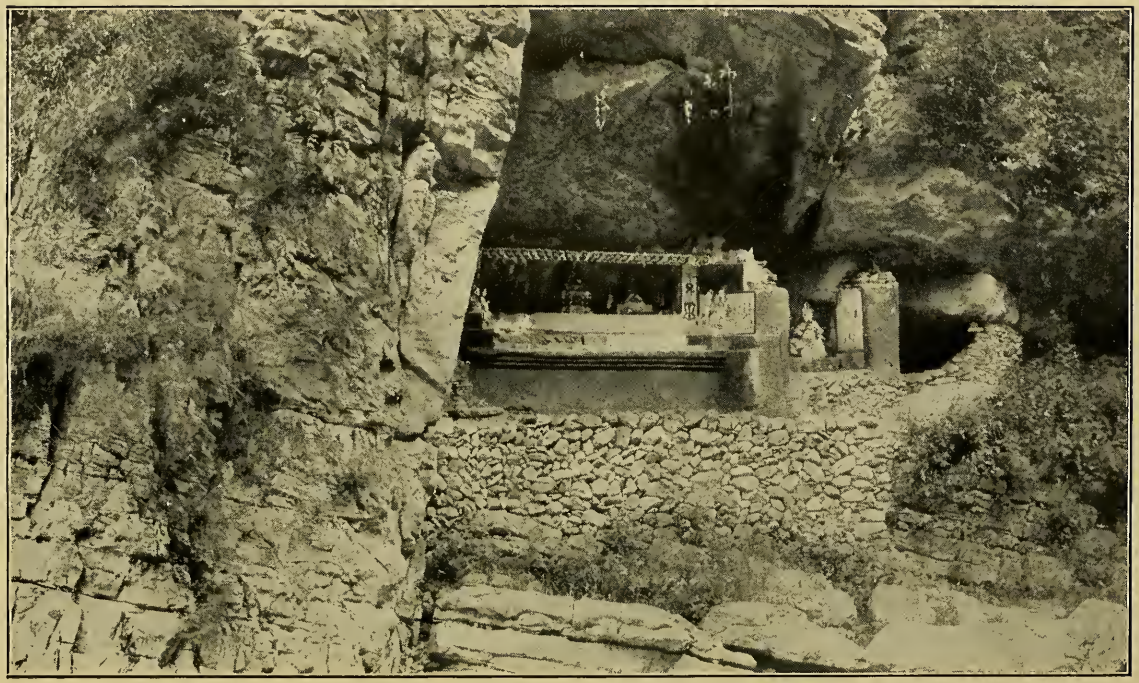
"Well," he replied meditatively, "the climate does n't seem to hurt them. You see, they 're *so interested in their work.*"

But there are fair criticisms to be made. A Chinese Christian, educated in America and holding a responsible post, told me that during the occupation of Peking by the Allies, when the local Chinese were under a reign of terror, certain thrifty missionaries acquired large amounts of real estate for their missions by forcing sales. They would go to a householder and say, "We find your property is suitable for our purposes. Will you give us the title deed for fifty dollars?" The intimidated owner did not dare to refuse. The money was counted out to him, and he was notified to yield up possession in five days. Thus was acquired for a ridiculously low price much

of the real estate in a certain spacious compound.

At one time the missionaries interfered too freely in lawsuits between a Christian and a non-Christian. The convert expected aid in such cases, for he is apt to conceive the church as akin to one of his mutual-benefit associations, in which all stand by one another in all circumstances. The Roman Catholics have always been strong in protecting their members, and by competition the Protestants were drawn into a like policy. Of course in each case the missionary supposed that he was on the side of right, but often he was misled by *ex-parte* stories. As there are treaties guaranteeing Chinese converts against persecution, the intervention of the missionary, with consuls and gunboats looming dimly behind him, sometimes frightened the mandarin into an unfair decision. Such errors not only hurt Christianity by outraging the popular sense of justice, but they attracted self-seekers into the church. When, after the Boxer year, the policy was generally abandoned by the Protestants, there was in some quarters a falling away.

The question of indemnity for mission property destroyed by rioters is one to perplex a convocation of saints. On the one hand, it would seem that, but for the dread of having to pay indemnity, the ill-disposed official might withhold all protection and let the mob work its destructive will. On the other hand, in the Changsha riots last year, the mission property was attacked



A cliff shrine near the northern frontier of Szechuan

just in order to pile up indemnities for a hated government to pay. The China Inland Mission, with its thousand missionaries, steadily refuses to claim indemnity, on the ground that the money is extracted not from guilty rioters, but from the innocent. Such an example of Christian forbearance makes a deep impression on the Chinese and mightily advances the work of the mission. The results justify the policy, and no doubt the other missions, in order to escape invidious comparisons, will have to adopt it.

Few of those in the field look for an early conversion of the Chinese. Those who have learned how tough and massive is the race mind expect that centuries will elapse before the yellow race will be as permeated by Christianity as the white race already is. They remember that "it took Buddhism three hundred years before it obtained official recognition and many centuries more before the mass of the people were influenced by it."

Nevertheless, none despond at the outlook, for they perceive that the aggressive rivalry of Christianity, coupled with the coming diffusion of education among the masses, is bound to raise continually the religious plane of the Chinese *by forcing the native faiths to assume higher and higher forms in order to survive.* A silent, secret permeation of the religions of the Far East by the ideals and standards of Christianity is inevitable; and if eventually they prove capable

of making a stand against the invader, it will be owing to their heavy borrowings from it.

Chinese Buddhism appears to be too far gone to be resuscitated. Debased with popular superstitions and loaded down with idol-worship, even the missionaries sent to China by the Japanese Buddhists will fail to breathe into it the breath of life. Quite otherwise is it with Confucianism. It is a natural rallying-point for the patriots and conservatives too proud to accept a foreign religion, and there is every prospect that for generations it will be a center of resistance. Already the scholars are reading into the classics elevated moral ideas they have unconsciously imbibed from Christian literature. Already there is a movement that calls itself "Confucio-Christianity"!

The doubtful attitude of the early missionaries toward Confucius has given way to a cordial appreciation of his ideals. Confucius offers a faultless example of a life dominated by principle; Jesus offers a faultless example of a life dominated by love. For the people at large the Gospels contain far more ethical inspiration than the Analects; but for magistrates, judges, and public men, who serve their fellows by conforming to principle, the Confucian literature is full of uplift.

The handicap of Confucianism, in vying with Christianity as a moral force, is its lack of sanction. It presents high ideals, but there is nothing to be dreaded by one who fails to live up to

them. Hardly can it block natural inclinations and wrest lives from the grasp of appetite or passion unless it develops the doctrine of responsibility to God. Such a development would hardly be difficult, for Confucius frequently speaks of "Heaven" as on the side of righteousness. Again, Confucianism, in competing with a religion holding out the assurance of immortality, suffers from its silence as to the beyond. When the master was questioned on this, he replied evasively, "If you do not understand life, how can you understand death?" Very likely the doctrine of an after life will somehow be interpreted into the classics. A Neo-Confucianism may thus be able to vie with Christianity for a long time; for, as a home-grown product, it will appeal strongly to the conservative instincts, mortified by the wholesale borrowings from Western culture that must presently be made.

China's remoteness from our own historical epoch gives wings to the imagination, and the traveler realizes that very likely the missionaries there face much the same situation that confronted the infant Church in the Roman Empire—in both cases, temples, gods, images, altars, priests, sacrifices, superstition, an outworn mythology, ancestor-worship, and moral ideals attracting only the élite. The Roman Empire was superior to China in civic virtue, but China is superior in domestic virtue. The plane of culture does not appear to be very dif-

ferent. The subjects of Shien Tung are hardly more enlightened than were those of Hadrian. Since Christianity made its way through the Roman Empire in spite of its being spread at first chiefly by small tradesmen, artisans, and freedmen, why should it not make its way through the Chinese Empire?

For when the Chinese become sensible of the inferiority of their own culture, Christianity presents itself to them clothed with prestige. It is communicated by picked, trained men, equal in character and learning to any body of apostles that ever carried a faith to an alien people. It has the prestige of impressive antiquity and of an immense following. Moreover, it is in close association with a material civilization so successful that China will be obliged to adopt it in its entirety in order to survive.

There is no reason to believe that there is anything in the psychology or history or circumstances of the Chinese to cut them off from the general movement of world thought. Their destiny is that of the white race; that is, to share in and contribute to the progress of a planetary culture. It therefore seems safe to predict that, in the end, whatever happens to Christianity in the West will happen to it in China. If, owing to the discoveries of natural science or the results of the higher criticism of the Scriptures, the philosophical or historical basis of Christianity is shattered and it loses ground in the West, it will not move forward in China. The in-

fluential and enlightened classes in China are quite too proud to allow their people to adopt anything cast off by the West. If, on the other hand, Christianity keeps its grip on the West, it is certain to move forward to ultimate triumph in China; for it is quite as congenial to the Chinese as it was to the people of the Roman Empire in the third century.

CHAPTER X

THE FAR WEST OF THE FAR EAST

A JOURNEY with Mr. Arnold, American Consul at Amoy, from Taiyuanfu, the capital of Shansi, southwest twelve hundred miles to Chêngtu, the capital of Szechuan, in the early summer of 1910 enabled the writer to view a section of China that has been very rarely traversed and described by white men. The voyage down the Min and the Yangtse from Chêngtu to Chungking and thence to Ichang, the head of steam navigation, takes one through the famous gorges and rapids of the Yangtse, but the route has been so often and so well described that I will ignore that portion of my journey.

For nearly three centuries the Tartar conquerors of China have let the splendid roads and canals inherited from the Ming dynasty go to pieces. Hence the arterial highway that binds Peking to the remote interior provinces is, through Shansi, mostly a *low* way. You are startled by seeing a man's head and shoulders gliding mysteriously through the wheat; draw nigh, and lo, a peasant riding on a cart in a sunken road! Often you find yourself traveling some yards below the level of the fields so that you see nothing of the country. After rains such

a road becomes a canal, sometimes a torrent. Of labor spent upon it there is no sign. When the Empress Dowager fled this way in 1900, stretches were repaired for Her Majesty which had not been touched since 1780! The ruts are never filled, save by nature. The road wanders whither it will and when one track becomes impassable another is found. As the loess is ground into dust under hoof and wheel and blows away, the road sinks deeper and deeper until you pass under old gate-towers whose foundations begin seven feet above your head.

For three weeks we were passing square, flat-top towers three miles apart along which by means of signal fires news of distant invasion or rebellion used to be flashed to the Son of Heaven. Now the telegraph line marches over the hills, and lusty saplings are rending the masonry of the abandoned towers. The highway is, also, an open air "hall of fame," being lined with monuments erected to bygone worthies by a grateful community. Every mile of his journey the wayfarer who can read is reminded of the virtues his countrymen honor. No people has relied so little on police and soldiers to keep the peace as the Chinese and these inscriptions show how they have schooled themselves in morality.

From the Peking-Hankow line a French railroad climbs west half a day to Taiyuanfu. Thence south for two hundred miles one meets the produce of the country seeking this rail outlet to Peking and Tientsin—innumerable

mule carts laden with flour, salt, tobacco, bean oil, hempen rope, paper, locust wood, licorice root, goat's hair, hides, and bales of cotton and wool. Moreover, Shansi is fat with minerals which may make it a center of industrial energy after glowing Westphalia and Belgium and Pennsylvania have become a cinder. Once, looking down five hundred feet from the road, I counted in the side of a ravine seven veins of clear coal separated by limestone strata. Here and there one comes on workings where the natives burrow timidly into hillsides and bring out the coal on all fours. Near the pit good lump coal sells for seventy-five cents a ton, whereas a hundred miles away the same coal sells for seven times as much, showing a transport cost of four-and-a-half cents a ton-mile. A railroad down the valley of the Fên would cut this to one-tenth and put an end to twenty-five cent wheat and flour half a cent a pound.

Throbbing with new life, Taiyuanfu boasts electricity, macadam, a uniformed street-cleaning brigade, a public park with lagoon, bandstand and museum, a nursery growing trees for streets and open spaces, a match factory, a military school, a police force, a reformatory and a semi-weekly newspaper. But a couple of days south all traces of foreign influence vanish. Aside from the huge cigarette posters plastered clear through the province by some advertising vandal, you are in the pure Middle Ages. The only illuminant is a twist of cotton burning in an iron

Looking south from the Bell Tower, Sianfu

The east gate of Taiyuanfu, showing macadamized street

cup of rape-seed oil. The windows are of thin paper pasted on lattice. Coined silver does not circulate but one carries rough lumps which the dealer accepts according to the verdict of his own scales. On converting them into coin you visit all the money-changers and deal with the one with the most liberal scales. The money of the country is perforated brass cash on strings, two hundred to the string. Ten strings are worth a dollar, and weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds. Once when, according to our contract, we paid each of our coolies the equivalent of forty-three cents, they were so loaded with what is beyond all question "filthy lucre" that next day they could hardly carry us.

In cities like Taiku and Pingyao, as well as in the capital, one sees signs of the profits reaped by the Shansi bankers who do the principal part of the banking of the Empire. Fine residences with numerous courts, elaborate gateways, parks, lily ponds, stone bridges, summer houses and ancestral halls, which together with stables, garden and orchard occupy twenty or thirty acres and are enclosed by high walls crowned by an ornamental cornice, battlements and turrets, testify to former prosperity. Until recently poverty was increasing owing to opium-smoking and laziness, and, in towns once rich, good houses were being torn down for the sake of the bricks. But smoking is going out, and the tide is turning. Gambling, however, is said to be extending to the business class, and the sons of successful Shansi bankers, giving

themselves up to self-indulgence, theatricals and poetry, let slip from them the businesses their fathers built up throughout the Empire. Some of these rich young men struck me as fat, soft and sensual. There is little to stimulate their ambition, and they see no reason why they should not give themselves up to the nearest pleasures. Zest for sports, or the ideal of bodily "fitness," has not yet taken hold of them.

From the countryside at home this Shansi landscape seems almost as remote as a Bedouin encampment. There is never a pasture, meadow, hay-stack, barn or wind-mill. There are no painted houses, door-yards, barn-yards or grazing cattle. Instead of hedges or fences, open fields with here and there a square village girt with mud walls. Instead of cemeteries, clusters of graves, stone slabs, and brick monuments in the ancestral fields. For shingled frame houses, dwellings of sun-dried brick under tile or thatch, the larger enclosing a courtyard. For white church and red schoolhouse, temple, pagoda, and *pailow*. For finger-post, crumbling signal-towers and arched gateways.

Of things outlandish and interesting there is no end. This is a camel country, but, as mules cannot abide a camel, the caravans lie up at camel inns through the day and travel only at night. We meet shaven, red-robed Buddhist monks on pilgrimage to the sacred mount of Wutaishan. They are from Szechuan, and have been two months on their way. All about Wensi looms are

clacking in the cottages, and the town is gay with long strips of coarse cotton cloth, dyed the characteristic blue of work-a-day China, drying from ropes stretched across the street. At Paisiang a sudden beauty blooms in the people and for four days we are frequently charmed with faces of a Greek refinement. At Hwachow in Shensi it abruptly comes to an end and there is nothing but unmitigated Mongol till we enter the streets of Sianfu.

Rural police there is none, and so in the evening the irrigator carries home with him rope, bucket and windlass. For the same reason the tiny shelters of the crop watchers dot the land. Rows of stalks of kaoliang or corn are leaned together and daubed with mud. This makes a shelter like an A tent in which at night the crop guard squats and from which he watches his patch as harvest nears. All this is a heavy tax on the time and sleep of the peasants.

The valley of the lower Fên is one vast expanse of yellowing wheat and harvest is beginning. The gardens have been given their final drink, the threshing floors smoothed and beaten, the sickles ground, and the schools closed. At break of day the family sets forth from the village, the babies piled on the wheelbarrow or cart along with kettles and pots, the women riding to spare their squeezed feet, the boys striding alongside perfectly naked and the father guiding with his whip the dun bullock or gray donkey that draws the outfit. You see them at work under their flap-

ping straw hats, reaping with sickle or cradle, and taking as long to bind one sheaf as I need to bind five. They indulge in a long siesta through the midday heat and in the cool of the evening ride home on sheaves piled onto the cart with forks from locust branches that have been trained to grow three tines from one point. Poor widows and naked orphans glean about in the stubble and follow the homing cart to gather the heads of wheat shaken from the load.

It is harvesting as simple and idyllic as that of classical antiquity, and would have the charm of the old Greek life if only the maidens were as free as those of Homer's time. But by "propriety" the marriageable girls are excluded from this cheerful harvest-home and must stifle in the tiny close chambers of their low houses while the youths sing amid the sheaves.

The wheat is strewed about the threshing floor and near midday when it has grown brittle in the sunshine they beat it with flails or make a donkey draw a stone roller round and round over it. Then the straw is lifted aside, the mingled grain and chaff swept into a heap and the picturesque winnowing begins. Always the wheat has the right of way. People flail out their sheaves on the road because it saves making a threshing floor and I have seen half the width of a sixteen-foot main street in a great city occupied by somebody's drying wheat. The traffic squeezed by and nobody protested against the encroachment.

Nowhere is the havoc wrought by deforesta-

An ancient ornamental gate over the Southwestern Highroad

One of the ancient brick signal-towers occurring every three miles on the Southwestern Highroad uniting Peking with the remote provinces

tion more evident than in Northwest China. Around Taiyuanfu all the once-wooded mountains are bare and bone dry. Down through the province one sees no trees on mountain or foothill save those about temples. The original hard woods are all gone, so in the valley one grows cheap soft woods,—poplar, cottonwood, basswood, box-elder and willow.

Once the tree cover is removed, the rains wash the soil from the hillsides and with it fill the watercourses and choke the valleys. Wherever a brook or a creek debouches into the valley of the Fên it has built with this wash a great alluvial cone, curving down-river, and along the crest of this cone runs the shallow gravelly bed of the stream that once loitered under high banks three or four fathoms beneath its present level. This cone has covered under silt and sand and gravel from a few score acres to several square miles of the former rich bottom lands and they can never be recovered.

Buildings are imbedded to the waist in the débris. Gateways that once one could ride a camel through one can now only creep through on hands and knees. Twice we came upon majestic stone bridges which once spanned broad affluents of the Fên, but which now, their noble arches half silted up, stand unused amid fields of beans and rape, sad monuments of a bygone prosperity. Since the bridge was built twenty feet of wash from deforested hills has been dropped in that watercourse and the stream no longer

fed from spongy wooded slopes is a trickle or an underground moisture in summer and a raging flood in the rainy season.

With the woods vanishes much that makes life worth living. The brooks no longer run clear water filtered through moss and humus but are turbid with the soil of the bared slopes. Fish will not live in them, and bathing ceases to be a joy. In twelve days of Shansi travel I never saw a boy disporting himself in water. The springs dry up and no late-summer pastures are freshened by the seepage from wooded hillsides. Dismally the muddy streams wander in the sun over wide shallows instead of lurking as of yore in deep channels under shading banks. No fallen tree or log jam checks the creek and offers an August lurking pool for the trout. No leafy path or mossy log invites lovers, though, to be sure, China does not believe in lovers. Millions live life through without knowing sylvan glades, "green-robed senators of the mighty woods," the glories of October leaves or the boyhood pleasures of nutting, bird-nesting, and squirrel-hunting.

Roots, twigs, grass, straw and dung replace firewood. Brick or mud is the sole building material. Brick benches and tables replace wooden furniture; brick stoops, wooden porches; and the highway stretches glaring hot and dusty to where the lone locust by the tea house offers a patch of shade. Thus, with the woods vanish most of the sources of beauty, the founts of poetry and in-

spiration dry up, and life sinks to a dull sordid round of food-getting and begetting.

The most penetrative Western things in China are the Gospel, kerosene, and cigarettes, and I am glad that as between light, heat and smoke, the prophets of light get into the country first. These interior folk gather their first impressions of our race from those who want to make converts rather than those who want to make money. They take all foreigners for missionaries and often were we greeted with *"Ping an," "Ping an"* (Peace be unto you), the salutation with which they are in the habit of greeting members of the mission. The inland missionaries freqently garb themselves *à la Chinoise* in order to get closer to the people. They do not feel it to be a hardship, however, for, in comparison with the practical Chinese costume, the cut of Western dress is about as foolish as anything you find in China. Some go so far as to grow a queue, and when you meet a Scotchman with a bright auburn pig-tail down his back you have seen something memorable.

Missionary life here is no junket. I met one young man of noble face whose sweetheart had died of typhus a month before on the very day set for their wedding. Neither this shock nor a year's suffering from sprue, which one gets by "living Chinese" and sitting at the table of one's humble converts, had taken from his countenance its serene, uplifted look.

Cut off from kindred, society, music, art,

amusement and intellectual companionship, the missionary makes of his house a little reteat full of reminders and suggestions of the motherland. The missionary home is a green oasis in a Sahara of dirt and ugliness. Surrounded by so much that is distressing these exiles have to live much in the spirit. If they devour endless devotional literature and sing many hymns and hang fortifying texts on their walls, it is not at all from unwholesome excess of piety but to find solace from the depressing spectacle of a fine people doomed to a dreary existence which cannot be much relieved in our time.

Once we met a wayfarer with a singularly noble countenance, who put his bundle down and made us a profound salutation. The Consul conversed with him and after he had passed I asked, "Who is that man? He is one of the finest-looking Chinese I have ever seen." It came out that he was the pastor of a native church. I have not the language to describe what happiness and encouragement these souls of higher aspiration among the Chinese gain from their fellowship with the kindred spirits from the West.

While some complain that the missionaries live too well, I have heard the China-Inland missionaries blamed for undertaking to live on too little—in some cases not more than a hundred dollars a year. In the field, however, you realize that the mission well knows what it is doing. In Hwachow, Shansi, you can get nine eggs for a cent, a pigeon for a cent, a fowl for five cents, a brace

of pheasants for three cents, mutton without bone for three or four cents a pound. For a cost of sixty cents a week apiece, the ladies of the mission can set their table with the best the market affords.

These ladies, by the way, are English and kinswomen of a gallant British general. They conduct a self-supporting school with more than a hundred girls and live by themselves with not a white man within a day's journey. One of these sisters is a survivor of the Boxer year. Then she saw her pupils ravished and murdered and her school given to the flames. For weeks she was taken about in chains, lodged in the vilest dungeons and, time and again, the knife of a Boxer was at her throat. *Yet she is back in her work at the old station, quite unconscious of her heroism.*

After a fortnight of mule litter we sight ancient yellow Sianfu, "the Western capital," with its third of a million souls. Within the fortified triple gate the facial mold abruptly changes and the refined intellectual type appears. Here and there faces of a Hellenic purity of feature are seen and beautiful children are not uncommon. These Chinese cities make one realize how the cream of the population gathers in the urban centers. Everywhere town opportunities have been a magnet for the élite of the open country.

Cinctured with twelve miles of lofty wall dating from the fourteenth century and in perfect repair, Sianfu, more than any other city, recalls

the early history of the "black-haired people" from the West who from this Wei valley carried their torch of civilization to the rude peoples of what is now China. Here indeed is the cradle of the Empire. Ages before Peking was or Canton, Sianfu was the central hearth of Chinese culture. No other city has been the capital for so long. Off and on it held the scepter for twenty-three centuries. From the battlements you see out across the plain huge tumuli sheltering the dust of monarchs who reigned before King Solomon. One commemorates the father of the execrated emperor who, not long after Alexander the Great, sought to break the sway of the past by burning the ancient books and slaying the literati.

There is in China no museum of antiquities to match the Pei-lin or Forest of Tablets, a collection of more than fourteen hundred historical records in stone running back twelve centuries. The pride of the collection is the famous Nestorian Stone inscribed in 781, which gives a long account of the Nestorian Christianity which, after flourishing for two centuries, was stamped out by persecution a thousand years ago. How odd that the Cross was carried to China before it reached the Great Britain whose sons are now carrying it to the Chinese again!

The Mohammedans have many mosques here and from time to time of late the new self-conscious aggressive Islam sends out some zealot from Constantinople to warm them in the faith.

The type of public monument
universal in Shansi

Grave-stones, Chihli

Local Buddhism just now is under a cloud owing to a story that has the tang of the European Dark Ages. Not long ago a wicked monk in a Buddhist monastery here became obnoxious to his fellows and in solemn conclave, the abbot approving, they decided he was not fit to live. *So they stuffed him alive into their furnace.* The missionaries report that many from the intellectual class now listen to the preaching in the central hall and after his sermon the preacher is well heckled with shrewd questions. "Do send out strong men!" was the parting word of a leading missionry; "We need all the equipment we can get to answer the questions the thinking men of China are asking." Naturally the spur of competition is putting new zeal into the friends of the old faith. The Confucians have banded together and are sending out wandering gospellers of their own to preach the doctrines of the Sage at fairs and other popular gatherings. And that is something worth while. Whatever their proselyting success the missionaries *do* succeed in turning men's thoughts to the things of the spirit.

Sianfu has a match factory, and the half-dozen shops carrying foreign goods show that the Chinese are buying patent medicines, tooth brushes, cosmetics, *liqueurs,* cigarettes, condensed milk, underwear, lamps, clocks, spectacles, penknives, and athletic goods. American kerosene sells for forty-three cents a gallon, but at Yenchuan in the north of the province, where there is an inex-

haustible supply of petroleum, a native refinery is producing kerosene which, after two hundred miles of cart carriage, sells here for thirty-one cents.

When, in the days of Cromwell, the Manchu Tartars overpowered China, they placed Tartar garrisons in the chief cities. These "bannermen," living a privileged caste in their own fortified quarter and fed by government rice, have vegetated and multiplied for generations. In Sianfu the Tartar quarter is a dismal picture of crumbling walls, decay, indolence and squalor. On the big drill grounds you see the runways along which the horseman gallops and shoots arrows at a target while the Tartar military mandarins look on. These lazy bannermen were tried in the new army but proved flabby and good-for-nothing; they would break down on an ordinary twenty-mile march. Battening on their hereditary pensions they have given themselves up to sloth and vice, and their poor chest development, small weak muscles, and diminishing families foreshadow the early dying out of the stock. Where is there a better illustration of the truth that parasitism leads to degeneration!

The hope is in the new national army, and this is one of its important recruiting centers, for the Mohammedans of this province and Kansuh, sprung in part from West Asian warriors, are far more spirited and pugnacious than the pure Chinese. There is a military preparatory school here with two hundred students, and buildings

are arising for what is to be one of the four chief military schools of the Empire. In all the public schools there is daily military drill.

Feeling the closing jaws of the vise, *i. e.*, the Powers, Chinese patriots are making the army the national pet in order to raise the despised calling of the soldier. Patriotic societies assemble the people and appeal to scholars and other better elements to enlist. The students are stirring up an agitation for the establishment of a volunteer army. In some parts of the Empire, especially in the provinces near to Peking, good men are sought for the ranks, they are promptly paid, and they are taught to make themselves trig and neat. The men are proud of the uniform and the public is being taught to respect it. When traveling, soldiers are no longer herded in open trucks, but ride third-class. The military ranks have been raised above the corresponding civil ranks. The officers are products of military schools not, as formerly, prize essayists. Princes of the Blood hold high commands and constantly wear their uniforms. The infant Emperor has conferred upon the army the supreme distinction of announcing himself as its commander-in-chief.

Nevertheless, each province does pretty much as it pleases, uniforms and equipments are not yet standardized, and at least fifteen distinct types of rifles are in use. Often the central military authorities show an astonishing lack of snap and efficiency. For example, they allow

the testing of a foreign machine to train the men to accurate shooting to be interrupted for the hundred days of mourning after the late Emperor's death and again for five weeks at the Chinese New Year. The following incident reveals the old listlessness in quarters where the professional spirit ought to be at its keenest. An American captain happened to show certain Chinese officers at Peking a Browning revolver which so pleased them that they inquired how they could obtain such a weapon. He volunteered to get them and presently orders for two hundred were taken, mostly among officers of the Imperial Guard. Since a government permit (*hu-chao*) is necessary if you want to bring arms into Cathay, the captain suggested to the officers that of course they would procure the indispensable *hu-chao*. They said, "Oh, you get it," and as he would not beseech the Chinese Government for permission to import arms for its own defenders, the revolvers never came.

All the four days to Fêngsiangfu the road was lined with reapers returning home to Kansuh. At dawn they would be lying thick by the roadside asleep, and a little later they would be crowding the eating stalls where our chair coolies rest and smoke after three miles of carry. Here a cent buys a big bowl of noodle soup or wheat porridge with a large steamed roll and a sugared doughnut, so the strings of hard-earned cash tied about their waist suffered little. Each carried pipe and tobacco pouch and on

Cedars on the main road across Northern Szechuan. Each tree is protected by a tablet warning against depredation

Patriarch on the highway. Willows line the road most of the way from Tungkwan to Sianfu

his back a light frame holding his raw felt coat, sleeping mat, cooking pot, sickle, and perhaps some town wares to peddle among his shepherd neighbors. While the harvest is on, hundreds of these cutters are to be seen at daybreak in the village streets waiting to be hired. When the cutting is over they work their way four or five hundred miles back home in time to reap the late crops of cool Kansuh.

Such verdant, uncouth, staring, gaping, ill-smelling, garlicky hinds might have been seen in Europe as late as the Crusades, but hardly since then. It was such unlettered boors, no doubt, who, in the later Roman Empire, by clinging to the old religion long after the cities had accepted the new, made the word for villager, *pagan,* and for heath dweller, *heathen,* synonymous with "non-Christian." What irony that to-day the polished Confucian gentleman of the cities is called a "heathen"!

Thanks to rebellion and famine Shensi is now roomy and its people do not have to work very hard. There is little murder of girl babies, though, to be sure, opium pellets come in very handy for such purpose. Shensi folk migrate little, live much to themselves, and are rude, conservative and provincial. I heard of a peasant woman refusing a thousand cash rather than bother to boil a pot of water for a traveler's tea —which is as if one of our farmers' wives should refuse a five-dollar bill for such service.

At Fêngsiangfu we bade good-bye to the road

which leads on to Turkestan, to Cashgar and, if you like, to "silken Samarcand." It is a cart road to Lanchowfu where the Yellow River is so swift that a ferryboat rowing hard to get across is swept ten miles down stream ere it touches the other bank. Recently the governor there had an American engineer built a truss bridge across the river, and when it was opened the canny Mongol carters—who know about stone bridges but not about steel—halted their loads on the approach and went on ahead to inspect the structure and see whether it *really would* stand up under a cart!

Chinese townspeople do not always cut loose from agriculture. In this city trade has been dead for three weeks because so many of the townsmen have been away harvesting their wheat. The city has a progressive prefect from Szechuan, the Massachusetts of West China, who has established a school for silk culture, introduced the mulberry, and hopes that silk-raising will take the place of the doomed poppy.

From here we leave wheel track and strike south in sedan chairs to struggle for twelve days with the mountains that give the province a name which means "the western passes." The scenery was once Tyrolean, but Nature has been tamed by man and forced to yield him the utmost of subsistence. Woods, brake, grass, pasture, wild shubbery—nearly everything in the nature of wilderness—vanished centuries ago.

Utility reigns supreme; and all it comes to is to feed a dirty, sordid, opium-sodden people living in hovels, wearing coarse, faded blue garments, crippling their women by foot-binding, and letting their boys and girls run about filthy and naked! No music, art, books, poetry, worship, refined association, allure of children, charm of women or glory of young manhood in its strength. No discussions, no politics, no heed to events in the great world. Life on a low plane, the prey of petty cares and mean anxieties. Infinite diligence, great cleverness and ingenuity, abundance of foresight and thrift, few destructive passions; still, a life that is dreary and depressing to look upon. And the thing that hath been will be unless new stimuli and higher ideals come in from without. These people pay a heavy price for having crushed woman down into a mere breeder of children. Of the charm, the surprise, the refinement woman can impart to life if only she is granted freedom and opportunity, they have no inkling.

Family meals there are none; armed with a pair of chopsticks each stows his food when he feels like it. The windows are few, small and obstructed with lattice or oiled paper so that, thanks to the doctrine that "the home is woman's sphere," she passes her days in the semi-darkness of a cave. Almost never does one meet a woman traveling. The females of the common people are rarely out of sight of home. But as

officials have to take their families about from post to post, we pass perhaps three women a day always in curtained sedan chairs.

The Celestials let their girlhood bloom unnoticed in a cellar and cannot divine the charm we Americans find in these graceful budding creatures with their innocent and precious affirmance of the worth of life. I first realized what the East misses by my delight when, on my return, I saw girls and young women at the stations along the Canadian Pacific Railway conducting themselves like natural, uncowed human beings. Their freedom had the witchery of a guarded park where the fawns face you fearlessly in the open and the timid quail run about unafraid.

As we go south signs of superstition multiply. Just inside the town gate stands often a dingy little god-house with a horrid idol clutching a human head or eye-ball in his hand. There are many wayside shrines containing little figures of an old king and his consort, seated and benign, *genii loci* no doubt. Before some jutting stone by the path under the cliff the incense curls all day long and the passing packman pauses long enough to buy a few sticks which the priest, with profound kotows to the smoky stone stuck up with cock feathers, will burn under the nose of the imaginary joss. We met a procession of mourners chanting a weird dirge and on the coffin they bore on their shoulders crouched a cock to be sacrificed at the grave. Along the Kialing

one finds facing each turn in the river a square stone pillar bearing a man's bust. The Romans called such *termini.* Now, why should the carven head on these Szechuan termini *have short curling hair and a Roman cast of features?* On this same river we pass a great rock face known as the Cliff of the Thousand Gods. Buddhist piety has pitted it with many hundreds of niches each holding the image of some god or saint, life size or greater.

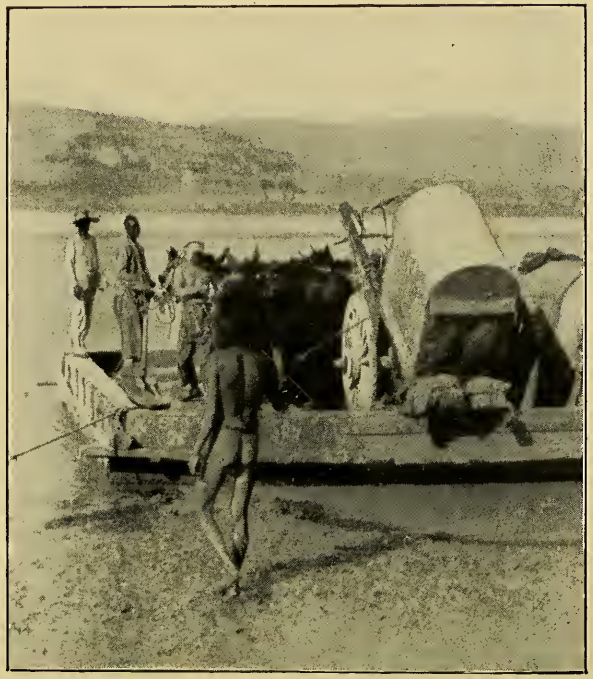
Where the road crosses a high divide a wall pierced by a gateway spans the pass and the traveler catches his first sight of the cañon beyond as a lovely picture framed in an arch. Temples crown such places and I have seen the roadway for a furlong literally lined with inscribed stone tablets presented by worshipers who wished to commemorate their visit to the holy place. A silk-peddler from far Chefoo was with us when we passed and for good luck he had the priests light joss-sticks for him in front of the god. He was most perfunctory and no thought of prayer as communion with the deity had ever entered his mind. His idea was; you do something nice, such as burn incense, for the god and he, seeing he is a gentleman, will do something nice for you.

Nevertheless, the priests *do* protect the trees. On the deforested mountains you can tell a temple fifteen miles away by the clump of trees about it, which stand out on the sharp sky line with great distinctness. Sometimes many acres of ancient woods are in the sacred grove and once

for two days our way was dominated by a high pine-clad peak with a protecting monastery perched on top.

Daring and costly as was this "Road of the Golden Ox" it is, like everything else in this land, neglected. Often we came on a piece of road that had dropped away or been buried by an earth-slip or undermined by the river; but repair work there is none. In forty days of travel we beheld never a stroke of road-mending. The laden coolies painfully pick their way around the break and traffic flows on. We saw fine stone bridges building, for you can carve your name on a bridge and, besides, a grateful community may raise a tablet in your honor. Indeed, if prefect or philanthropist Tsu builds an entire highway, it will be known as the "Tsu road" and he will be happy. But what glory is there for any one in keeping up the existing highways? So old main roads and bridges are suffered to drop to pieces at the very moment new lesser ones are being built. What China needs is a highway superintendent in each prefecture who will organize a permanent road-mending force. Let him be an expert, making roads his life work and joy, not an ambitious official on his way up the ladder of promotion with his eye fixed on the rungs above him.

Frequently for a furlong on each side of the village the paving of the road is missing. I discovered at last that the villagers had simply dug up the paving stones and used them to build



Ferrying across the Yellow River

Houses with brick stoops and benches, showing resort to mud and brick in a timberless country

their pig pens or garden walls. Thanks to these depredations, each year a hundred thousand carriers go slipping and laboring miserably through these stretches of muck. Yet nothing is done; the private interest is sacred and must be given the right of way no matter what the damage to the general public. For in Chinese eyes the private right is something distinct and clear-cut which each understands and sympathizes with, while the public right is not vizualized at all or, in any case, commands no sympathy. If my next-door neighbor has a dramatic troupe perform in front of his house making the night clamorous with gongs and songs, I do not protest. It is all his affair. The whole neighborhood tolerates the murder of its sleep because each imagines that sometime, perhaps, *he* will want to have a festivity in front of *his* house!

Throughout our journey the attitude of the people left nothing to be desired. Once only did we hear the epithet "foreign devil" and that was the innocent prattle of an urchin. We found mission ladies who had heard it but once in seven years. These ladies occupy stations by themselves, go chairing about the country alone, and are never molested or even insulted. They feel perfectly safe with any chairmen they pick up. The other side is the spectacle of evil-doers slowing dying in the open street in the terrible "standing frame" where, with his arms pinioned, a criminal hangs by his head in a frame that just lets his toes reach the ground. It is

blood-curdling when you meet a party carrying a man with fettered ankles seated in a big wooden cage to reflect that he may be on his way to the headsman's sword, the standing frame, or death-by-the-thousand-cuts.

The giant tangle of mountains through which one emerges into the valley of the Upper Han, a thousand miles by river from Hankow, *i. e.*, Han-mouth, seems to be a social frontier. North of this axis all the way to Peking people live in walled villages; south of it they live in scattered homesteads. Apparently the easily defended passes relieved the people to the south from fear of the Mongols. These people, moreover, do not bind the feet of the women so tightly nor do they keep them so secluded. The girls were everywhere helping thresh the wheat and a single family would be able to have from five to eight flails going on the threshing floor.

The real line of cleavage between North China and South China comes a little further on where rice culture begins. For with rice the water buffalo becomes the principal farm animal. But if the horse or mule cannot be used in farming, one cannot afford to keep him merely for transport. So there is an end of wheeled vehicles, the narrow, stone-paved road replaces the broad dirt road of North China, the coolie becomes the common carrier, and the highway is thickly studded with refreshment stalls for the human pack animals. One travels by chair and no longer by mule litter. The inns are for men

rather than for beasts. Since the streets of the cities are continuous with the country roads and a part of the same system of communication, they become narrow in the same degree as the highways. As neither sun nor wind can get at these straitened streets to dry them, they become foul and unsanitary. Population is more congested than in the north. Mosquitoes bred in the paddy fields make life a torment. In the wheat belt the contents of the family cess-pool are mixed with dry earth and applied without offense. With the cultivation of rice you get the liquid manure, the filth bucket, and the awful stenches characteristic of the South. So that the oft-noted contrasts between the life of North China and that of South China derive not from a difference in the people, but from the demands of the dominant crop.

Wonderful is the high broken land south of the mountain masses that constitutes the great sponge of China. Rounding the shoulder of a height, you see mountains rising behind mountains until the distant purple ranges are lost in perpetual cloud. At intervals a great shadow-filled cleft opens to the south whence issues a snow-fed river into an amphitheater of terraced foothills covered to the top with rice fields, each overflowing into the one next below. The gleam near the crown of a hill is the storage pool that gives the rice to drink. Then the river meanders about a widening valley floor and finally for half a hundred miles between the foothills you glimpse its silver on its way to the Yangtse. One

sees rivers with other rivers flowing into them and smaller rivers flowing into these, each loitering through its enameled valley. The recesses of a kingdom lie open in the afternoon sunlight. One looks down, as might the Heavenly Eye, on the habitations of countless beings and in imagination sees them hurrying about their petty food-winning tasks like so many agitated ants.

There are two ways of traversing broken country. Follow the water courses, now and then climbing over a ridge into the next valley; or follow the water partings, now and then dropping down into a valley in order to reach the next ridge. Local roads follow the valley route where the people are thickest; but a government way may take the high route that gives you dry road, breeze and a magnificent view on either hand. Now, the road that leads from the foot of the passes two hundred-odd miles southwest to Chêngtu mounts three thousand feet above the Kialing and then keeps just as high as it can. Save where it dips into a valley it is lined with splendid old cedars, some not less than seven feet through, each protected by its wooden tablet warning against vandalism.

Through the mountains mule and man vie as carriers. A great quantity of cotton has to be transported from the Wei Basin two hundred and fifty miles to the Han Valley, and for these bulky bales the man is better. We passed thousands of coolies creeping along under their huge white burdens like migrating ants under their eggs,

carrying from one to two hundred pounds of cotton eight to fifteen miles a day and earning therefor about seven cents.

As we descend into overpeopled Szechuan, the pack mules vanish and the highway is given up to the packmen. One backs his towering load and carries a little iron-shod T prop to put behind him and rest his load on when he takes breath. Another swings his bales from the ends of a six-foot bamboo balanced across his shoulder on a pad. Every two minutes he must shift pole to the other shoulder. The early beginner grows his own pad in the shape of two huge red-blue callouses on either side of the base of the neck.

Each carries cash, sweat rag, fan, water pipe, oiled paper umbrella and a roll of matting to keep his load dry. The pack mule requires an attendant to guide, drive, load, unload, feed and collect pay for him. The packman looks after himself and in a fortnight or a month, this slave of poverty delivers his load to the consignee, takes his wage and departs. What can a poor mule do? Such competition simply takes the fodder out of his mouth!

But oh, the physique of these packmen! Naked to the middle, they present a superb torso, the muscles of the trunk being developed to perfection under the carrying pole. Never a hollow waist, never a protruding abdomen. There is not an ounce of clogging fat and the play of the well-defined muscles under the clear bronze skin is beautiful to behold. It is a pity that the

moment the Szechuanese is exempt from physical labor, he begins to degenerate for his ideal is to become as unlike the despised coolie as possible. If he is a prosperous merchant he is proud of his thickening jowl and his sagging waist. If he is of the literati he is proud of his slim hands and his lissome figure.

In Szechuan the Mongol strain weakens and you come upon fine human types. I saw a stripling who might have posed for Michael Angelo's David. Often the eye lights on an oval face with arching penciled eyebrows, delicate temples, straight nose, high-cut nostrils and fine eyes, beautiful as Antinous. The world has been slow to realize that nowhere is there a more high-bred countenance than you can find in China. Its beauty has been veiled by the unbecoming practice of shaving the front of the head, which "brings out" the cranium too much and suggests a precocious baldness. When the queue is gone, —and it seems in the way of going—our painters will find a fresh inspiration in the Endymions and Ganymedes of Szechuan.

But while the stock is good, its condition is not. The wens, tumors, swellings, wastings, eruptions, sores and ulcers that meet the eye are fairly sickening. No doubt if *we* went about stripped to the waist, there would be shocking revelations. There would be a dreadful accumulation of blemishes, too, if a generation of us grew up without doctor or surgeon. Still, the marred and rotting bodies so common in certain foul

Noontide in a street of Paisiang

In the valley of the Wei

old towns suggest syphilitic taint or universal poisoning. When the flesh of scavengers is food, when walls, floors, furniture, garments, and the water in which they are washed swarm with microbes, when one cannot eat or drink or breathe or stir or bathe without risk of infection, even the hardy constitution of the Chinese succumbs. It is a mercy that the hot-drink habit gives the people here at least the benefit of boiled water.

In teeming Szechuan the food quest is dire, unremitting and obvious. The country is weedless, tilled like a garden, but coarse utility and anxious calculation look out of it everywhere. No lawns, shade trees, flowers or shrubbery. Not even an orchard, vineyard, or orange-grove; but everywhere rice, pulse, cabbages, corn and beans—the maximum of sustenance! Passing a farmhouse you glimpse dirty naked babies, listless foot-bound women, feculent floors, sooty walls, dark rooms, rooting pigs, a mangy cur, a festering cess-pool, a couple of bushels of wheat drying on a mat, a woman or a donkey grinding at a mill. No newspapers, no courting, no social gatherings, no uplifting religion, nothing that gives outlook, aspiration, hope. In six weeks I saw but one man reading, and he had fallen asleep over his book. The faces of the boys of eight to twelve years are most appealing; they look brighter than white children of the same age. It is sad to reflect that in the absence of good public schools and economic opportunity they can but

grow up into the same ignorant, superstitious, overworked men their fathers are.

After a week along the sky line we drop down at last into the world-famous Chêngtu plain, really an old lake about seventy miles by thirty which has been filled with the silt gnawed from the great Thibetan mountains by the foamy Min. Two thousand years ago the engineer Li Ping —since exalted to godhead and honored in many temples—caught and split and tamed the Min where it issues from the gorges, so that its still-cold, milky water, strained through a thousand interlacing canals, flashes and rustles and gurgles down this "Garden of the Flowery Realm" under apricot and pomegranate, past copses of mulberry and bamboo, irrigating crops that feed three or four thousand to the square mile. The plain is rich but most of the people are poor, for there are at least four millions of them, and if the soil were twice as bountiful there would be twice as many people just as poor. Nowhere on the globe, I suppose, is so much food coaxed from so little soil. One hears of seven crops a season. You easily toss a stone across the plot that must feed a human being a year. In their eagerness to accumulate fertilizer the farmers have lined the thronged highways with screened pits which emit unspeakable stenches.

Most of the crops the Min water reaches by gravity, but to the higher tracts it is lifted by huge wheels built of bamboo but as spidery as a Ferris wheel. Set upright in a ditch they turn

slowly as the swift current beats on the little square mats fixed all around the rim. Between the mats bamboo-joint buckets as big as your forearm are fastened at such an angle that they fill while in the water and spill their contents sideways into a long trough as they come to the top of the wheel. By this means these clever cultivators have made the current lift a part of itself thirty-five feet.

On account of the many streams, one meets with innumerable bridges, many of them of stone and very beautiful. Always in the big bridges a carved dragon's head projects upstream from each pier and on the down-stream side the dragon's lashing tail is seen. Where wheel traffic is unknown it is possible to introduce the elegant "camel-back" bridge, a single high stone arch over which the road is carried by steps.

At Chêngtu, capital of Szechuan and one of the wealthiest and best-built cities of the Empire, Western influence is seen at its best. When the Viceroy Chao-Erh-Sên took us to the roof of the military college and pointed out the numerous schools and public buildings, he showed a just pride in what is, no doubt, the most progressive of pure Chinese cities. No other can match the paving, the cleansing, the policing of the streets of Chêngtu. City water and electric light will soon be in. Here two thousand miles from the ocean and within two hundred miles of Thibet as the crow flies, the Chinese are doing better than in the coast cities that have had intercourse with

the West for two generations. If may be in the character of the people, for after devastation the province was resettled in the seventeenth century by pushful immigrants from other provinces. It may be the exemption of Szechuan from the ravages of the Taiping rebellion. It may be, also, that these remote Chinese, free from the impressions left by the forced opium trade, treaty-port contempt, gun-boat diplomacy, and the Western mailed fist, are in a better mood to appreciate the higher side of the West—its ideas and ideals.

I say "ideals" advisedly, for not Western wares, nor Western methods and machinery, nor even Western science and technology suffice, even together, to meet the needs of this people. Their fires are banked and we shall never know what they can do till the dampers of their energy are opened.

Chinese children do not run, romp, and climb like ours. Their schoolboys are less riotous than white boys. Athletic sports are unknown. One recreates with kite flying, cricket fighting, gambling, chess, or letting off fire-crackers. To sip wine and cap verses in a shady arbor or a cool grotto by a lotus pond is a gentleman's ideal of happiness. There is game aplenty in some parts, but no one shoots save the pot hunter with his rusty matchlock. No one bestrides a horse for pleasure. The placid mule is preferred to the horse and a gentle amble to a brisk gallop. When the mounted soldier gets up speed, the sight is a salve for sore eyes. Boxing would

A horseshoe tomb in a South China hillside

Coffins in rest-house waiting for the lucky day

never occur to anyone as a sport. Fighting is rare and, far from being a manly exchange of blows, is waged girlwise, with scratching and hair-pulling. The singing of the men is a nasal falsetto in strange contrast to the abdominal bellow of Western males.

Walking is demeaning, and one never goes afoot if he has the price of a sedan chair. His outlay is a sacrifice to his sense of dignity rather than to his laziness. Promoted to be a "boy" even the hardy coolie behaves as if stricken with *locomotor ataxia,* and will be chaired. To pay a social call save in a chair is gross discourtesy. Foreign officers promenading the streets of Chêngtu have been taken for foreign coolies because they used their legs. The well-off Chinaman lolls on his couch or in his palanquin and grows fat, sleek and torpid if he is a sensualist, or frail and translucent if he is an ascetic. The scholar shuns vigorous exercise lest he should spoil his skill with the writing brush. Possibly he lets his nails grow and when they reach some inches of length protects them with a silver case.

The soldier has come from the dregs and contempt for him has gone so far as to quench the natural admiration for the martial virtues. No civilian carries weapons, the duel is unknown, and there is little shame in showing the white feather. The mandarins look bold but often they are "lath painted to look like iron." Under nocturnal attack many a villager takes to his heels leaving his family to the robbers. The lat-

ter give the foreign traveler a wide berth having learned the fellow will actually fight. The mere presence of the white passenger is said to brace the nerves of the boatmen in the perilous rapids of the Yangtse. It is not considered shameful to weep, and one often hears of men dissolved in tears. Yet the Chinese meet pain and death like Stoics, and Gordon and Wolseley declared they make brave soldiers when well led. "When well led," aye, there 's the rub! For Chinese pusillanimity testifies not to want of natural grit but to the fact that the bold manly qualities have not been stimulated among them, as they have been among us, *by social appreciation.*

For ages Chinese manhood has been scaled by the maxims of the Sages. Spectacled scholars have been the pace-setters and their psychology has been stamped deep on the national character. If the coolie sports fan and umbrella, it is not from effeminacy, but because the common people form themselves on the model of the literati. Pedants and book-worms, myopes and recluses have had to rule the Chinese, largely by moral force, and as their long suit is learning they naturally cry down bodily prowess. So debility has been supposed to be the necessary accompaniment of intellect. The ascendancy of the intellectuals has damped the virility of the race and lies like a wet blanket on its active and combative impulses. Hence the Chinese will not cut their nails and harden their muscles till they

have new ideals. Perhaps the Young Men's Christian Association with its slogan so inspiring to the young, "all-round development—physical, intellectual, moral, and religious—for myself and for others" is the best physician for the lethargy that lies like an evil spell on the energies of the yellow race.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NEW EDUCATION

WHEN we came to board the ferry plying across the Yellow River at Tungkwan Pass, the boatman slid out two pieces of plank whipsawed from a tree that had frequently changed its mind. They were so crooked they would turn over when you stepped on them. Of course our mules balked at the wretched gangway, and half an hour was wasted in forcing them to leap into the boat. At debarkation more waste of time in making them jump from boat to beach. A proper gangway with cleats on it would have saved all the trouble. Now, these ferrymen make, say, three thousand trips a year and at least half the time mules are passengers. Experience ought long ago to have convinced them that a mule will not trust himself to their crazy planks. But they *ought* to work; so down to the present moment, no doubt, these planks are run out every time the ferry touches shore.

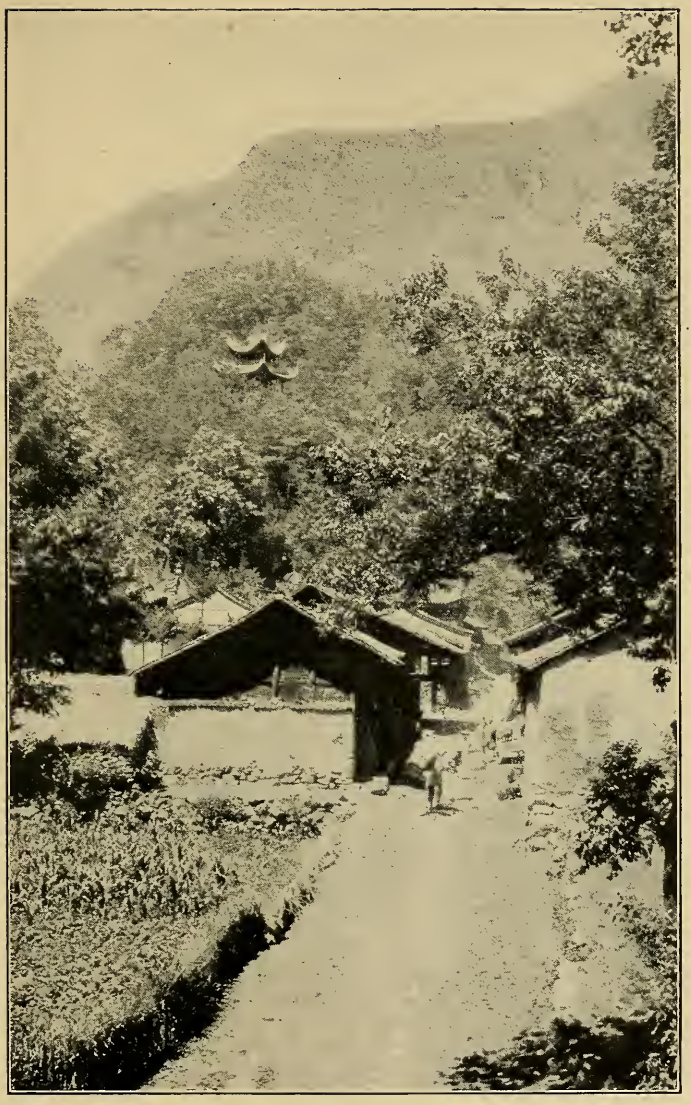
It is a Chinese trait to go on employing a likely means without considering whether, as a matter of fact, they are getting the coveted results. The river junk has a big eye painted on either side of the prow so that the boat may "look see" its way. They have never inquired whether these

optical craft fare better than others in the crowded waterways. Just inside the gateway to a courtyard a brick screen is built in order that the viewless flying demons of the air may collide disastrously with it when they seek to enter a domicile. To no one has it occurred to mark whether families without such screens have worse luck than other families. In the same uncritical mood our coolies would leave joss sticks burning before the wayside shrines and, two thousand miles from the sea, our boatmen, before starting on the perilous down-river trip, sacrificed a cock at the bow to bring good luck. The sentry on the escort boat moored alongside us rolled his drum and beat his triangle every quarter of an hour through the night to soothe us with the assurance that he was awake and vigilant. The actual result was a ruined night's rest and the request next day that he desist from such marks of attention. The night watchman steadily claps as he goes his rounds, the theory being that his din will scare away the thieves. In all the centuries no one has pointed out that in practice the thieves are warned of the watchman's approach and, once he is by, work in perfect security.

If such be the neglect to scrutinize results in simple matters, what guesswork there will be in the higher realm where effects are confused! Thus it *looks* as if moral precept will mold character; and so the Chinese endlessly rehearse precept without noting its utter want of effect. It *looks*

as if memorizing the noble teachings of the Sages will form the incorruptible official; and so the classics are made the basis of training for government service, with the result that nowhere does performance square less with professions than in China. It *looks* as if eloquent admonitions from the throne will check corruption; and so the hortatory edicts continue to pour forth. Of course they never can reform the mandarins, because they furnish no new incentive to right doing. It *looks* as if a fierce aspect would intimidate the enemy; and so there were "tiger" soldiers; in yellow-ochre hoods, with tiger stripings down the back of the uniform, and with shields painted to represent the tiger's open jaws! In like vein when, in 1842, the British troops marched on the Woosung forts, the Chinese general had a lot of conical mud heaps whitewashed so as to look at a distance like white tents, and thus suggest the presence of a larger garrison. These bright ideas, alas, somehow, never worked. It *looks* as if parents will make better matches than the young people, so they have given parents full control of matrimony; with the result that there are now in China more foot-bound wives, crippled from girlhood to please the perverted taste of fathers-in-law than there are men and women in the United States!

In a word, the Chinese have never accepted *the principle of efficiency,* which is, that the methods or means to be chosen for a given purpose should not be those which *seem appropriate,*



Outlook tower of the Temple of the Flowing Waters in Southern Shensi. Founded about 200 B. C.

but those which *actually do produce* most surely, promptly, and economically the coveted results. They fail to discriminate *real* from *apparent* fitness, because they have never made the efficiency of agents and processes *an object of inquiry.*

Not that there is anything queer in the working of the Oriental brain. Not in the least. Their popular thought is unripe, that is all. The bulk of the Chinese match up well with our forefathers between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. For in the Middle Ages white men were just as haphazard, casual and uncritical as are the yellow men to-day. They looked for "signs and wonders in the heavens" and trembled at comets. They held that blood-root, on account of its red juice, must be a blood purifier; liverwort, having a liver-shaped leaf, will cure liver disease; eyebright, being marked with a spot like an eye, is good for eye troubles; and so on. They fasted, exorcised demons, burned witches, trusted talismans, paraded sacred images, wore relics of the saints, sought the king's touch to cure scrofula, marched in religious processions to bring change of weather and hung consecrated bells in steeples to ward off lightning. It was the rise of the natural sciences that cleared the fog from the European brain. In the building of astronomy, physics, chemistry and physiology were wrought out certain methods—observation, measurement, trial and error, experiment—which were as helpful for practical life as for science. For a method

that connects cause and effect may also light up the relation between effort and result.

The army of Frederick the Great is, perhaps, the first big instance of scientific method in the service of efficiency. Later, the Prussian civil service, French engineering, English machine industry and British sanitary administration became the world's marvels. To-day, the great models are the army, consular service, laboratories and industrial schools of Germany; the navy, municipalities and inspection services of Great Britain; the highways, art industries and viticulture of France; and the experiment stations, reformatory systems and industrial plants of the United States. Not a day passes but the quest for maximum efficiency stirs the dry bones in some neglected field. Its watchwords are "accounting," "unit-costs," "cross checking," "case counting," "standardization," "scientific organization." It is displacing the argument method of determining policy. Reformatory and juvenile court, outdoor relief and charity organization, coëducation and vocational training, the religious revival and the institutional church, equal suffrage and the commission plan of city government—they will all stand or fall according to the outcome of the minute study of their results. Nothing, however fenced and sacred, can withstand the invasion, and by the middle of this century the principle of efficiency will be master in every department of Western civilization.

Pitting China against a West armed with this

technique of success is like pitting the sixteenth-century man against the twentieth. Our forefathers would match us in intellect but not in practical power. Likewise the Chinese, for all their latent ability, are hopelessly outclassed by us in efficiency. Whenever they have measured strength with the West this ancient and proud people, assimilator of so many savage tribes and barbarian hordes, suzerain once of Korea, Annam, Siam, Burma and Nepaul, who have lighted in Eastern Asia a fire at which half a billion human beings warm their hands, has had a maddening sense of impotence—as of a trance-bound man who can neither stir nor cry out.

It was Japan that shook China's faith in herself. Her early clashes with English and French made little impression, for she had met warlike barbarians before. Defeat her they might, but in the end she led them captive with her civilization. These "red-haired" people were simply a new and very fierce race of barbarians—that was all. But when, in the war of 1894–95 the "Eastern islanders," who owed all their knowledge and arts to China, overmatched them at every point, the Chinese were staggered. What else but their borrowings from the West could have made the Japanese suddenly so strong? Then came in quick succession the Emperor's reforms, the Empress Dowager's *coup d'état,* the humiliations of 1900, and the burden of indemnities. It became clear that dismemberment and serfdom would be the doom of China unless some means were found

to energize this ocean of men. What finally suggested itself was the adoption of Western civilization in its main features and education in the special branches that underlie the arts of the West.

The old education of China was concerned with Chinese history and classic literature. No science, nothing of the geography or history of other nations, nothing of mathematics but the rudiments. Of social science and government no more than was embodied in the writings of the Sages. The object was to store the memory and cultivate an approved literary style. The government provided no schools but held competitive examinations and conferred degrees. Its stamp gave the scholar his rating and to the successful the doors of preferment stood open. At the capitals were acres of tiny examination cells where annually several thousand aspirants passed three days in the throes of literary composition. Every morning some of them were taken out dead. About one per cent. were successful and entitled to enter the great triennial competitive examination at Peking. From the victors in this test most of the government posts were filled.

Six years ago the Empress Dowager swept all this away with one stroke of the vermilion pen and decreed a system of national education in which schools of all grades were to be provided by the government and the course of study should include Western branches as well as Chinese studies. There was to be a primary school in

Wayfarers resting in the shade of a tree protected by the monuments and the temple

Traffic through the loess *en route* to the distant railroad

every village, a grammar school in each of the walled towns from which a *hsien* or district is governed, a "middle school" in every prefecture and for the province a college and a normal school. Frequently commercial, technical, agricultural, military and law schools were added. The edifice was crowned by the Imperial University at Peking.

Enthusiasm for the new education spread like wild fire. The examination cells were razed and on their site rose college halls. Schools were set up in temples and to-day, under lofty pillared roofs, you find little fellows in queues reciting before the grim god of war or the benign Kwan-yin, goddess of mercy. Old schoolmasters threw themselves into "short courses" in order to find a footing in the new system. Those who had picked up the rudiments of some Western branch suddenly commanded salaries that were the envy of ripe scholars of the old type. Not long ago a provincial college sent to a neighboring American school for a professor of mathematics. He must know arithmetic through Proportion and solve algebraic problems with one unknown quantity! The dearth of teachers prompted a great rush to Japan and three years ago there were fifteen thousand Chinese studying in Tokyo. Then the feeling toward Japan cooled and now the remnant there numbers not over three or four thousand.

The report of the Ministry of Education for the Chinese year ending February last shows that

in two years the number of schools at Peking has increased from 206 to 252 and the number of students from 11,417 to 15,774. Outside Peking the government schools grew in number from 36,000 to 42,444 and the count of students had leaped from 1,013,000 to 1,285,000. The number of non-government schools exceeds the number of government schools. In Chihli, which naturally responds more promptly than any other province to Peking impulses, the provincial board of education provides a university at Tientsin, a college at Paotingfu, 17 industrial schools, 3 higher normal schools, 49 elementary normal schools, 2 medical colleges, 3 foreign-language schools, 8 commercial schools, 5 agricultural schools, 30 middle schools, 174 higher elementary schools, 101 middle elementary schools, 8,534 lower elementary schools, 131 girls' schools and 174 half-day and night schools.

Since Chihli is by no means typical, compare with it a backward province like Shensi with its eight million inhabitants. In 1909 its board of education was looking after two colleges and a law school with 520 students, 4 normal schools with 410 students, 13 middle schools enrolling 800, 98 higher elementary schools teaching 3,433, 21 middle elementary schools with 817 pupils, and 1,948 lower elementary schools with 41,121 pupils. Moreover, 180 girls were being taught in two girls' schools.

While the totals for the Empire are impressive, if one holds in mind the enormous population of

school age to be cared for, it is doubtful if the proportion of young Chinese in school to-day is a twenty-fifth of the proportion taught in American schools. Since the surplus of the people above their physical needs is so much slighter than ours, it will be impossible for China to expand education to the Western scale until the application of new economic methods has greatly stimulated the production of taxable wealth.

An immense demand for text-books has sprung up and at Shanghai the Commercial Press, the biggest publishing house in Eastern Asia, employs a thousand people. From it issue primers, readers, histories, geographies, mathematics and science books in Chinese, English readers suited to adult beginners, annotated English classics, scrolls, wall-maps and science charts. In its translation department a hundred are kept busy and many scholarly minds are hammering out ideographic equivalents for the thousands of special terms in science, medicine and engineering. These, when accepted by the Bureau of Terminology at Peking become a part of the Chinese language.

Of course in the new education as in the old, Chinese has to be the ground work, so it is not in the elementary schools but in the middle schools and colleges that one meets with the difficulty of putting new wine into old bottles. The contrasts between these institutions and our own throw a strong light on the differences between China and the West.

In the Board of War at Peking there are six hundred employés; but fifty men do all the work. The rest are parasites, mostly Manchus, for whose sake, of course, the Imperial Government primarily exists. In a government so graft-ridden it would be too much to expect that the branch dealing with education should be entirely free. The large proportion of non-teaching officers in the schools suggests that soft berths have been provided for somebody's relatives or friends. In my university the corps of instructors is five times as large as the administrative force; but in a Chinese school of modern languages with twenty-seven teachers I found ten administrators, to say nothing of the servants. Half of them twiddle their thumbs and draw their pay. In a higher commercial school with twenty teachers there are ten officers, of whom three are mere sinecurists. In a law school with 800 students there are twenty-five non-teaching officials, most of them sinecurists. In a technical high school with thirty teachers the dean leaves everything to the manager, the treasurer's duties are performed by the assistant treasurer, the secretary's by the assistant secretary, and the head clerk does nothing but warm a chair. Four sinecurists out of twelve officers!

In view of the lack of money for good teachers the abundance of costly apparatus looks a bit suspicious. In the entrance hall of a certain school you will see fine biological and botanical charts, but will learn on inquiry that no one on the staff can present the subjects or put the charts to use.

Elsewhere you will find a physical laboratory supplied with good apparatus covered with dust. The teacher knows nothing of physics save a little of electricity. In a remote provincial college I saw several hundred bottles and jars of chemicals—all from a single supply house in Tokyo—and not one in twenty had the seal broken. There was at least $1,500 worth—enough to stock three of our college laboratories. To the "old China hand" such extravagance indicates that some one is getting a commission on the supplies. In an educational center far up the Yangtse the authorities keep bringing out American teachers at great expense under a year contract and then at the end of the year replacing them with others no better qualified. Inasmuch as every such shift calls for an allowance of $300 for travel money, the knowing ones suspect that some official gets "squeeze" on the travel money and that is the reason for the incessant changing of teachers.

One is struck, too, by the casualness with which foreign teachers are picked up. It is obvious that hiring an Englishman to teach botany solely on the personal recommendation of the German professor of mathematics is no way to get good men. When, forty years ago, the Japanese launched their modern schools, they applied to the governments or the university presidents of the West for teachers, and these took a pride in sending their very best. Those who adapted themselves were retained for twenty or thirty years—until Japan had reared fit scholars of her own to take

their places. But the Chinese, selecting in haphazard fashion and holding out nothing in the way of security of tenure, fail to get from the West the educational help they so greatly need.

Not only are the foreign instructors uneven but the Chinese drop them altogether too soon. In a certain capital I visited a college and a normal school. The grounds are spacious and about the dozen courts connected by covered walks and enclosed by low tiled buildings, hangs "the still air of delightful studies." But the four hundred blue-gowned young men are taught by twenty-five professors of whom only one is a foreigner, and he is a Japanese. None of the others has ever been outside of the Middle Kingdom. The professor of German is a raw-looking youth who could not understand one sentence in four in that tongue. In preparation the professors are, perhaps, abreast of our college juniors. It is "the blind leading the blind"—yet this is the crown of the educational system of a province with more people than Pennsylvania has!

When English or Americans teach in China no interpreter is necessary since all the pupils in the higher schools are expected to know English. But foreigners at from $1,400 to $1,800 a year are expensive. Japanese teachers require far less pay, but as they have to teach through an interpreter they waste half the student's time. If the interpreter is not familiar with the subject his hearers glean little. Moreover, some intelligent Chinese firmly believe that in obedience to

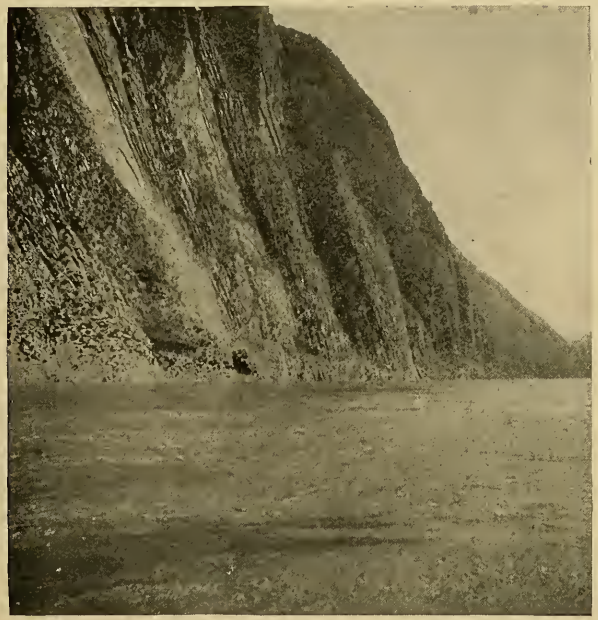
secret instructions the Japanese teacher—of medicine, for example—keeps back from his students some of the finer points of his subject. When certain strange gaps are discovered in the knowledge of his students, the professor pleads that he duly explained these matters but that his hearers failed to understand him. This surmise hooks up with the undoubted fact that in the Japanese military schools, when the professor reaches some new or special point in his subject, he requests the Chinese students present to withdraw and discloses it only to the Japanese students. However unjust the suspicion, it is certain that the teachers from Japan are being rapidly dropped and it does not seem likely that the Japanese are destined to be the conveyers of Western learning to China.

The broad contrast between China and Japan in utilizing Western scholars runs back to their difference in attitude toward our civilization. The Japanese were humble and teachable. Long ago they had borrowed heavily from the mainland and they were not too proud to sit awhile at the feet of Western scholars. But the Chinese, remembering that their culture is all their own, are still too haughty to recognize fully their need of the foreign educator. They simply do not comprehend the massiveness and depth of this alien culture they are trying to assimilate so quickly. They look upon us as clever barbarians who have surpassed them in mastery of the physical sciences and the mechanic arts; of our advancement in the

knowledge of the mind, of ethics, of society and government, the very fields the Chinese regard as distinctively their own, they have no appreciation.

Even the scholar-viceroy, Chang Chih-Tung, whose plea "China's Only Hope" created such a furore twelve years ago, and who as President of the Imperial Board of Education finally introduced the reform he had championed—even he never realized the giant bulk of our learning. He deemed six months a reasonable time to spend on the Western branches and thought two years ample for complete mastery. So he left the curriculum so clogged with Chinese studies that the student is crushed under the load. The poor fellow is in the classroom thirty-five to forty hours a week. Add an hour a day for military drill and the daily time left him for study and reading is not over two hours. The result too often is cram and sham. Thus at one time the curriculum called for calculus in the junior year. When the literary chancellor of the province inspected a certain government college its American president showed him that the juniors could not possibly reach calculus. The chancellor insisted that he must report on the subject, so at his suggestion the professor of mathematics gave a couple of lectures on "the uses of calculus." The students were examined on these and thereupon duly certified to as "proficient in calculus."

Another head, a Han-lin man, after the cigars



The seething whirlpools in the gorges of the Yangtse

In the gorges of the Upper Yangtse

were lighted, confessed that he hesitated whether to stick or to resign so difficult is it to manage his provincial college under a Board of Education that ignores all his recommendations and pays no attention to local needs and conditions. "How can I keep my self-respect," he broke out, "when constantly I am forced to do foolish things? Here is an applicant thirty-five years old who passes a brilliant entrance examination, but under the cast-iron regulations handed down from Peking I can't admit him because he is not " 'a graduate of a middle school' "!

This Board of Education is composed of old literary graduates who, having never been outside of China, underrate the learning that lies behind the terrible efficiency of the West. When I called, the acting head was a conservative Manchu, who seemed to feel sure that China knows what she wants and can just take her time about it. The Manchus, mark you, are not a cultured people. In the time of Shakespeare they were where the Afghans are to-day. Few of them have ever studied abroad, and a Manchu directing the new education in China is as out of place as a Goth directing the schools of Athens in the fourth century. I even heard of a Manchu literary chancellor who could not read the examination essays submitted for provincial honors. So he piled them on the canopy of his bed, poked them with his cane as he lay smoking his pipe, and the thirteen that slid off first were declared winners!

With us education is a satisfying career, and the president of the state university is not scheming for the governor's chair. But in China, an ambitious mandarin who has been prefect and hopes to become *taotai* will be given charge of a provincial school till something better turns up. As he brings to it no enthusiasm or special training he is apt to treat it as any other government post. I recall a college director who knows nothing of English or Western learning or the art of education. He runs the school for secret profit to himself and welcomes no suggestions from the three foreign members of his faculty. The American instructor, who is eager to help the institution reach the Western standard, is politely given to understand that he is paid to do definite work and keep his mouth shut.

The characteristics of Chinese students throw a strong light on the race mind at its present stage. Their reaction to teaching is much weaker than that of American students. It is against China's educational tradition to question anything taught. Teacher and text are invested with a prestige unknown to us and there is no demand for explanation or proof. Moreover, questioning would imply that the lecturer had not been clear. Hence the instructor is staggered by the unresponsiveness of his class. He can only illustrate his principle on every side in the hope that if one illustration fails another will ring the mental bell.

At first the student regards the experiment, cabinet specimen, or microscope slide as the *il-*

lustration rather than the *source* of the principle; for nothing in Chinese tradition suggests the direct interrogating of Nature. Later, when he has learned to use apparatus, he becomes fascinated with the all-daylight route to truth. In some schools I found the students enthusiastic over chemistry just because it affords them the novel pleasure of learning by demonstration. They are sharp observers and nothing in the experiment escapes them. They catch its significance, too, though one man complained that his boys recorded with scrupulous care unintended and irrelevant happenings such as the cracking of the test tube.

Thanks to his drill in recognizing and forming thousands of characters some of them calling for more than thirty strokes of the brush, the Chinese youth bears the palm for feats of memory. He tries to learn even geometry and physics by rote. One professor called the attention of his class to certain tables of logarithms and the next day his students complained of the lesson as "very hard." *They had tried to memorize them.* In geometry they will learn the proofs given them by heart but do not take quickly to mathematical reasoning. Says one teacher, "I have to give them a year for the plane geometry the American boy gets in half a year." Says another, "My boys get on swimmingly with their problems if I provide them with a rule; without it they flounder helpless." A third estimates that not over a quarter of his students can *think.* They remember words, but not ideas or trains of reasoning, and it is

doubtful if ten per cent. can handle with success a new type of problem for which they have been given no rule.

All this would be very flattering to our race pride but for the fact that nearly all the educators attribute it to defective training rather than to race deficiency. One has a boy raised in a missionary family who is free from these faults. Another has noticed that after two or three years his boys wake up and begin to think for themselves. A French priest tells me that in his seminary there are four students who would be prizemen in France. A mathematical professor reports originality "here and there" and has one pupil who has solved many original theorems. Another has a lad in calculus who is the peer of any white youth he ever taught. A famous sinologue scouts the idea that the Chinese lack in reasoning power and points out that recently the three Chinese in the Naval Academy at Greenwich led their class in mathematics. He insists that the want of "come back" when the teacher advances a proposition is not inborn, but is due to faults in the lower schools.

There is some complaint that the students lack tenacity. They are easily disheartened and give up before difficulties that would only arouse the pugnacity of the American youth. A Chinese lecturer on medicine contrasted rather sadly the lack of sustained courage in his students with the pluck of the Japanese, who throw themselves indefatigably upon their hard problems as their

countrymen dashed again and again upon the defenses of Port Arthur. This fault may be due to the loss of the military virtues; still, it may be a race trait. For if there is any difference between the endowment of the yellow race and that of the white it will be found, I think, not in intellect, but in energy of will.

There is a striking contrast between the laxity in the Chinese schools and the strict, semi-military discipline that, from the first, prevailed in the schools of Japan. One hears of amazing incidents—students refusing to take an examination till they get ready, cutting a written recitation, cribbing openly and without rebuke, forcing the dean to cut down the lesson assigned, withholding the customary salute, of rising and bowing, from the teacher who has not corrected their exercises to suit them, rebelling against a fee of $20 a year for food, lodging and instruction, slamming their rice on the floor or hurling it at the head of the steward if its quality does not please them. The dean will direct the foreign teacher to set an examination all can pass, or else to mark no paper below the passing grade. Individually the Chinese student is docile, even reverent; but collectively he is a terror to the school officers. The wholesome vigor with which the American educator flunks, whips, or expels stands in refreshing contrast to Chinese timidity, and parents who can afford it show their appreciation by sending their sons to mission colleges.

The truth is, there is nothing the Chinese lack

so much as *discipline.* Discipline of the army, the workshop, the ship, the school, the athletic field—yes, even of the home—is needed if they are ever to develop that smooth, intelligent team-work which makes our race so formidable. Their stand-by now is mass action—the strike or the boycott. During the last two years every school in Shantung is said to have had a strike. One school struck because the foreign teachers required the student to pass an examination before they would give him a testimonial. Strikes occur alike in boys' schools and girls' schools, and for the most un-understandable reasons. The Chinese schoolmaster frequently gives in, so when the American principal hardens his jaw and points to the door, the students are painfully surprised. This facility in concerted action is really a weakness for it reveals a certain flabbiness of individuality in the Chinese. When folly is afoot in an American college, there will be some who by standing aloof spoil the unanimity of the move and it does n't come off. But the Chinese lad crumples under mass pressure. All his life he has been trained to get in line and so the spirit of conformity rules him. It is all due to a struggle for existence so severe that he realizes he cannot survive without the steady backing of his family, clan or guild. To take a line of one's own would be suicide.

Chinese gentlemen wear their finger nails long to show they don't work, so it is not surprising that young China despises anything with the taint of manual labor. The professor of engineering

has to speak sharply to his students to get them actually to carry chain and drive stakes, for they consider it "coolie work." Their idea is to listen and look, but not to *do*. When the mission school at Swatow was preparing for some festivity a lady teacher said, "Come, boys, help me move these heavy benches." Not a boy stirred; it was "coolie work." Since then they have learned better. In another school the pupils refused to bring in more chairs to seat the guests at a reception. They had been trained to care for their rooms, but the mandarins were present, and, knowing the standards of these gentlemen, they were afraid of "losing face." The old-school mandarin looks down on the mining engineer or the railway engineer as a kind of coolie because he soils his hands, and mummies of this type in Peking are trying to draw an invidious distinction between the returned students who have had a *liberal* education abroad and those who have had a *technical* education, the latter ranking lower.

Bodily development is scorned for it would assimilate one to the despised coolie, mountebank, or soldier. On six weeks of overland journey, I met at least three hundred Chinese with sedan chairs and never but once did I see the owner of a chair walking. Up the steepest mountain stairways they insisted on being carried, lying back limp and lackadaisical as if it were a condescension to breathe. To stroll, bird cage in hand, on the city wall in the cool of the evening and give birdie an airing, is their idea of a gentleman's

exercise. When the tennis court was first used by the American professors in a certain North China university, the Chinese could not understand the absurd antics and caperings of their erstwhile dignified teachers. "Can you not afford to hire coolies to do this for you?" asked an interested but scandalized observer.

Doctor Merrins' measurements in the mission school at Wuchang seem to show that the Chinese boy between his eleventh and his sixteenth year is from two and a half to four inches shorter, and from seven to fifteen pounds lighter, than the Boston boy of the same age. In the same years the Chinese girl appears to be from three to five inches shorter and from fourteen to twenty-four pounds lighter than the American girl. In fact, American girls seem to be heavier than the boys of Central China. The thoracic capacity is poor; so one is not surprised that the death rate from tuberculosis in the government schools is "enormous" owing to hard study and close confinement during the growing period, and that half the young Chinese entering the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium at Shanghai show consumptive tendencies, and are at once urged to open the windows of their sleeping rooms, remove the curtains from their beds and take special gymnastic exercises.

One lady principal complains that her girls are in a constant blush while studying hygiene, for they have been taught to ignore their bodies. Nor is it easy to make them hold themselves erect. Their Chinese teachers, like all literary men, culti-

vate the scholar's stoop and the pupils imitate it just as men with good eyesight wear broad-rimmed goggles in order to look like scholars. Another principal found that in their field-meets his pupils relied on their natural powers of running and jumping. The idea of deliberately training for athletic proficiency did not appeal to them. "Bob" Gailey at Peking will tell you that at first the Chinese hung back in athletic sports for fear of "losing face" by being defeated. Sometimes a football team would quit abruptly when the game was going against them. Gradually, however, they are being brought around to the spirit of sportsmanship.

Few of the government schools have got beyond the idea of drill or provided a director of physical training. You see the students under a big roof swinging Indian clubs or drilling with rifles. In one case, indeed, lissome young men with queues were skipping about the tennis courts, but they wore their hampering long gowns and their strokes had the snap of a kitten playing with a ball of yarn. In fact, the first football and baseball in China were played by boys in those same blue gowns. In developing a taste for sports the mission schools succeed far better than the government schools because the men in charge have genuine enthusiasm and bring their personal influence to bear.

The response of the yellow race indicates sport as something of universal human appeal. The last of the all-China field meets at Canton under

the lead of that noble institution, the Canton Christian College, lasted for two days, enrolled over a thousand contestants and drew twenty thousand spectators. The first meet of the kind at Tientsin attracted seven thousand, and the second, held November last, brought together twenty thousand. When one hundred and forty athletes strove for honors in the national games held at Nanking in connection with the Nanking Industrial Exhibition, a thousand enthusiastic Chinese came all the way from Shanghai, two hundred miles distant. The Chinese now manage such events themselves and officials from the Viceroy down to the *hsien* magistrate attend and applaud. Just as in inner Borneo football is the one enthusiasm common to Britons and Malays, so the athletic feats of Young China are weaving a new bond between Chinese and Anglo-Saxons. None of them suspect us of sinister designs in inciting their youth to make the most of the body. But athletics will strengthen the character of Young China as well as the body. In the stations out along the wire that connects Peking with Thibet I found graduates from the telegraph schools of Shanghai and Tientsin turning themselves into effeminate dandies with lovelocks framing the face and giving themselves up to sensual pleasure, because their lives held no interest to compete with the gaudy lure of the "sing-song" girls.

All his teachers bear witness to the beauty, accuracy and detail of the anatomical or botanical

drawings made by the Chinese student. This deft hand comes from his long practice in forming thousands of characters which may not be carelessly scrawled as ours are, but must be made with great delicacy and precision if they are to be distinguished apart. From this same handling of the brush comes the student's light, sure touch in preparing specimens or slides. But this suppleness of hand is bought with a price. "Why is it," I asked the heads of the two Imperial Universities of Japan, "that your students reach the university at the age of twenty-one, three years later than the American students?" "Because," they agreed, "we are burdened with a clumsy language which takes from three to five years longer to master than your alphabetic language." Here is a heavy handicap which the peoples of the Far East must bear while they are vying with the West. "How long will it take," I asked a scholar who has spent half his life in China, "before the Chinese give up their ideographs?" "Perhaps five centuries," he replied.

There is a very practical aspect to the problem. A font of our type weighs fifty pounds and costs five dollars; a font of Chinese type weighs half a ton and costs a hundred dollars. No typewriter can write Chinese characters, no linotype machine can set them. The keyboard would be as big as a dinner table! A typesetter in the Commercial Press walks about a pen four feet by seven and fills his stick from seven thousand little boxes each about an inch and a half square.

It costs more to equip and produce a Chinese newspaper and it cannot hope to be so universally read as one of our sheets. For the Celestials can never teach so large a proportion of their youth to read a language that takes three or four times as long to learn as a Western language.

At present not one woman in a thousand and not one man in ten can read. Nevertheless, the reformers are agitating for compulsory education. They propose that the scholars work out a set of three thousand simplified characters. Establish schools everywhere to spread a knowledge of these among the people. Let the newspapers use only these characters. Let a board of trustworthy men send out from Peking news regarding public affairs and let local committees print and circulate this civic news in a sheet which every man will be expected to subscribe for. Utopian, to be sure, but it shows the reformers realize that the selfish private spirit has been their country's bane.

Right here we come upon the gravest problem arising from China's change of base; whence will come the morality of to-morrow? In the reaction against the old classical education with its emphasis on ethics there has been a tendency to neglect instruction in morals. Though they must do homage once a month to Confucius' tablet, the young men are inwardly scoffing. "Confucius! He never rode on a train or used the telephone or sent a wireless. What did he know of science? He is only an old fogy!" And

so the Sage, whose teachings have kept myriads within the safe way, has little authority over the educated part of the rising generation. What they covet is riches and power; and, perceiving that the wealth and martial prowess of the West rests immediately upon exact knowledge, the students are all for science. The hidden moral foundations of Western success they are apt to overlook. Neglecting their own idealism and missing ours, they may develop a selfish materialistic character which will make the awakening of China a curse instead of a blessing.

At this crisis the dozen-odd mission colleges planted about the Empire, mainly by Americans, have the opportunity to render a great and statesmanlike service. In organization, management, staff, curriculum and discipline the best of them are far superior to the government colleges. In their work they apply a scientific pedagogy of which the Chinese know nothing. They impart Western ideals of bodily development, clean living, individuality and efficiency. They study Confucian ethics with deep reverence; they present also the Christian outlook on life. Though many of their graduates are not Christians, they go out with high ideals. The gentry more and more appreciate these colleges and gladly send their sons thither when the fees are made high enough to eliminate any element of gratuity.

Already wealthy Chinese are making gifts to these colleges. They will give much more if the religious societies that founded them could widen

their vision to perceive that the true destiny of these colleges is to promote higher education in China, just as Harvard, Yale, Princeton and scores of other colleges founded with Christian money to train clergyman, recognized at last that their true destiny was to promote higher education in America. Let these mission colleges make Christian indoctrination and worship optional instead of compulsory on their students. Let them give patriotic Chinese representation on their governing boards. Let them, without surrendering autonomy, seek for some basis on which they can enter the educational system of the Government. Let them but *have faith* that the wholehearted promotion of the higher intellectual life cannot but widen the sway of Christian ideals and they will become a giant power for good at this crisis in Chinese morals.

The Crucifixion was two hundred and eighty years old before Christianity won toleration in the Roman Empire. It was one hundred and twenty-eight years after Luther's defiance before the permanence of the Protestant Reformation was assured. After the discovery of the New World one hundred and fifteen years elapsed before the first English colony was planted here. No one who saw the beginning of these great, slow, historic movements could grasp their full import or witness their culmination. But nowadays world processes are telescoped and history is made at aviation speed. The exciting part of the trans-

formation of China will take place in our time. In forty years there will be telephones and moving-picture shows and appendicitis and sanitation and baseball nines and bachelor maids in every one of the thirteen hundred *hsien* districts of the Empire. The renaissance of a quarter of the human family is occurring before our eyes and we have only to sit in the parquet and watch the stage.

INDEX

INDEX

Age at marriage, 69, 97, 110, 209.
Age, sanctity of, 193.
Agriculture, 46, 71–78, 110, 122, 302.
Alcoholism, 144, 172.
American mission work, 224, 227.
Ancestor worship, 69, 96, 110.
Anglo-Saxons, 52, 340.
Anti-matrimonial associations, 204.
Anti-Opium Edict, 145, 146, 156, 157, 161, 217.
Anti-Opium societies, 157, 164.
Army, the new, 113–4, 162, 280–282.
Arrested development, 54–5.
Asile de la *Sainte Enfance*, 101, 234.
Assimilative power, 57, 62, 317.
Associations, prohibition of, 145.
Athletics, 339–40.

Birth rate, 110.
Blood-poisoning, resistance to, 35–39.
Board of Education, 97, 328–331.
Boats, 13, 14, 310.
Bodily development, 337–340.
Boys, 96–101, 182, 272, 298, 301, 304, 333–339.
Brevity of life, 84, 104.
Bridges, 271, 286, 303.
Buddhism, 29, 218, 255–6, 266, 279.
Burnings of opium paraphernalia, 164.

Camels, 29, 260.
Canton, 7, 85, 90, 175, 340.
Capital, need of, 120.
Cash, 85–6, 265, 282.
Cato the Elder, 203.
Cave dwellings, 21–22, 74.
Cess pools, 295, 301–2.
Chairing, 286, 307, 337.
Chang Chih-Tung, 328.
Character, Chinese, 29–30, 233–235, 255, 266, 282, 304–309, 334, 336, 243.
Cheapness of labor, 117–120, 297.
Cheapness of life, 89, 90.
Chêngtu, 117, 302–304.
Child-bearing, 36–7.
Child betrothal, 181, 194, 206, 209–10.
Children, 14, 17, 33, 41, 45, 69, 85, 98–105, 301, 304.
China Inland Mission, 255, 274.
Chloroform, reaction to, 40.

Christianity, 217, 219–20, 223; fruits, 233–235; official recognition, 235–6; uplift of women, 205, 240–242; prospects, 255–259.
Christians, 198, 205, 212, 217, 230–239, 241, 250, 274.
Cigarettes, 86.
Cities, 3, 4, 14, 15, 78, 95, 109, 181, 286, 295, 303.
Civilization, stage of, 54, 57.
Clan ties, 17, 69, 98, 127–8, 235.
Cleanliness, 235, 246, 249.
Club-houses, 13.
College students, 97, 209, 332–343.
Combativeness, 112–114, 307–8.
Commercial competition, 114–119, 138.
Commercial morality, 125–128, 137.
Commercial Press, the, 323.
Commissions, 125–127.
Compromise, 91.
Concubinage, 101, 188–9, 204.
Confucianism, 202, 217, 256–7, 279, 285.
"Confucio-Christianity," 256.
Confucius, 212, 256–7, 342.
Conjugal love, 196, 240.
Conservation, need of, 24–27, 271–273.
Conservatism, 53–58.
Coolies, 84–5, 143, 294, 296–7, 308.
Crop watchers, 267.
"Crying one's wrongs," 197.

Daughter-in-law, 198.
Death rate, 109–10.
Deforestation, 7, 18, 22–27, 73, 79, 271–273.
Density of population, 105, 302.
Dilapidation, 8, 11.
Discipline, 335–6.
Disease, 298, 338; resistance to, 35–46.
Domestic animals, 3, 13, 71, 294.
Dreariness of life, 105, 142–3, 287, 301.
Dress, 11, 12, 105, 143, 189, 273.

Economic difficulties of China, 66, 69, 110.
Education, the old, 318; the new, 318–344; extent, 321–323.
Efficiency, the principle of, 312–316.
Eloquence, 52.
Emigration, 106–111, 121, 137.
Employment, scarcity of, 91.
Empress Dowager, 145, 179, 261, 317.
Engineers, Chinese as, 61.
England, opium policy of, 140–1, 170–172.
English mission work, 224, 227.
Erosion, 23–4, 73, 271–273.
Ethics, 65, 203, 328, 342–3.
Examinations, 54, 318.
Expert, the white, 61, 132–3.
Exploitation of nature, 70–79, 121–2, 134, 137, 286, 302.

"Face," dread of losing, 169, 337.
Familism, 65, 102.

Family, the Chinese, 17, 65, 69, 96–102, 110, 188–190, 193, 196, 202–3, 287.
Family intercourse, 7, 287.
Family size, 97–101, 110.
Famine, 90, 106, 108.
Favoritism, 127–131.
Fecundity, 69, 110, 142.
Female education, 202–3, 205–213, 241, 245.
Fêngsiangfu, 282–286.
Ferry, 310.
Fertility, means of preserving, 77–8, 302.
Fevers, reaction to, 36–41.
Flea traps, 89.
Floors, 8, 105, 301.
Fokien, 23, 106, 109, 121, 157, 160, 181, 229, 239.
Foochow, 162–164, 183.
Food, 78–80, 142–3, 151, 160, 274, 301–2.
Footbinding, 36, 64, 174–182, 193, 246, 294, 312.
"Foreign devil," 293.
Foreign enterprises, 120, 131.
Foreign goods, 279.
Foreign teachers, 325–327, 332.
Formosa, 103, 142.
Fouchou *hsien*, 158–9.
Fruit, 72, 134–5, 301.
Fuel, 7, 79.
Fuel-gatherers, 23, 79.

Gambling, 95, 141–2, 190, 235, 265.
Game, 27, 304.
Gardens, 72, 265.
Gentry, Chinese, 8, 27, 40, 72, 166, 180, 190, 239, 265–6, 343.
Girls, 98, 104, 177–182, 241, 242, 287, 288, 388.
Girls' schools, 203–211, 217, 245.
Gleaning, 80, 83, 268.
Government, 22, 27, 52, 90, 95, 109, 121–2, 127, 130–134, 151–166, 293, 312, 318.
Graves, 18.
Great Wall, 27–29.
Group solidarity, 91, 127, 235–6.
Groves, sacred, 289.
Guild-halls, 12, 13.

Hakkas, 122, 175, 183.
Handicrafts, 84.
Hanyang steel works, 117–8, 132.
Harvesters, 267–8, 282, 285.
Heart disease, 84–5, 196.
Home, the Chinese, 177, 190.
Hong Kong, 17, 41, 101, 103, 109, 203, 210, 234.
House-boats, 13, 14.
Humor, 63.
Hunting, 27, 304.

Ideals, 233, 304–309.
Idealism, 92, 233–4.
Ideographs, 187, 323, 333, 341–2.
Ideographic language, 54, 341–2.
Idols, 92, 218–9, 288–9, 321.
Illiteracy, 64, 110, 145, 342.
Immigration of Chinese, 47–8.
Immunity, 39–46.
Imperial Government, 121–2, 128, 139–40, 145, 151, 160–162, 180, 223, 317–8.

Indemnity for mission losses, 252, 255.
Individualism, 65.
Individuality, 336.
Individualization, 69, 206–211.
Industrial competition of Chinese, 47–8, 114.
Industrial management, 122–137.
Inefficiency, 133–4, 310–317.
Infant mortality, 33, 102–104, 109.
Infanticide, 98, 104, 178, 193, 197, 241, 285.
Inns, 143, 294–5.
Insensibility, 40–1.
Insanity, 196.
Intellectual capacity, 58, 61–63, 315, 317, 333–4.
Intervention in law-suits, 252.
Irrigation, 302–3.

Japanese, the, 8, 11, 53, 63, 109, 113–4, 182, 317, 325–327, 334–5, 341.
Jews in China, the, 57.
Junks, 13, 310.

Kansuh, 106, 141, 152, 160, 174, 175, 280, 285.
Kerosene, 7, 29, 86, 279.
Kidnapping, 98.
Kinship bond, 17.
Kowloon, 23, 24.
Kuangtung, 101, 106, 175.

Labor cost, 119–20.
Laborers, Chinese as, 47–8.
Lamaism, 216.
Lamps, 86.
Lepers, 89, 90.
"Liberty girls," 210–1.
Lighting, 4–7, 303.
Loess, 18–22, 24, 78, 261.

Male predominance, 187–193, 200–204.
Manchus, 57, 113, 145, 175, 280, 324, 331.
Mandarins, 3, 4, 122, 127, 131, 133, 151–159, 217, 219, 224, 286, 290, 307, 312, 331–2, 337.
Manufactures, 114–119, 137.
Marriage, 96–7, 194–5, 204–211.
Mass action, 91, 336.
"Mass movements," 236.
Match making, 96, 178–8, 194–5, 241, 209–10, 312.
Materialism, 91–2, 233.
Memory, feats of, 333.
Mencius, 96, 184, 212.
Middle Ages, China's resemblance to the, 3, 262, 315.
Military potentiality, 46, 112–114, 280–282, 307–8.
Mind of Chinese, ch. III.
Mineral deposits, 70, 120–122, 262.
Mining, 121–2, 131–133, 262.
Mining concessions, 120.
Mission colleges, 224, 227, 245, 335–6, 339, 343–4.
Mission girls' schools, 179, 205–211, 245, 249, 275, 338.
Mission property, 229, 251–2, 255.
Missionaries, 157–8, 160, 179, 206, 212, 273–275, 279; numerical strength, 219–20; reception, 220–224; national contrasts, 224–227; types,

216–7, 228–230; influence, 245–249; critics, 249–251; mistakes, 251–2; problems, 252, 255; outlook, 255–259.
Missionary homes, 205, 274.
Mixed society, absence of, 141, 190.
Mobs, 64, 113, 220, 223, 252.
Modesty, female, 183–5, 189.
Mohammedans, Chinese, 106, 112, 174, 276, 280.
Money changing, 265.
Mongols, 28–9, 267, 286, 294, 298.
Monuments, 12, 187, 261.
Morality, 211–2, 261, 311–2, 342–344.
Mother-in-law, 197–8.

Natural-foot Society, 177, 180–1, 217.
Natural selection, 42–48.
Nepotism, 91, 127–8.
Nestorianism, 57, 276.
Neurasthenia, 196.
Newspapers, 110, 145, 166, 341–2.
North China, 3, 18–22, 27–30, 294–5.
North Chinese, 29, 30.

Offspring, appreciation of, 89, 98–101.
Old age support, 65, 98.
Old people, 64–5.
Opium, price of, 149, 150, 158–160, 170; the trade in, 139, 140, 170–172, 250.
Opium dens, closing of, 162–166.
Opium growing, description, 146, 149; extent, 150, 151; suppression, 151–160, 170, 172, 217.
Opium refuge, 217.
Opium smoking, history, 139–141; extent, 95, 141; causes, 141–145, 190; effects, 139, 141, 161, 162, 172, 265; suppression, 109, 160–169; opinion regarding, 166, 169, 224.
Opium war, 140.
Originality, 54.
Overcrowding, 39, 45–6.
Overpopulation, 66, 69, 104–5, 110, 301–2.
Overwork, 84–5.

Pace of labor, the, 84–5.
Pailows, 12, 187.
Parasitism, 280, 324.
Parental authority, 193, 204–206, 210, 240.
Patriotism, the new, 145, 166, 169, 170, 281.
Pawn shops, 12.
Pei-lin, 276.
Peking, 4, 156, 171, 216, 251, 276, 318, 321, 323–4, 331, 342.
Peking-Hankow Railway, 21, 24, 128.
Peking Syndicate, 120.
Philanthropy, 245.
Physical types, 267, 298.
Physicians, opinions of, 34–42.
Physique, Chinese, 34–48, 297–8, 337–8.
Pilgrims, 266.
Plague, 90, 109.
Plane of living, 45–47, 80–86, 105, 142, 287, 301.

Police, 4, 267.
Politeness, 64.
Poppy, cultivation of the, 140, 146–151.
Population, Chinese ideas about, 102.
Population pressure, 66, 69, 74, 110–1, 197.
Porters, 84–5, 294, 296–7, 308.
Poverty, 80–95, 98, 105, 287, 301–2.
Prayer, 92, 233, 289.
Private rights, 268, 293.
Progress, 54–63, 92, 303–4, 345.
Propriety, 182–184, 201, 242, 268.
Protestants, 219–20, 230.
Psychology, Chinese, ch. III.
Public opinion, birth of, 166, 169, 245.
Public spirit, lack of, 22–3, 145, 282, 293.
Punishments, 90, 131, 156, 162, 165–6, 188, 293–4.

Race traits, chs. II and III.
Railway building, 121, 125–6.
Railways, 109, 120.
Rearing marriage, 194, 210.
Registration of opium smokers, 163–4.
Reliability, 52–3.
Religions, 144, 218, 255.
Resistance to magistrates, 152–156.
"Rest houses," 18.
"Rice Christians," 230.
Rice culture, 3, 73, 77, 294–5.
Rites, 17, 96, 235.
River traffic, 13.
Rivers, characteristics of, 21, 24.
Roads, 13, 22, 71, 78, 150, 260–1, 290, 293–296.
Roman Catholics, 219–20, 230, 236.
Roman Empire, Christianity in, 257–8, 285.

Sages, the, 57, 187, 201, 308, 312.
Sanitation, 48, 109.
Scholars, 40, 233, 239, 276, 307–9, 318, 339.
School apparatus, 324–5.
School girls, 42, 179, 206–212, 338.
Schools, government, 321–332, 338–9, 343.
Schools, mission, 179, 205–211, 245, 249, 275, 338.
Science, natural, 249, 315, 318, 327, 333, 343.
Screens in church, 242.
Septicæmia, resistance to, 35–39.
Sewage-disposal, 78.
Shanghai, 117–8, 210.
Shansi, 105–6, 117, 132, 155, 159, 178, 261–272.
Shensi, 106, 139, 141, 149–50, 176, 183, 285, 322.
Shutung, 134.
Sianfu, 13, 117, 159, 275–280.
Signal towers, 261.
Silk-winding girls, 204.
Sinecurists, 128, 131, 324.
Sleeping, 41–2, 86, 89.
Smallpox, 39.
Soil exploitation, 71–77.

Soil waste, prevention of, 77–8.
Soldiers, 113–4, 155, 281, 307–8, 312.
Sons, desire for, 96.
Soochow, 219.
South China, 12–14, 294–5.
South Chinese, 29, 30, 36.
Sport, indifference to, 142, 266, 304.
"Squeeze," 122–127, 151–2, 155–6, 325–332.
"Standing frame," 293.
Stationary stage, 70.
Stealing, 83, 131, 267, 290.
Stigma on manual labor, 249, 298, 307, 336, 337.
Streets, 3, 295.
Struggle for existence, ch. IV, 137, 142, 273, 285, 287, 296, 336.
Suicide, 52, 149, 196, 198, 201, 204.
Superstition, 42, 64, 70, 122, 218–19, 288–9, 310–11, 315.
Surgical operations, reaction to, 34–40.
Survival of the fittest, 33, 42, 45–6.
Szechuan, 89, 117, 141, 150, 158, 160, 251, 286, 297–304.

Taiyuanfu, 261–2.
Tartar bannermen, 280.
Teachers, 321–328, 338.
Temples, 216, 218–9, 289, 321.
Termini, 289.
Testing bureaus, 161–2.
Threshing, 268, 294.
Torture, use of, 40.
Translation, 224, 245, 323.
Transport cost, 262, 297.
Treaty of Tientsin, 140, 171.
Tree growing, 22–3, 72, 289, 296.
Tree worship, 218.
Tuberculosis, 41, 335.
Tung Ho Valley, 74.
Types, contrast of, 29, 30.

Upper classes, the, 8, 27, 40, 62, 72, 166, 178, 180, 190, 239, 265–6.
Utilitarianism, 91–2, 233.

Vice, 95, 109, 172.
Vitality of the Chinese, ch. II.

Wages, 117–120.
Watchmen, 311.
Water supply, 4.
Water wheels, 302.
Wealthy, the, 8, 95, 265–6, 343.
Wei River, 22.
West River, 7, 23, 175.
Wheat harvest, 160, 183, 267–8.
Windows, 7, 265, 287.
Winds, 18.
Wives, Chinese, 195–205, 240–1.
Women, 36, 39, 145; restrictions on, 174–184; status of, 187–204; revolt of, 204; emancipation of, 205–215.
Wood, scarcity of, 266, 271–2.
Wu Ting Fang, 122, 174.

YANG and Yin, 187, 202.
Yellow, as the national color, 21.
"Yellow peril," the, 112–117.
Yellow River, 24, 286, 310.
Y. M. C. A., 309.
Yunnan, 106, 141, 150.

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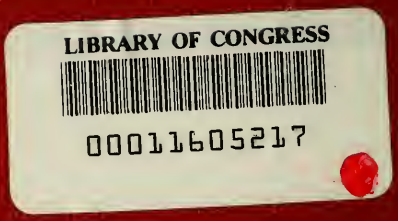
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